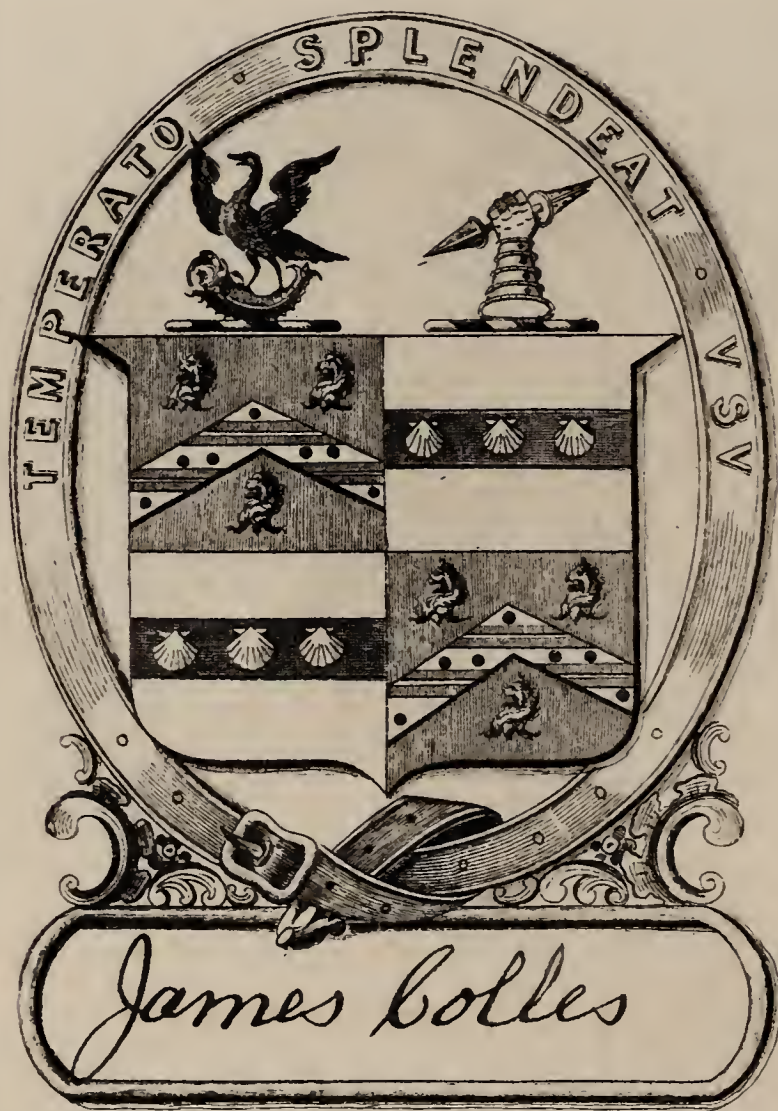


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JAMES COLLES
LIFE & LETTERS

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JAMES COLLES ✓

1788-1883

LIFE & LETTERS

BY

EMILY JOHNSTON DE FOREST



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TO
MY COUSIN, HENRY METCALFE
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	xiii
I. <i>The War of 1812 (1778-1814)</i>	3
II. <i>Marriage and the New Orleans Venture (1816-1832)</i>	31
III. <i>Morristown (1832-1841)</i>	72
IV. <i>The "Grand Tour" (1841-1844)</i>	125
V. <i>Furnishing the New House (1844-1850)</i>	207
VI. <i>His Children and his Children's Children (1850-1883)</i>	224
<i>Appendix</i>	
I. <i>Old Morristown Days</i>	271
II. <i>Grandpa Colles</i>	279
<i>Genealogical Tables</i>	291
<i>Addendum</i>	
<i>Particulars regarding John Colles</i>	299

ILLUSTRATIONS

James Colles

Frontispiece

From a photograph.

Monument of William Colles, Esq. (d. 1615)

Facing page 3

Full-length figure of a Knight armed, with his Lady behind him, and the figures of their twelve children. In Leigh Church, Worcester-shire.

Silver Tea-set

6

Which belonged to Gertrude Seloover and has ever since, through five generations, descended to the eldest daughter. Maker, William Thomson, New York (1812-1830). In the Clearwater collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, there are two pieces of Thomson silver.

Christopher Colles (1739-1816)

10

Painted by JAMES FROTHINGHAM. Presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1917 by his namesake, Christopher John Colles, M.D. Now in the American Wing.

New York State Artillery

12

"Warrant" given to James Colles, January 23, 1812, when he was made "Corporall."

Battle between American schooner "Enterprise" and British brig "Boxer"

27

Off Portland, Maine, September 5, 1812. From "Naval Monu-ments," 1816; engraved on wood by A. BOWEN, after a painting by CORNÉ.

Harriet Augusta Wetmore

32

Silhouette, probably about the time when James Colles fell in love with her.

James Colles (1788-1883)

36

Not long after his marriage to Harriet Augusta Wetmore. Painted by JOHN WESLEY JARVIS.

Harriet Augusta (Wetmore) Colles (1795-1868)

36

Not long after her marriage. Painted by JOHN WESLEY JARVIS.

ILLUSTRATIONS

- Gertrude (Seloover) Colles* (1767–1822) 48
Widow of John Colles; daughter of Isaac Seloover and Gertruid Barheidt; mother of James Colles.
- Rachel (Ogden) Wetmore* (1761–1850) 72
Widow of Lieutenant George Wetmore of the British Army; daughter of Lieutenant Benjamin Ogden and Rachel von Westervelt; mother of Harriet Augusta (Wetmore) Colles. Painted by her son, CHARLES JEREMIAH WETMORE.
- Map of Morris Green* 74
Drawing made from various old maps by JOHN D. CANFIELD, a grand-nephew of Mrs. Colles.
- Harriet Augusta (Wetmore) Colles* 78
Probably in a new Paris frock and hat. Painted before 1837 by her brother, CHARLES JEREMIAH WETMORE.
- James Colles, Jr.* 132
Painted when he was studying in New York, 1843
- Joseph Lovell ("Uncle Lovell")* 132
Who was so kind to James, Jr., during the absence of his family in Europe.
- Mary McBride with John Henry and George* 136
Silhouettes made by EDOUART at 21 Broadway, New York, November 11, 1839.
- James Colles' Court Suit* 138
As worn at the Tuileries in 1842. Posed by his great-great-grandson, 1925.
- "Old Spanish Chair"* 208
Possibly from Mexico, probably bought by James Colles in New Orleans.
- Dutch Cabinet* 208
Bought by James Colles in Amsterdam in 1842, with the black, gold and red lacquer vases which always stood on it. *Circa* 1680.

ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>Great Riot at the Astor Place Opera House, New York</i>	210
Showing the dense multitude of spectators when the military fired, killing and wounding about 70 persons.	
<i>James Colles at his Office</i>	214
Pencil sketch made at 69 Wall Street by his office boy, JAMES EAGAN, October, 1878.	
<i>John T. Metcalfe</i>	224
From a daguerreotype made about the time of his marriage.	
<i>Augusta (Colles) Metcalfe</i>	224
Not long after her marriage to John T. Metcalfe, 1845.	
<i>John Taylor Johnston</i>	226
From a daguerreotype made shortly before his marriage.	
<i>Frances (Colles) Johnston</i>	226
About the time of her marriage to John Taylor Johnston.	
<i>James, Jr., John Henry, and George Wetmore Colles</i>	228
"Cartes de visites" taken about 1866.	
<i>"Grandma Colles" as we all knew her</i>	230
<i>Morristown Home about 1874</i>	260
Mr. Colles seated on the lawn, Colles Johnston near him; Fanny Johnston (later Mrs. Mali) on the steps; Eva Johnston (later Mrs. Coe), with ringlets; George W. Colles leaning against column, Herbert Johnston nearby; Mrs. George W. Colles and little daughter Gertrude seated; Mrs. John T. Johnston standing, her husband on the lawn; also Daniel Jamieson, the gardener, with lawn-mower. The Spanish Chair is on the piazza.	
<i>Family Group, detail from the above</i>	262
<i>"Grandpa Colles"</i>	268
On his ninety-second birthday, November 2, 1880. From a photograph.	

FOREWORD

THESE letters of my grandfather and of his family have been stowed away in a safe deposit vault ever since his death. They were at first in the possession of my uncle George Colles, who lived with my grandfather during the latter years of his life. In this way they descended to George Colles' daughter Gertrude. She lent them to her cousin Captain Henry Metcalfe, son of Augusta Colles Metcalfe and eldest grandson of James Colles.

The Captain copied them all, and the family of James Colles owe him a debt of gratitude. Imagine any one sitting down before an accumulation of over a thousand letters—all of them very ancient, all in the cramped and almost illegible handwriting of our forebears—and transcribing them by hand! Probably no one else of the Colles family would have had the patience or the skill or the eyesight to do this, or could have commanded the almost unlimited time necessary for the task. All the letters were then copyrighted by Captain Metcalfe, who has been kind enough to allow me to make use of them for this volume. His editing has been very able, especially in his tender and appreciative comments upon my grandfather and other members of the family. Many of these appreciations I have used verbatim, and whenever I have done so I have appended the initials "H.M." In other instances, when changes were made for the sake of brevity or sequence, I have benefited more or less by his wording in making my own comments.

FOREWORD

After the letters had all been read, I determined to try the experiment of eliminating a great many of them entirely, and parts of others, hoping thus to bring the mass of material down to the proportions of a short family history. But in the main I have used the letters exactly as they were written, omitting only the parts that I thought were not very interesting. A good many letters in the first two series had already been shortened into abstracts, and these I leave exactly as they were passed on to me. In a few instances I have transposed a sentence from one letter to a subsequent or foregoing one; but the change has always been unimportant, was made simply in the interest of economy of space and only where both the letters were from the same person to the same person.

A certain number of family letters which are owned by me are included in the collection, as they seemed to add to the interest, and in each case the owner's initials are placed in a foot-note. I have also added some notes to which my initials are appended; Captain Metcalfe's notes are also initialed.

As to the form of the volume, I have introduced each series of letters (for the mass of correspondence falls naturally into certain groups) with a brief sketch incorporating all the data and family traditions of the period covered by the letters in question. This plan has involved a little repetition of material which its obvious advantages have seemed to justify. Some further repetition may have crept in through the inclusion at the end of the book of two reminiscient papers entitled "Old Morristown Days" and "Grandpa Colles." These two papers of my own are included because they were writ-

FOREWORD

ten many years ago and perpetuate family memories which might otherwise be lost. Recently I have incorporated with these sketches some delightful paragraphs of Captain Metcalfe's which I have duly initialed or otherwise credited to him.

Indeed, it has been my purpose to use whatever might help to make this record of James Colles a true and readable history of the Colles family.

EMILY JOHNSTON DE FOREST

December, 1925

JAMES COLLES
LIFE & LETTERS



MONUMENT OF WILLIAM COLLES (d. 1615)

In Leigh Church, Worcestershire

CHAPTER I
THE WAR OF 1812
1778-1814

JAMES COLLES was descended from good old stock. For many generations the Colles family lived at Leigh, Worcestershire, and in the little old abbey church there are still to be seen a number of tombs with full-length effigies of long dead and gone ancestors of James Colles. About the year 1600 a certain William Colles of Leigh crossed over to Ireland and settled at Doughill (West Meath County). From him descended in course of time John Colles, of Kilkenny, Ireland (1751-1807), the father of our James. He was originally a bookseller in Dublin, probably in the establishment of his cousin, William Colles, of Dame Street, Dublin, who was a "bookseller and publisher" in that city, also an honorary secretary of "The United Company of Booksellers" in Dublin. William had an elder brother, Christopher, with whom John was very intimate, although the latter was twelve years younger than his cousin. When Christopher was a married man with a large family of children he probably found it hard to support them all in Ireland and thought that there would be better opportunities in the New World.

His cousin, John, then twenty years old, may have joined him in this great adventure, and family tradition has always heretofore assumed that he did. But there is a newly found letter from Christopher Colles, written

JAMES COLLES

in May, 1771, when he was just sailing from Cork for America. In it he speaks of his intended voyage with his wife and children, but does not mention John, and we are obliged to believe that John did not sail with his cousin.

Christopher landed at Philadelphia in 1771, and there he and his family stayed for two years.

There is no record of John during these early years and we must presume that he was not in this country. The first trace of him which we have found is contained in a letter written by him to his oldest brother, William of Millmount, on October 22, 1778, just after he reached New York.

In this interesting letter, the first in the series of family letters, John described everything in the city as being in the utmost confusion. "Business," said he, "is not thought of by anyone, nor can I get anything to do, for everyone is thinking of quitting this place. As to the town, it is almost burned and another fire has just happened." Toward the close of the letter he writes: "After I can get a little money I will go into a Privateer as I have a good offer." But we hear nothing more of that scheme.

Then he speaks of his cousin: "I have inquired for Christopher, who was coming on well, but this unfortunate dispute has made him fly up country with the rest of the inhabitants, and the last person who saw him tells me he and his wife, with his helpless charge,* was seen

* Probably his young baby, Elizabeth.

crossing into the Jerseys. This is all I can learn of him. His waterworks were almost finished when he fled.” *

Immediately after John arrived we find evidences that he was giving his attention to art! Among the newspaper advertisements of 1778, and for several following years, we find this notice:

“Striking Likenesses in Miniature Profile, taken by John Colles, almost opposite the Coffee House, upstairs at Mr. Lucas’s. Having had the honour of taking off the Profiles of many of the Nobility in England and Ireland, begs leave to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen in New York, that at a moment’s sitting he assures a striking likeness; a specimen only can furnish an idea of the execution.”

Our next information, according to the records of the old First Presbyterian Church, is that John was married on May 13, 1781, to Gertrude Seloover (Gitty Seloover, as it is written in the Family Bible). She was the daughter of Isaac Seloover and Geertruid Barheidt, and was born in New York on January 7, 1767. John Colles’ wife was descended in a direct line from some of the earliest Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam.

After their marriage John and “Gitty” made their home at 42 Pearl Street, and here their son James was born, and their five other children, including twins. An interesting family tradition is told about John. I cannot vouch for its accuracy, but it belongs just here in our story. During the time when the British were in possession of New York, he found one night that his “lights”

* We shall learn more about Christopher’s waterworks later in this chapter.

JAMES COLLES

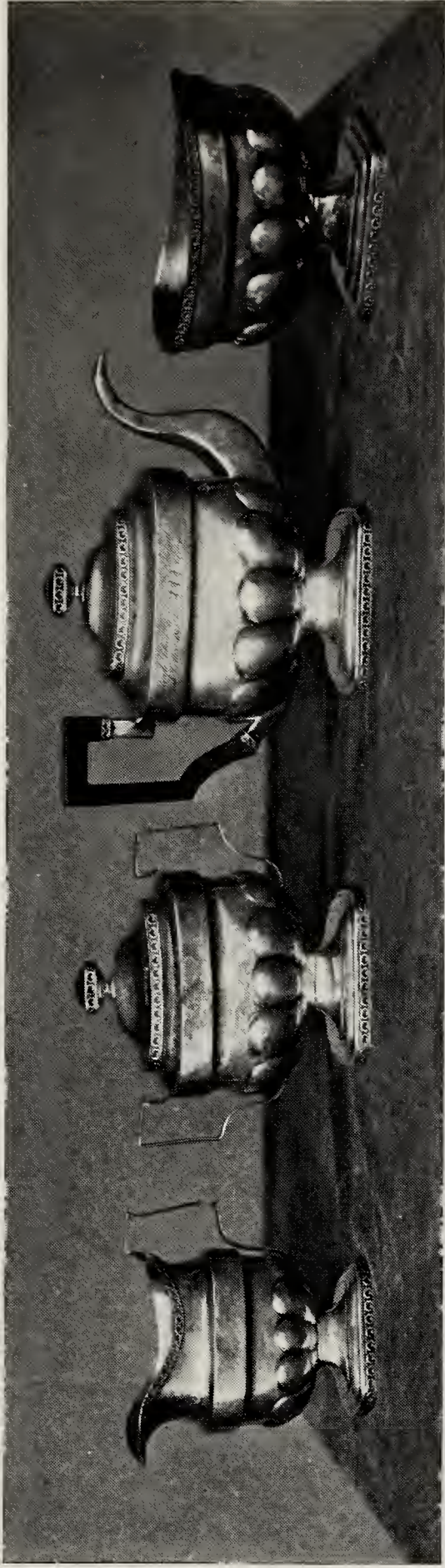
(candles) had given out, and not wishing to sit in darkness in his house he started out to buy a fresh supply. This was contrary to the rules forbidding all law-abiding people from going on the streets after a certain hour at night. Some soldiers set upon him in the vicinity of Trinity Churchyard, and he took refuge among the graves. Here his side was just grazed by the bayonet of a Hessian who was thrusting it into the grass in a fruitless effort to find him.

Six years after John's marriage we find in "The Daily Advertiser" of April 12, 1787, the very quaint and rather florid advertisement of John Colles' new business:

"A large and elegant assortment of PAPER HANGINGS, with Festoon Borders is now finished for sale, at Gerardus Duyckinck's, Jun. Store, No. 30, Little-Dock-street, or at John Colles's at the Manufactory in the Lower Barracks where orders and directions for Paper is received, the Public now can be supplied with any kind of Paper Hanging, agreeable to their fancy, plain, green and blue verditer, or any other colour to suit their Furniture, may be had at a very short notice. One very great advantage will attend the purchasing of Paper Hanging manufactured here, is, that it can always be matched again; many Persons have been obliged to new paper their Rooms for the want of a few yards of Paper Hanging, that has been imported, being damaged on their walls; and another very great advantage is, they can be sold much cheaper than the imported Paper Hanging, and warranted to be equally as good.

Cash given for Old Ropes, Linen and Cotton Rags."

One of the earliest New York Directories (1791) gives the name of a new firm, "Richard and John Colles, Paper Stainers, 2 Lower-Battery." Richard was apparently the



SILVER TEA-SET FORMERLY BELONGING TO GERTRUDE SELOOVER

eldest son of John's cousin Christopher. The partnership only lasted for a year, although they both continued for some time in the wall-paper business. John must have been rather prominent in his business, for in July, 1788, at the celebration in New York of the final adoption of the Federal Constitution, he it was who carried the standard of the Paper-Stainers in the great procession.

In 1807 John Colles died, aged fifty-six. His son James was then nineteen and old enough to look out for himself, and the twins had died young, as had several of the younger children. But Gertrude Colles was left with two of her little family to support, Sarah then aged eleven and Addison Milton aged four. For two years Gertrude pluckily managed the manufactory as the "Widow of John Colles." Then, influenced in part, possibly, by the dependence of her young children, she married on January 24, 1809, a certain Stephen Bates, and he continued to conduct the paper-hanging business in his own name until he died in the house on Pearl Street in 1816.

After the death of her second husband there was nothing to keep Gertrude in the city. Her daughter Sarah had been married the previous year to John W. Taylor. Her brother Andrew Seloover and his wife Mary had their home at Athens, New York, on the west bank of the Hudson; another brother, Abraham, lived nearby. Gertrude, therefore, left the city and went with her young son Addison Milton to live at Elizabeth Town, New Jersey.

These are really all the records we have of James Colles'

JAMES COLLES

mother except the letters in the second chapter which tell of her death at Elizabeth Town on February 9, 1822. There is one paper extant concerning the proving of John Colles' will which is signed "Gitty Colles" and one other interesting relic, Gertrude Seloover's silver tea-set, of which we are fortunately able to show a photograph. It has descended always to the eldest daughter — Gertrude Seloover, Sarah Colles, Harriet Taylor, Gertrude Pond, and Edith Hamilton, Gertrude Seloover's great-great-granddaughter, who now owns it.

When John Colles died on October 17, 1807, he was buried in the Churchyard where he had hidden from the Hessian soldiers. Later his wife was buried by his side, in the southwest corner of Trinity Churchyard, New York. The graves were destroyed when Rector Street was cut through, though the tombstones stood for a number of years leaning against the iron railing and were frequently seen there by members of the family. They have since disappeared.

The Christopher Colles referred to above was John's cousin, and a few words about him in this place may not be amiss, as he was so near a relative and a very remarkable man. He was born in Dublin on May 9, 1739, and was therefore twelve years older than John. He was blessed with very great ability, which he displayed in many different directions, but he lacked the means to carry to completion any of his really brilliant conceptions.

He was an engineer by profession and the first to suggest a method of obtaining a supply of good water for the young city. To quote from "The Water-Supply of the City of New York, 1658-1895," written by Edward Wegmann in 1896:

"As early as 1774, when New York had a population of 22,000, Christopher Colles made to the Common Council a proposal for constructing waterworks. His proposition was to construct a large reservoir on Manhattan Island, into which water was to be pumped from wells by means of a steam-engine, and to distribute the water from the reservoir by pipes [bored logs] laid in the principal streets. The Common Council accepted Mr. Colles' proposal in July 1774. . . . A spacious reservoir was constructed on Great George Street [Broadway]. . . . A large well was sunk near the 'Collect,' a fresh-water lake fifty feet deep. . . . To defray the expenses of the work and to pay for the land purchased, paper bills, denominated Water Works Money, were issued to the amount of £11,400. . . .

"In 1776 the works were put in operation, Mr. Colles being made the Superintendent. . . . Owing, however, to the insufficient supply furnished, and the confusion caused by the Revolution, the whole enterprise was soon abandoned."

These were the unfinished waterworks alluded to in John Colles' letter. The logs are still being disinterred from time to time (usually in good condition) in some of our southerly streets.

It was also Christopher who in 1784 suggested to the New York Legislature the possibility of constructing a canal connecting Lake Ontario with the Hudson River through the Mohawk Valley; in fact, the future Erie Canal. The next year the Legislature reported favorably.

JAMES COLLES

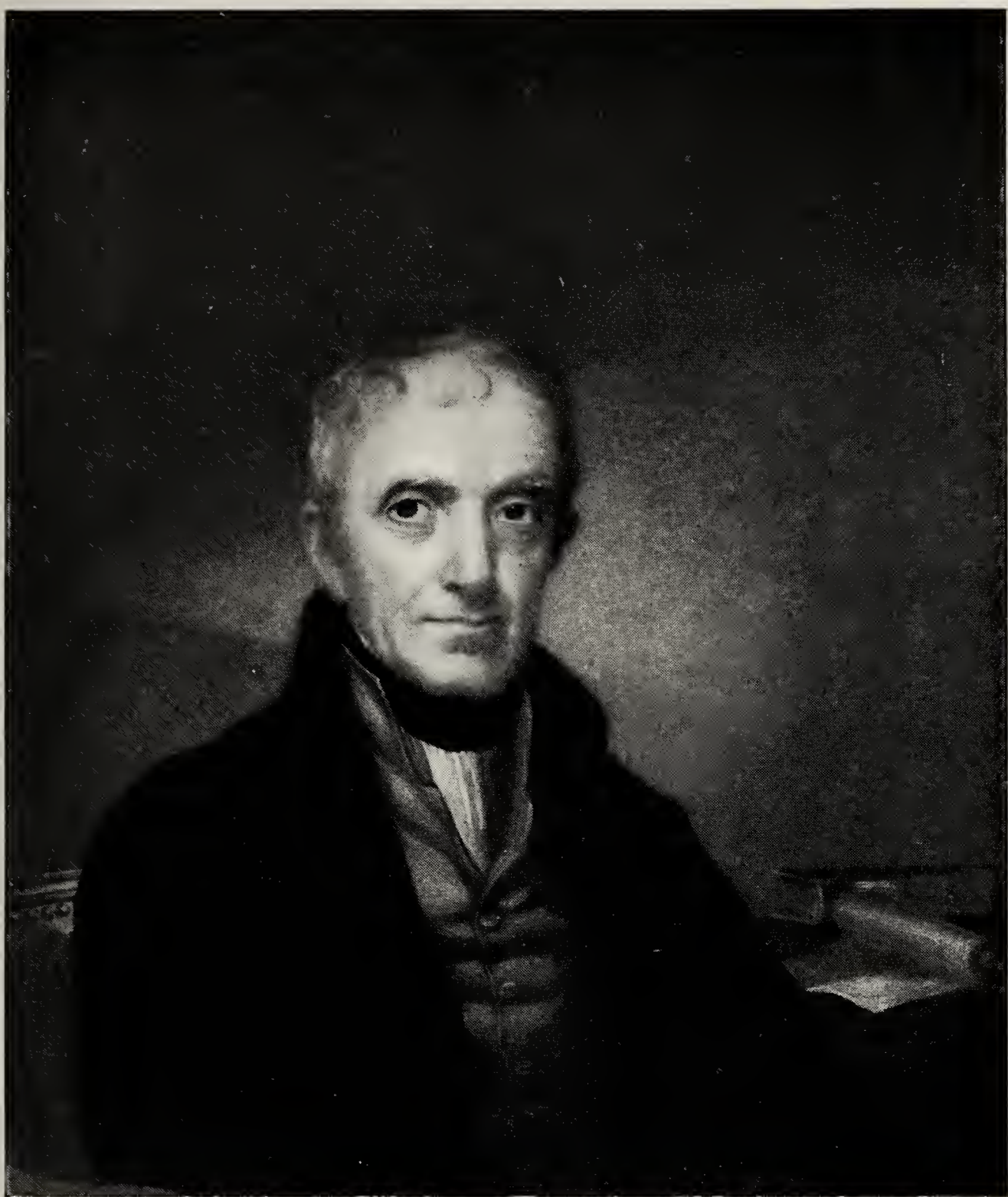
Colles had already made the first surveys and plans and had written a remarkable pamphlet on the subject, but, having no influence with which to push the matter, nothing further was done. At last, in 1811, Governor DeWitt Clinton took up the project, pushed it forward to completion and reaped all the glory.

Colles was an astronomer and provided the early almanac makers with their astronomical observations and calculations. The final picture of him which we have in our minds shows him standing in City Hall Park with his telescope set up, asking the passer-by if he would like to see Jupiter for sixpence, "or, if you have no sixpence, I will let you see it for nothing."

Christopher Colles was a very lovable and an extraordinarily versatile man, but with little capacity for making money; if he succeeded in acquiring a little, he knew not how to keep it. He died in New York on October 4, 1816, a poor man.

As a friend once said of him: "As unostentatious as he was sagacious, he was indeed one of those gifted men whose misfortune consists in being ahead of their times."

His ability was recognized after his death. He was honored by a public funeral on Sunday afternoon, October 6, and according to his death certificate was buried in "St. Paul's Church Yard," but his headstone is one of those which are now undecipherable. Later his memory was again honored, for when, in 1825, the opening of the Erie



CHRISTOPHER COLLES

1739-1816

Canal was celebrated in New York, his bust was carried with "appropriate dignity" in the procession.

John Wesley Jarvis painted a portrait of him, probably in 1812 when both of them were living in the old "Government House" at the foot of Bowling Green. "My pencil," said Jarvis, "will render you hereafter better known. You have done too much good to be forgotten." This portrait is in the possession of the New York Historical Society. Another portrait, among the illustrations, shows him as a younger man.

James Colles was born on November 2, 1788, at the home of his father, John Colles, at 42 Pearl Street, New York. In 1807, when his father died, James was but nineteen years old, and with a rather elementary education he had to face not alone the question of self-support but that of helping his widowed mother and her two younger children. However, he had confidence in himself, innate ability, and a determination to better his education.*

Tradition says that he was at first employed by various importers to collect bad debts. Then he tried at least one mercantile venture on his own account. This was in 1809, through Lynch & Co., Cadiz, Spain. It was not very profit-

* In the matter of his own education, as well as in making a fortune "and keeping it," James Colles triumphed over many obstacles. . . . His letters are all good, without pretense of scholarship, but honest in purpose and exact in statement, a little archaic in spelling, but always kind in tone, and indifferent to his own trouble. Many alterations in his drafts of letters sent show how careful he was, not only to express himself clearly but to avoid hurting his correspondent's self-esteem. [H. M.]

able, but his motto evidently was "Live and learn," and he kept right on.

As early as June, 1807, James Colles had enlisted in the "1st Regiment of Artillery in the City & County of New York," but with the opening of the War of 1812 he was made a "Corporall" in Captain Daniel Baehr's Battery of the same regiment. They were ordered on guard duty at Castle Garden and he often told how they were engaged there in throwing up breastworks to repel the advance of the British. Captain Metcalfe relates that after he entered the army Grandpa was particularly fond of telling him about methods of artillery practice at Castle Garden in 1812 and how they used to discharge the cannon by priming it with a powder horn and applying the blue light held in a cleft stick.

Before this enlistment he had been a clerk in the employ of H. K. Toler & Co., merchants and importers, doing business at 137 Pearl Street, New York. They were the owners of a shipment of dry-goods valued at £4000 which was detained at Halifax in 1812 by the embargo. Colles was put in charge of getting these goods across the border, and it is amusing to note the various elusive schemes which Toler & Co. suggested his trying. The Toler signature was simply 3/6. The most surprising thing about the whole affair is the confidence which the members of this important firm showed both in the integrity and the ability of their young clerk.

It was during this mercantile experience that he wit-



To *James Colles* Greeting:

By Virtue of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New-York, for organizing the Militia of said state, I DO hereby nominate and appoint you a *Corporall* in the company under my command, in the *First* regiment of Artillery in the city of New-York. You are therefore to take charge of the said company as *Corporall* — and from time to time, when thereunto required, do and perform such military duties as are prescribed by the said Act. And as the men are obliged to observe and obey your orders, so are you likewise to observe and obey such orders and directions as you shall receive from your superior officers, according to the rules and discipline of war: and for so doing this shall be your sufficient Warrant.

Given under my Hand and Seal, at the city of New-York, in the state of New-York, this *23^d* day of *Jan^y* — in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *Twelve* and in the thirty-*Sixth* year of the Independence of the United States of America.

Danl. Bach Capt. *1st Batⁿ*
1st Regt. Artillery

WARRANT GIVEN TO JAMES COLLES, JANUARY 23, 1812

nessed from the Esplanade at Portland the fight between the British brig "Boxer" and the American schooner "Enterprise." There is a letter in this series written later by the former surgeon of the "Boxer," who was then on H. M. S. "Rattler" and was helping to blockade the port of New York when he wrote to his "dear Collis."

On June 3, 1814, when his Portland business was successfully finished, he "renewed" his enlistment in his old regiment, still in Captain Baehr's Battery, though the regiment was now entitled "Second Regiment N. Y. S. Artillery." For these military services the New York Legislature pronounced him "EXEMPT from military duty in this State, for life, except in cases of insurrection or invasion." He was also placed later on the "Pension List Roll of New York City" and was granted a pension of eight dollars a month for the rest of his life. The veterans each of them received also a land warrant for one-quarter of a quarter section (160 acres) of public lands. James sold this warrant later to a speculator for \$100.

Intermingled with the business letters of this period are some from James Colles' early friends, Abraham Bailey and his sister Mary. The latter was always kind and devoted to her "young friend," but I have left out most of her letters as being irrelevant, and I have treated Abraham's in the same way (although he was probably James' most intimate friend) because of his superabundant profanity. They are, however, very quaint and should not be entirely omitted.

JAMES COLLES

LETTERS

∴

JOHN COLLES (1751-1807), *New York*
TO WILLIAM COLLES, of *Millmount, Kilkenny, Ireland*

October 22, 1778

DEAR BROTHER—

I ARRIVED here safe after a severe passage of eleven weeks and three days. According to promise I was determined to write to you by the first opportunity. I shall give you some account of my voyage. I embarked on the “Valliant,” Tuesday, 28th of July, 1778, Richard Thomson being Rear Commodore of fourteen sail of armed vitalers. . . .

Nothing remarkable until 13th of August, when we saw a ship’s lower mast floating, on which we hoist our jolly boat and yawl to tow it. There being a great deal of fish the bo’sun stuck 18 of them. They are about the size of large salmon and are called “Black Will.” It is a most excellent fish to eat. . . . 22nd. Hoist out the jolly boat and caught a turtle. 26th. Squally, with lightning and rain, such as in my life I never saw. One of the men had a knife in his hand, which was flung from him with the greatest violence; another lost his sight for a time. The oldest sailor declared he never saw so severe; for the time lost sight of the fleet. . . .

Sept. 6th. Saw a large sail. It proved to be the “Albion,” an English man-of-war, of 74 guns. They gave us orders to take all French property we fell in with. . . . 29th. Came up with a strange sail from Boston, with fish and lumber. She struck to the “Juno,” and the chief mate went on board as prize master with 12 hands. Saw a fire about three leagues ahead, which proved to be the bark taken by the “Juno” and re-taken by two row galleys of the Americans. When we saw it we hoist out our boat and towed the ship, as it was calm. When they saw this they set her on fire and took the men prisoners that were in her. All that was saved was as much canvas as made a sailor one pair of trowsers.

Sunday, 19th. Came into Sandy Hook, when we were told the French fleet had left there only a fortnight ago. They remained there three

THE WAR OF 1812: LETTERS

weeks, and in that time took eighteen sail of vessels loaded with provisions, &c.; but finding our men-of-war coming from England, they thought fit to go to Boston. The men-of-war under Lord Howe in New York harbour durst not engage them, as his force was not half the number, nor his metal half the weight. The day or two before we arrived here five English men-of-war of 74 guns came in to New York, besides a number of frigates. The troops have evacuated Boston, and the rebels are in possession.

Everything here is in the utmost confusion, and so dear that there is no such thing as living. Business is not thought of by anyone, nor can I get anything to do, for everyone is thinking of quitting this place. As to the town it is almost burned, and another fire has just happened. People who once lived in the greatest opulence are now reduced to the greatest beggary.

I have inquired for Christopher, who was coming on well, but this unfortunate dispute has made him fly up the country with the rest of inhabitants, and the last person who saw him tells me he and his wife, with his helpless charge,* were seen crossing into the Jerseys. This is all I can learn of him. His waterworks were almost finished when he fled. For my part, after I can get a little money I will go into a privateer, as I have a good offer, but more of this hereafter.

My grateful acknowledgments of your goodness to me, which I wish I may ever have it in my power to repay.

Your loving and affectionate brother,

MARY BAILEY, *Waterford, "Half Moon," New York*
TO JAMES COLLES (*no address*)

October 30, 1801

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

BY the hand of my Brother I received your letter & thank you for the interest you take in inquiring after my health it is much more than Abm has done he has not thought it worth while to answer to my

* This probably refers to his young baby, Elizabeth.

JAMES COLLES

letter by a line but I suppose his time is much better employed his attention to Miss Kilby prevents his thinking of me, but however I will console myself with the idea that I am not forgot by the rest of my friends. . . . I some times am low spirited, I have some sober thoughts, which I cannot at some times divest myself of. . . . You ask me for my profile I would with pleasure send it to you but cannot get it taken until I go to Albany which I shall do when I go there next. . . .

[Mary Bailey's brother, Abraham, was at this time James Colles' most intimate friend. The latter was then only thirteen years old. E. J. DE F.]

ANDREW SELOOVER, *Athens, New York*
TO JAMES COLLES, *42 Pearl Street, New York City*

June 26, 1808

RESPECTED NEPHEW. . . .

SINCE the loss of your Father I have not wrote to you and am ignorant at this time in what manner you are employed but rather think you continue with Mr. Warren.

The Critical times which we all at present Experience puts us all at a loss, what mode of business is best to adopt and pursue the Present Embargo which our Country at present Labours under in Great Measure, Stagnates Business of all most all kinds and will at last Terminate for the best I Expect and hope but time must determine these things and the issue left to providence who will Order all Things as Seeith him good.

I expect you make your home at your Mothers house as usual and do my dear young man Endeavour to Satisfy your Mother and please her in all things, and let your conduct be agreeable, let not your Behaviour through life be displeasing to her to add to her affliction but let it be Manly and Noble so that she may have delight in the Son of her love.

I remain in the best bonds of affection,
Your Loving Uncle

[Andrew Selover, the brother of J. C.'s mother. John Colles, father of James, had died in 1807. E. J. DE F.]

THE WAR OF 1812: LETTERS

ABRAHAM BAILEY, "*Half Moon*," New York, TO JAMES COLLES

August 10, 1808

MY FRIEND . . .

YOU say you cannot start for this place until you hear from me, then here it is I say Colles come, come you will be as welcome here as at your Mother's house. Take up you must with country fare, which I know you will have no objection in doing. Inform Ebbets that I have wrote him per post . . . Colles inform me what time I may expect you. . . . Kiss the girls for me, my respects to all, in a hell of a hurry — particulars when you arrive here.

Your Sincere Friend

12 O'clock at night.

MARY BAILEY, "*Half Moon*," New York, TO JAMES COLLES

June 6, 1809

DEAR SIR,

YOURS of the 27th is come to hand and it is with pleasure I embrace this Opertunity, shewing my grattitude for your remembrance of me. I am both pleased & surprised of the account you gave me concerning my Brother Abrm, in the first place you say he assumes the gravity of an old man of forty, the providence of an old Maid of Sixty, Strange, Strange Very Strange, how comes about this Glorious Revolution, you say that some time ago he was smitten with a young Lady, is it possible can it be that she has made him a Convert to her Virtues?

My best love to all those that enquire after me to my Brother Abrm in piticular I want much to hear from him, you will please to write me every Opportunity that offers and I will do the same. I have received a letter from Miss Dyas she says she was immediately a going to set off on a jaunt of pleasure to mount pleasant. May success attend her she mentions you not in her letter by that I suppose you have not seen her, you must excuse my letter if you can read this incoherent scrawl it is more than I can, I feel strangely agitated this morning and

JAMES COLLES

I know not the cause, writing once gave me pleasure but now pain . . . the bell is ringing and the family are all going to Church all but your Melloncolly friend, who is trying to write to you, I have not for some time enjoyed good health wich is the cause of my Gravity, but the next I write will be more amusing.

THOS. & HENRY LYNCH & Co., *Cadiz, Spain*, TO JAMES COLLES

October 4, 1809

. . . Since we exerted ourselves to place your Lard in vain owing to being almost all rotten we will continue to use our exertions to run it off soonest and best possible mean time that you should not be totally disappointed in your expectations of receiving returns we have shipped on the Sd vessel as youl observe by the enclosed Bill of Lading 11 Qtr Casks Sherry Wine at rate of \$22 up to \$242. If your lard and wax should produce more we will make you a further shipment and if it should produce less we will draw on you.

November 11

Above is a copy of our last respects of the 4th Ult and enclosed is duplicate B/Lading of your wines, also sales of the lard and wax, with your a/c closed by a balance in your favor of \$9.96.

The very bad quality of lard has caused this adventure not being so advantageous as wish. Our Bay is full of American Produce. . . .

MARY BAILEY, "*Half Moon*," *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES

October 30, 1809

YOUR letter I have received and am happy to hear that you are well and hope you may continue to be for a long time to come, you tell me that my brother Abrm has almost got over his religious zeal. I am very happy to hear it, the religion of a Methodist I do not much approve of, you say that at present he is paying his address to a Miss Banyam, and that he has refused to introduce my Brother Isaac

THE WAR OF 1812: LETTERS

to her, for fear of being what you call "out." Well may he fear him for a rival, as he meets with success among the fair sex. . . .

RICHARD EBBETS, *Wahoo, Sandwich Islands*
TO JAMES COLLES, *42 Pearl Street, New York City*

May 12, 1810

IT is with pleasure that I now embrace the opportunity of writing a few lines, to inform you of our safe arrival among those Friendly Natives. One hundred and sixty five days from New York. . . . We arrived here on the 10th inst. and will sail tomorrow for the N. W. C. of A., our visit here being merely to pay out respects to their Imperial Majesties the King, Queen and Suite of the Sandwich Islands, who are now all on board. They make such cursed noise with their Lingo, that some times I think they are all crazy. You must not expect a long letter now, for I can assure you among so many pretty nymphs as are now on Board and along side, and all in their loose dress having nothing on but a small piece of stuff called a Tapper and that just around their waist, that it is impossible for any one to write that has any feelings. . . . I sincerely hope you will never take it into your head to double Cape Horn, for if I may use the expression it is the damnest place in the world for gales of wind, Hail, Rain and Snow that ever was known. . . . Damn the noise I can't go on. . . .

[Richard Ebbets was an early friend of J. C.'s. J. C. some years later married Harriet Augusta Wetmore and Richard Ebbets married her sister, Charlotte Cornelia. He died insane not long afterward. E. J. DE F.]

MARY BAILEY, *Johns Burgh*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

April 6, 1811

MY YOUNG FRIEND:—

A LONG time has passed since I have wrote you or heard from any of the inhabitants of New York, you no doubt will be astonished to see from where I date my letter, yes Sir it is from the Woods of

JAMES COLLES

Johns Burgh, 31 miles North of Lake George, you I suppose will ask me how I came here, I came with Mrs. Roosevelt and Daughters last February. Mr R is the proprietor of this Town, and his Wife came to spend a few Months with her Tenants and I accompaneyd her, I often wish for yourself and Abm as there is plenty of sport for gaming here.

We live in the Mansion House of the late Mr. Thurman wich is now the property of Mr Roosevelt wich is a Romantick situation, surrounded with Mountains the House is very large, and is partly built over a Brook it is pleasant though wild, here sometimes in the evening when all is still, you can hear the howling of the Wolf, when in search of prey and the growling of the Bear ranging the forests of Thurmans patent. We have no society but ourselves, but still make ourselves very happy here, you my friend would think us so, we go to bed with the Lamb and rise with the Lark, and when pleasant throw our hooks out of the window and cach Trout, for the stream that runs below is not at all lonesome, we have plenty of amusement reading riding, or walking is our constant diversion how long we shall continue here I know not. Mrs R talks of staying here until some time next summer which will not at all displease me, the country will be more beutiful the Wildness will bud and blossom in the Months of May and June.

I should like very much to hear from you all, what is Abraham doing and how is Miss Kilby. Mr Ralph Thurman is at present our guest, he resides in our Citty and is one of the Heirs of the late Mr Thurman, is now here on business as an Executor to this Estate. I send this by him he leaves this the day after tomorrow for New York he returns again the last of this month, or the first of next, you will have then an opportunity of answering my letter, and now my friend farwell may you be as happy as you wish is and shall ever be the wish of

MARY BAILEY

THE WAR OF 1812: LETTERS

3/6 (*sealed*) [H. K. Toler & Co.]
TO MR. EDWARD BLACKFORD, *Halifax, Nova Scotia*

June 17, 1812

IT is currently believed that Congress has resolved War with Great Britain. Differences of opinion in Congress. If not War then something just as bad. [(Embargo?) Gives instructions as to action in case of War. This letter refers to four packages of Mdse for which Blackford has receipted, names a Captain Osgood who is sent to render assistance in an expedition, "of which Blackford is to have sole command" and for which a Vessel was needed.]

[This was a shipment (valued at about £4000) which was detained at Halifax by the embargo. J. C. was put in charge of getting these goods across the border for the owners. The Toler signature was simply "3/6." E. J. DE F.]

3/6 (*sealed*) TO EDWARD BLACKFORD, *Halifax, Nova Scotia*

June 20, 1812

WAR has been declared against G. Britain so deposit your articles at Halifax and take receipt and come home. In great haste.

3/6 (*sealed*) TO JAMES COLLES, *St. Johns, New Brunswick*

June 29, 1812

[Refers to Act of Congress forbidding us to bring anything into the States; directs J. C. to deposit articles in some safe place, and to take lodgings within sight of goods until further direction.] My mind may change however and you are to help by sending all news and advise. Mr. B—d is to come home, but Capt [Osgood] may be useful as a navigator.

3/6 TO JAMES COLLES

June 30, 1812

I WROTE you yesterday to put the articles in a place of safety and remain with them until Mr. Dennison arrived last night. He says

JAMES COLLES

Indian Island etc are not safe as the Americans have power to plunder them. Thinks St. Johns is the best place. Go there to W. Merritt to deposit them and advise with him. Arrange to put half of the articles on some American vessel for N. Y. as best you may. She should be small and insignificant looking. Follow the shore and course by the sound, anchor at Hell Gate, hire a gig at Harlame and come to me, cover the articles with plaster and keep MUM. Don't let Capt Osgood be seen with you out of doors, for he is known and you would be suspected and informed on, and the Revenue Cutter would take you. Do it all in one night. Arrange for unloading at night near Hell Gate. [Leaves everything to J. C.'s discretion. Has written Mowry & Co. to help and will honor any dft from J. C. Estimate expenses of Charter D No. 80 & hire of crew.] You might buy a small vessel cheap for a few hundred dollars. Look out for Revenue Cutter at East Port. Look out . . . Put your baggage well under the plaster.

FROM G. S. SMYTH, *Major-General, St. Johns, New Brunswick*

July 18, 1812

THIS is to certify that the bearer hereof Mr. James Colles an American, has been introduced to me by a respectable Merchant of this Town, as a person who was proceeding to Halifax on his Mercantile Concerns.

3/6, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Eastport, Maine*

July 22, 1812

YOURS of the 6th and 12th Inst. I have this moment received. Mr. Harrison arrived here four days since and gave me an account of your sufferings, and I now congratulate you, on your deliverance from prison; for such I should call a Privateer, I am extremely sorry my own Countrymen should be capable of treating any person as they have you.

I am extremely happy you fell in with Mr. Merritt at East Port and have no doubt he will render you every assistance in his power. He informs you as his opinion, that you may yet Convoy from Halifax to

THE WAR OF 1812: LETTERS

St. Johns, if not, that you can have the goods carted across by land, and at no great expense, if the expense to get them by land, would not be much more than to get them by water to St. Johns, I would prefer to pay that little expense than to run any risk which can be avoided. You wish my opinion whether you had better have the goods left in the hands of Mr. Merritt, or take them to Eastport, inform against them, and have them Bonded, I will first observe, that I think the risk is too great to set out with them for this place as first contemplated, therefore this must be abandoned.

In the next place with regard to having them complained of, and have them Bonded, to effect this, it would be first necessary for you to get the Collector willing that you should bring them in, complain of them yourself and that he should guarantee to you that he would permit you to Bond, and it would be well to get him to allow the goods to be appraised, if you are confident you can get appraisers who will put them below the cost, and one other thing would be necessary, that we should be allowed to give the Bonds here. Denton has done this, with his goods, which he brought from St. Johns.

Now Sir if this can be done without much risk, I wish you to do it in preference to run so great a risk as the first plan contemplated would subject us to. Should you find however, to get them to Eastport, to have them Bonded would be to great a risk, leave them with Mr. Merritt, in all this I must leave it to your own judgment, and in which I shall be perfectly satisfied, wheather you succeed or not, as I am confident you will act as though acting for yourself.

I have written to you very frequently and each time directed one Halifax one St. J and one at East Port.

[We should like to know about his adventures on the Privateer. E. J. DE F.]

3/6, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES

July 24, 1812

I WROTE to you yesterday, at which time, I promised to send you the Invoices of all the goods except the four trunks bought of Miller

JAMES COLLES

Tarlane the Invoice of which I cannot find high or low the amount is about 500 £.s, the other invoices you have endorsed, but I presume you will not have to use them for reasons which I am now going to give.

I just will lay down the plan that was persued by Denton in getting his goods at Eastport, and I wish you to follow the same plan, viz previous to your mooveing the goods, from the British soil, you go to the Collector at Eastport and present to him, the situation of your goods on the British soil, that you are much alarmed at their safety etc, and that you had called on him to take his advise, and to see if you could not bring them in and bond them, by having them *appraised*, tell the collector you would wish to proceed in the same way Mr. Samuel Denton did with his, which was, Denton applied to the Collector then was informed he could bring in his goods and bond for them, the Collector even sent the Revenue Cutter to protect the vessel that had taken the goods on board at St Johns, and see her safe in Eastport.

Van Ness tells me the Collector and the Judge at Eastport are as clever fellows as ever was, the great object will be, (which you will at once perceive) to get permission to have the goods appraised, therefore you will not let any one know you have the Invoices. I have merly sent them, that you will be able to see at once how much below there value they are appraised. Denton got men to appraise his, and they were appraised for about one half the net cost, and I have no doubt you will be able to do the same. The way the persons that appraised Dentons were to ask themselves, how much would a person give cash for such an article, and so went on, and I am in Confidence told by Van Ness that the appraisement was not more than half the net cost.

Denton got permission to Bond his here by giving such Bondsmen as should be satisfactory to Mr Sandford the District Attorney here. Should it be necessary you can make out a list of the articles in each Tonage without the cost, which may do away the necessity of their opening the Tonage, you however can Judge which will be the best way for you to act. The next plan will be to get the goods on here, or first go into some Eastern Port, on this subject I will write you tomorrow. You will be careful you get proper certificates, that the goods

THE WAR OF 1812: LETTERS

all properly bonded, which certificates must accompany the goods, should they not be libelled before you bond them. If they are not libelled would they not be siezed here again, and give us much trouble, this you will make yourself acquainted with, you can tell the Collector you are well acquainted with Mr Denton, and would wish to proceed in your business as he did in his. You will not omitt first to agree with the collector to permit you to have them appraised, and allow you to be the Complainer.

Shall write to you again tomorrow.

Yours Truly

3/6, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES (*no address; sealed*)

July 25, 1812

WITH regards to getting the goods here after they are bonded we have [to] run the risk of the British Cruisers, so take them to Portland, thence by land to Albany or New Haven, thence by water to New York. Denton went *via* Albany, it may be best to follow his tracks as his agents know the way be sure and have the goods appraised. Make yourself acquainted with the Gentlemen who are the appraisers (get Dentons men). Give them an invitation to dine with you as I assure you a good dinner has a great tendency to soften men's Hearts. But let everything be done legally that they may not trouble us here, get money from Merritt or Mowry & Co. When goods are bonded let Capt O and Mr B come home and bring goods to Albany where I will meet you. Hire horses and wagons with covers at Portland for Albany.

Keep with the goods as they may be stopped as smuggled goods. Tell Mr N. Merritt that Mr Jaffray has shipped him 8,000 pounds worth. I hope to God they may have off that coast a British force sufficient to protect British Vessels coming into St Johns & Halifax.

MILITARY PASS *signed* WM. DRUMMOND *Major, St. Johns, New Brunswick (not sealed, not addressed)*

PASS Mr. Colles for Windsor Nova Scotia in schooner "Sicily," being an American and stating to have business of importance to settle in Halifax.

JAMES COLLES

GEORGE D. BLEECKER, *Portland*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*, c/o M. N. MERRITT, *St. Johns*

September 12, 1812

I ARRIVED yesterday but the Judge and Marshall are absent, so nothing can be done. Lose no time in following my example as the business is precarious. I hope goods will be bonded for value and duties on favorable terms.

BENJN BUCHMAN, *Eastport*, TO MR. COLLES

March 25, 1813

PLEASE pay Lemuel Trescott \$50.00 my commission for signing bonds for your goods and oblige,

3/6, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Eastport, Maine*
To lie at the Post Office till called for

March 9, 1813

ENCLOSED Act of Congress relieving goods imported from Canada in case of delay occasioned by either the Collector or Colnl Ulmer.

P.S. Goods are selling high.

TIM FLETCHER (D. W.'s brother-in-law), *Portland*
TO DANIEL WEBSTER, *Portsmouth, New Hampshire*

April 30, 1813

THIS will be handed you by Mr. James Colles a young gentleman who has charge of goods bound to New York. If in your place he should want any assistance or advice you will please pay attention to him and any favor shown him will confer a favor on your friend and brother.

[D. W. married Grace Fletcher in 1808. H. M.]



BATTLE BETWEEN "ENTERPRISE" AND "BOXER"

H. K. TOLER, *Boston, Mass.*
TO JAMES COLLES, *Portland, Maine*

September 9, 1813

ARRIVED 6 P.M. found many letters from David [David I. Rogers]. Leave for Providence today, thence home. I found a number of New Yorkers here, for what purpose I cannot say, but they are such characters as will never run away with a House. Was you in time for see the two Captains Buried, or did you stop on the way to see that pretty brunette of a Girl we saw on the way. Tell me how Mackerell goes at Portland, wheather they broil them well or not etc.

[J. C. was more or less busy with the Toler business from June, 1812, until August, 1814. It was therefore when he was at Portland on September 5, 1813, attending to these affairs, that he saw from the Esplanade the battle between the British brig "Boxer" and the American schooner "Enterprise." Both commanders were killed and lie buried side by side in the Portland graveyard.

The "Encyclopedia Americana" has this information about the engagement:

"The crews were about 100 each. The fight began at 3.20 p.m. and was ended at 4.00 by the 'Boxer' striking, literally cut to pieces in hull, masts, rigging and spars, with several of her guns dismounted, while the 'Enterprise' was almost uninjured." E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

PLINY (CLAPP?), *Boston*, to H. K. TOLER, *Portland, Maine*

December 8, 1813

I HAVE received yours stating that you have 80 pkge to send to N. Y. Sir, I can send 5 waggons with 4 horses but the Traveling is very Bad indeed. Where we could carry 4,000 lbs with 3 horses we now cant carry but 3,200. . . .

Sir, I cant at this time contract to bring your goods short of ten cents per pound (\$1600) if the Season and Traveling was as when I went before I would say Eight cents per pound. Sir, I stand ready to weight on you at any moment you send me a line. Sir, I wish you wood if you wish me to send plese git the weeght of the hole, so that I can send waggon anuff to take the hole. . . .

Sir, you say Eight tuns of goods.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, *H. M. Ship "Rattler" off Sandy Hook*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

February 4, 1814

MY DEAR COLLIS:

I DARE say it will astonish you to receive a letter from me dated from this place. I with the rest of the Boxers Officers, went in the Cartel for Halifax since when I have been to Bermuda, we have been tried for the loss of the Brig and honorably acquitted, Mr McCreery and Mr. Read went home to England as they could not [return?], before they were exchanged. I have been appointed Surgeon of the "Rattler" and am come again to menace you on your coast.

The weather is very cold but on the whole pleasant for the season and there are but few gales. I frequently enjoy in my imagination the happy time we passed at Portland together, and could almost wish its return. We are in sight of your coast every day and I never see it but I think of you. I hope you are as happy as I am now, my time passes very agreeable among a lot of lively Messmates but very much prejudiced against Americans. That I think nothing of, however, as I was

THE WAR OF 1812: LETTERS

biassed the same way till the polite attention I received from them made me soon retract my opinion.

When you write to me, which do by any opportunity, direct to me Surgeon H. M. Ship "Rattler," Bermuda or elsewhere. In the meantime I am my dear Collis with every sentiment of regard,

Yours Truly,

H. K. TOLER, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Boston*

July 27, 1814

[. . . Has heard from Blue Hill and Buckstown of safe crossing of 40 packages to arrive at Boston. . . .] Harrison has paid me \$3,000 on account sale on 30th. Send \$1,000 in Boston bank notes under double cover to letter. Report arrival of the forty packages.

I. HARRISON, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Boston*

August 2, 1814

SUSPEND sales until further advice. Mr. Tolers results are not flattering and I may do better here.

H. K. TOLER, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Boston*

August 6, 1814

REMIT Harrisons money on a/c sales in Boston bank bills through me, as he owes me money and in this way I shall get it.

ABRAHAM BAILEY, *New York*

TO JAMES COLLES, *Portland, Dist. of Maine*

February 18, 1814

ON Wednesday last you left us, well, distressing day and evening for me, yesterday bad day. . . . Good day until Monday, when I pray God I may have better spirits for writing you. . . .

JAMES COLLES

Monday, February 21

All aback woe, misery, destruction. Well my boy Saturday evening was at a porter house endeavoring to regain my spirits. All vain, went to bed, at an early hour Sunday arose, beautiful Morning dressed in great snuff, at a loss whether or not. Went to Dutch Church, heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Matthews after service fell in with a Straw and a Hoff, up Broadway down again, little, by the gods to my satisfaction, saw no one that interested me one single damn.

Engaged with Hoff for a walk afternoon, gave him the goe bye after flying the street a little while. . . . Well, by the Gods away we went for St. Johns and we found there Miss S. M. and H. A. W. and Miss E. R., O.K. in great spirits and I Damning him for our good luck we returned to W Street after leaving Miss O. in her Papa's House, we all concluded to take tea again with them. . . . H. A. W. to spend some time with her relations up Town and in all probability will not return before the end of this or the beginning of the coming week. . . . Oh damnation Colles, return with all possible speed. I can write no more am out of humor, out of health and Remain

Your Friend

["S. M.," Sophia Maria Wetmore, to whom Abraham Bailey was engaged later. "H. A. W.," Harriet Augusta Wetmore, in whom J. C. already showed interest. E. J. DE F.]

CHAPTER II

MARRIAGE AND THE NEW ORLEANS VENTURE

1816-1832

AFTER James Colles returned from his difficult experiences at Portland he decided to start in mercantile pursuits on his own account. His first partner was a certain W. I. Ingersoll, but the only advantage gained during this short connection was a painful knowledge that it was easier to buy than to sell. He next went into partnership with David I. Rogers, his fellow clerk in H. K. Toler's business house. This was in 1817.

A new personality had meantime appeared on James Colles' horizon, and we must pause here to become acquainted with Harriet Augusta Wetmore, the daughter of Mrs. George Wetmore (Rachel Ogden), then of Baltimore, a very remarkable woman, whose sterling qualities go far toward explaining the fine, strong nature of Harriet Augusta. Mrs. Wetmore was a very young girl when the Revolutionary War broke out. Her father was a British officer, Lieutenant Benjamin Ogden, who was killed in the battle of Camden. During Lieutenant Ogden's absence, and in view of the unsettled times in New York, the mother sent Rachel with the three younger children to her sister's home at Rye, New York, while Mrs. Ogden herself took refuge on one of the British ships in New York harbor. To little Rachel Ogden was thus left the care of

her three younger brothers. She tended them, made their clothes, and was a real "Little Mother" to them. Then came a gallant young British officer, Lieutenant George Wetmore, who won her heart. They were married in New York by Bishop Seabury of Connecticut on September 11, 1777, when Rachel was only sixteen years old. They were said to be "the handsomest couple that walked on Queen Street."

After the war was over, Lieutenant Wetmore was given 800 acres of land in Nova Scotia, and thither the whole family migrated, including Rachel's mother. But Nova Scotia did not please George Wetmore, especially as there were no schools for his rapidly increasing family, so they returned to the United States, and at Penobscot, Maine, in 1795, his third daughter, Harriet Augusta Wetmore, was born. A few years later, the family moved to Troy, New Jersey, near Morristown. There George Wetmore died in 1800.

Rachel, his widow, then about forty years old, was thus left with a family of ten children to provide for and an insufficient income with which to do it. But she was a quite wonderful woman with a sound heart and great executive ability, so she met the emergency well.

She moved almost immediately to Morristown and opened a small store on "Morris Green." But a village store did not furnish the wherewithal to support herself and her large family. In some way she had acquired a good education and she now decided to open a school for young



HARRIET AUGUSTA WETMORE

Before her Marriage

ladies in Morristown and to do it in a style and on a scale that would attract attention. So she took the fine brick house with a large garden on the corner of Court and Washington Streets, the "Major Phoenix house." This was in 1808.

Nine years later she transferred her school to Baltimore, and from 1817 to 1823 conducted a large "Young Ladies Academy" at 11 South Charles Street, then a fashionable locality. Only highly recommended pupils were received, and the young ladies were taught "all the accomplishments," while strict attention was given to "their morals and manners." All this under the patronage of the Bishop of Maryland. No wonder the school was successful. Her daughters and sons were all instructors in the different branches of the school in which Harriet Augusta was teaching mathematics when she met James Colles.

She seems to have been more or less free to wander, and we find her often visiting friends in New York, where James Colles became, evidently, a very particular friend. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have known of the southern ventures of her two elder brothers, George C. and Alexander O. Wetmore, who went to Louisiana in 1817 or earlier and were doing well there. As James' affections were already bestowed on "H. A. W.," what more natural than that he and his new partner should follow in her brothers' footsteps. New Orleans, upon the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, had become a kind of Eldorado; there was a great rush from all over the country to take

advantage of the new opportunities which were opened up there. Cotton and sugar were then released from the Spanish tariff and became very valuable assets. The glamour lasted several years. James, according to the Family Bible, "arrived at New Orleans in Brig 'Casket' from New York, in November 1818." The understanding between J. C. and his new associate evidently was that Rogers should live in New Orleans and that Colles should spend the winters there and go to New York each summer for necessary purchases. At first they had many trials and losses; men who "skipped" without even paying their board bills, or gave orders for more goods without paying for the previous consignment, or sent perishable goods which spoiled before they reached New Orleans.

Finally, however, in the summer of 1821, Rogers wrote encouraging letters to Colles in New York regarding their business outlook, and so, on August 1, 1821, James Colles was married to his "dear Hal" in St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kemp.

Harriet Colles did not return with her husband to New Orleans in 1821, but when she arrived in December, 1822, she brought a little daughter with her. There followed a series of years when she apparently remained in New Orleans, summer as well as winter. We know that four of her children were born there, one of them in the middle of the summer.

There were at least two severe cholera epidemics during the years that the Colleses lived without intermission in

the treacherous climate of New Orleans. Their daughter Frances (my mother) used in later years to relate to her children the terrors of that experience. The deaths were so frequent that the "dead wagons" rolled through the streets night and day to collect the bodies, the driver crying out: "Bring out your dead!" A red flag (or black) was hung out of the front door after a death had taken place, and any passing "dead wagon" would stop. The scenes in the streets at such times were so terrible that Mrs. Colles used to have sheets fastened over all the windows so that no one could look out; this was to spare the children and the negro servants who were easily panic-stricken. Money was so scarce that interments were often paid for by silver spoons or gold ornaments, and Mr. Colles, who was a vestryman and treasurer of Christ Church, had large boxes full of things of this sort which he had received in payment.

One of the thrilling New Orleans stories which Frances told was of a woman who maltreated her slaves and whose house was finally broken into by a mob, the slaves liberated and the contents of the house destroyed, while the owner fled for her life. Frances always remembered the cries and yells of the mob, whom she saw rushing through the streets with lighted torches on their way to burn the woman's belongings. Years afterwards this story was related in Cable's "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" under the title of "The Haunted House in the Royal Street," and according to the date given the little girl must have been nine years old at the time.

JAMES COLLES

But none of these difficulties or tragedies caused Harriet Colles to falter. She was made of stern stuff and fought her battles out at her husband's side.

In the summer of 1828, when her fourth child (James) was expected, she moved the family to a plantation up the river (a "swampy place," as my mother told me) so as to get away from contagion. One of James Colles' friends wrote that he trusted "Mrs. Colles and her pretty flock would get through their dreary and solitary summer without difficulty." But in that swampy place four year old Mary Gertrude (named for her father's mother) died in 1828, two weeks before her brother James was born. The little grave may still be seen in a small Protestant cemetery in New Orleans.

From this plantation J. C.'s slave "George" used to drive his master every day to his place of business in the city. Of course in the south it was necessary to own slaves for household service; the Colleses, however, in due time gave them all their freedom. A few to whom they were attached they brought north; but of none of them were they all so fond as of "Mammy Gracie" (George's wife), one of whose letters to her mistress is introduced later. The father of the family disapproved of the idleness encouraged by the multiplicity of slave servants, so that his children were made to wait on themselves. The boys had to brush their own clothes and even their shoes.

In 1829 Harriet tried going north for the hot weather by steamboat *via* the Mississippi and the Ohio, but the boat's



JAMES COLLES
1788-1883



HARRIET AUGUSTA (WETMORE) COLLES
1795-1868

machinery broke down, they stuck in the mud of the Ohio, and the family had to stop somewhere to get necessary washing done. They were therefore several weeks on the way.

They tried an ocean steamer in 1831, but it was a "frightfully rough" voyage and took over two weeks. All the travellers, both children and adults, were very seasick, and none of the "embrocations" which they had brought were effective.

There is a story of about this time which I will tell, although I do not vouch for its truth. In the old sea-faring days lights were not allowed on shipboard after a certain hour. The women and children all slept in one cabin. One stormy night various babies broke loose and rolled around the cabin. One of Mrs. Colles' youngsters was missing and she got up to hunt for it. Another mother was doing the same thing. The two women got hold of the same child, as in the old days of Solomon the Wise, but there was no Solomon there and neither woman would give way. Finally the Captain was called, who came with a light and revealed the Colles baby!*

It always was necessary for the family to conceal carefully up to the last moment the date of Mrs. Colles' departure, otherwise she was overwhelmed with beseeching letters from friends who wished to send their children north under her care. The return journey was usually made by long and fatiguing trips in the olden-time stage-coaches

* I believe this story. If any one will turn to Harriet's letter of June 2, 1839, they will read of the nurse and "babe" being thrown out of the berth, and if they turn to the genealogical tables, they will see that the "babe" was little George, then three years old. [E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

across the Alleghanies to the Ohio River and from there by boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

James Colles himself went north much later than his family and seemed to be practically fever-proof!* His wife entreated her "dear Col" to come north earlier and stay there later. His good friend Robert Jaffrey urged him to be careful. "It is your duty to relax every second year for four months' recreation," said he, and wondered how he could look wife or baby in the face if he was so reckless. Mr. Colles' mother-in-law, Mrs. Wetmore, also wrote: "You mention that you are not so fleshy as formerly. Would it not be best (taking that into view) to come on early, even if it should not be *quite* as good for your business. You must not neglect your health, since wealth cannot redeem it when lost."

Others were not so fortunate as Mr. Colles. David Rogers wrote a very optimistic letter to his partner in the summer of 1822, and died (probably of yellow fever) a couple of months later. Addison Milton Colles told his brother: "The danger of climate is nothing." But he succumbed after a very few years in New Orleans. The Family Bible says: "Addison Milton Colles died of cholera after an illness of about ten hours at New Orleans, La., on June 8, 1833, buried at Protestant Cemetery June 9th." (He was thirty years of age.) Little Augusta Colles, when only eight years old, had already had two attacks of fever.

* The quiet force of the little man is nowhere better shown than in the calmness with which he faced the perils of the summer at New Orleans while his wife and family sought refuge in Morristown. [H. M.]

In 1831 Mr. Colles decided to build a house in New Orleans where they could live all the year round. It was a brick house, No. 163 Canal Street, at the corner of Rampart, with a garden in the rear, and it was their southern home for a number of years. In 1832 they spent the summer in this house, but it was not a very successful experiment.

Not long before James Colles made one of his first trips north, in the spring of 1822, he heard of his mother's death, as related in these letters, and it must have been a sorrow to him to think that he was unable to be with her at that time. When he returned to New Orleans in December of that year bringing his wife and the new baby, there came with them Sophia Wetmore, Harriet's elder sister, of whom she was very fond. Sophia had lost her *fiancé* when Abraham Bailey died, but before very long James Colles' new partner, Joseph Lovell, a northern man, became interested in her, and in May, 1825, they were married in New Orleans, at six o'clock in the morning on account of the heat. The partnership with Mr. Lovell lasted until 1832, but even after that the Lovells lived with the Colleses in the winters and the two families were together at Morristown in the summers.

Meanwhile the business prospered; it was established most of the time on Old Levee Street. Rogers wrote to New York: "We can now outdo all our rivals but Barron." Thomas Barron, who was one of the merchant princes of the day and was indeed called "the most successful merchant in New Orleans," had become one of Mr. Colles'

closest friends, and when ill health obliged him to withdraw from business, he left his affairs in his friend's hands. At about this time Mr. Barron very appreciatively wrote to J. C.: "The full, entire confidence I have in your disposition and skill in what I have entrusted to you has made me more indifferent than had I been on the spot." He added, regarding the use of his name: "Continue as long as it will be of any service to *you* to use it. And if that will not answer, convert anything I have into money. All is at your service. I feel that I am under great obligations to you for your continued kindness. . . . Should my health be regained, I may have it in my power to render you services in return. As it is, I see no prospect."

An even more important friendship was that of Robert Jaffrey, the great New York merchant of whom we have already spoken. There was a constant interchange of business affairs between them, and at one time Jaffrey, congratulating him on his success, adds: "Keep right on sending us customers. There is not one individual in America in whose prudence I have more confidence than in yours."

Another friend now appears—Samuel Jaudon—who was the cashier of the Bank of the United States in New Orleans. He it was who notified James Colles of his election in 1832 as a director of the bank. Jaudon's daughters were about the same age, respectively, as Augusta and Frances Colles. We shall often hear of the Jaudons as this story advances.

Then there was Matthew Morgan, who for years made

his home in New Orleans and was a partner of Thomas Barron. He and James Colles were particularly close friends, and so were Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Colles. (These ladies sent to Paris every year for all their best clothes and they were quite the leaders of fashion in New Orleans.)

Of course, in a growing place like New Orleans, every one went into real estate transactions, James Colles with the rest. Matthew Morgan wrote to him frequently about the progress of his various buildings, the new dwelling-house for his family and some important stores which were being erected the same summer with "granite pillars and lintel courses." The latter were on Canal Street, but, alas, the lake sometimes "backed up" so that boats had to be used to reach the stores.

Andrew Jackson was a friend of another ilk. He often visited New Orleans, and he and J. C. continued on terms of intimacy as long as they both lived. "Old Hickory" was an early riser and so was James Colles; they used to have long walks and talks together on the Levee.

These friendships and the complimentary letters from friends and associates show the esteem and confidence in which James Colles was held. He was never brilliant, but quietly, doggedly, and with excellent judgment, kept on his way. He was beloved by all.

So matters progressed,—the head of the Colles family amassing a considerable fortune and becoming more and more attached to his southern home, his visits north being always shorter than those of his family.

JAMES COLLES

In 1836 came the opportunity for building a real home in Morristown, but although J. C. now had competent clerks, Uriah Dudley and Peter Nelson, to whom he could leave the conduct of his business, he continued for some years longer his winter visits to New Orleans.

LETTERS

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RICHARD COLLES, *Dublin (Ireland)*
TO JAMES COLLES, *93 Pearl Street, New York*

May 15, 1816

THO I have written to you a long letter by Captain Goldsmith, I cannot avoid the recommendation of a gentleman upon whose integrity I can rely, in favor of the bearer of this letter. I cannot do better for him than to inclose you Mr. Gilberts letter. I repeat my affections to you, your Mother, Brother, Sister, etc. and am

Your ever affectionate Uncle

[This affectionate letter from the elder brother of James Colles' father is written in a very cultivated, fine hand, not at all unlike J. C.'s own. He died July 15, 1816. H. M.]

W. I. INGERSOLL, *Albany*, TO JAMES COLLES, *93 Pearl Street, New York*

February 16, 1816

I LEAVE here for the South with empty pockets. . . . Although we have been very unfortunate this far, yet I venture to say there will be at the end of the year Houses in Pearl Street *apparently* of sufficient magnitude to *swallow us at a mouthful* in a worse situation than what we shall be, they must, 1/5 of the goods taken from N. Y. into this country last fall will never be paid for.

[Ingersoll & Colles, Merchants, No. 93 Pearl Street, New York.]

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

W. I. INGERSOLL, *Mobile*, TO JAMES COLLES, *93 Pearl Street, New York*

April 26, 1817

GRIEVED to hear of the unfortunate winding up of our old business and the perplexity and over share you have of trouble. . . . Only 6 stores when I came, now double and 6 or 8 Merchants from New York and Boston who have not opened. As to articles for sale. It is impossible to overstock Whiskey, but if not to be had N. E. Rum will do.

You can't do more than support yourself for a year or so but I am sure that great fortunes are soon to be made here. . . .

DAVID I. ROGERS, *New York*, TO "DEAR COLLES"

May 21, 1817

THE Schooner will not sail until next week so that you may stay at the sale and leave Saturday or Sunday. . . . Write tomorrow whether I shall extend credit to Luce and send you endorsement on a stamp for \$700. Palmer & Nichols have stopped payment. Impossible to say how many this will affect.

[David I. Rogers & J. C., who had been clerks together of H. K. Toler, had evidently formed a partnership. E. J. DE F.]

J. Moss, *Philadelphia*

TO ISAAC EDMONDSON, *Baltimore*, per JAMES COLLES

[ABSTRACT.] Note of introduction for J. C., who was about to visit Baltimore on business and might need his good offices.

[Had he anything other than business in mind? E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

GEORGE C. WETMORE, ALEXANDER OGDEN WETMORE (*brothers of*
H. A. WETMORE), *descending the River Rouge*, TO "DEAR BROTHERS"

March 8, 1818

ALEXANDER and myself received your letters when we were in New Orleans last June, which afforded us a considerable share of joy to think that tho an immense distance has parted us for several years of our fluctuating lives and fortunes, still there is those who think us worth inquiring for. Dear brothers I should have wrote oftener had fortune bestowed smiles instead of frowns on us, but as I know our Mothers gentle and affectionate disposition would be wounded by the recital of our misfortunes and adventures we forbore the unpleasing task of giving pain to those we hold most dear. But with attention to our business we are in hopes that in a few years we may make something tolerable handsome as we have surmounted a great many difficulties that attended the commencement of our Business on Red River, such as having a very small (no) capital, not being acquainted with the Indian tongues spoken here etc.

The settlement of this country is advancing rapidly but generally by none of the most polished people, however they are well calculated for the settlement for so new a part of the country being principally accustomed to a frontier, no difficulties appear to daunt them some contenting themselves with living on flesh without any manner of Bread, so many immigrants have arrived in the last year that Indian Corn is now selling at \$2.50 per Bushel. We have engaged in erecting a grist mill and Distillery, as they will be the first in the country we calculate on its being very profitable. Whiskey has never been sold here for less than \$2.50 per gallon, and we calculate next year on being able to raise a sufficiency of Corn to keep two stills running all the winter.

There is now on their way moving to this country several rich planters and I have no doubt but in 2 years a Cotton Ginn would be very profitable. Goods sell at a good price here generally from 150 to 200 per cent on the Orleans price.

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

As Brother Tommy thought that probably he would visit this place, which if he has recovered from his indisposition I would advise—I have put down a short list of several articles which would be in demand here likewise the prices they sell at generally: . . .

As for Dry Goods common coarse articles are the best at present and in good demand, and country linen as we frequently got in New Jersey at 3/- here never sells less than 8/-. Blankets 3 point from 36/- to 48/- they ought to be good. Coarse Blue and Red Cloths A few Mens shoes from 20/- to 28/- Womens coarse 12 to 26/- Fur plated Hatts from 64/- to 80/-

The manners of the people here are harsh and rough few of them unless from the Northern States being possessed of any education, and apparently no great thirst for it. I could not therefore advise our Mother and Sisters to remove to it at present, it is quite probable I shall visit Morris this summer or at longest next.

[George and Alexander Wetmore married sisters at Pecan Point, Red River, Arkansas, and made their homes there.

James Colles, according to the Family Bible, “arrived at New Orleans in Brig ‘Casket’ from New York, in November 1818.” E. J. DE F.]

F. C. POTTER, *Ouachita Post, Louisiana*, TO JAMES COLLES
c/o MESSRS. D. & H. COTHEAL, *Merchants, New York*

July 5, 1819

MESSRS. WETMORES letter came duly to hand. . . . Will forward letters from and to Baltimore for the Wetmores with pleasure.

You are very kind in offering your influence at Baltimore in prevailing on one of the young ladies to think of me. I shall joy at your success, I desire that you will kiss the Ladies and pass the same to my credit, this is a ceremony I know you to be particularly fond of. . . .

This climate suits my temper of body exactly, but a few short years and I hope New York will suit better. I hope by and by you and the Madam will spend your summers with me here. I shall live here as a

JAMES COLLES

kind of Bachelor (unless you succeed in your suit for me) and should always be delighted at the sight of you and your Lady and perchance a little boy or Harriet. I am much attached to children, a nurse would not be necessary. . . . When will you lead your fair Lady to the altar?

Jos Lovell has for the last 15 days been groaning beneath a burning fever—he has recovered—and tomorrow we set out together for the hills to breathe for a few days the pure mountain air. . . .

[This letter is included to show that J. C. was already engaged to Harriet Augusta Wetmore, then living with her mother at Baltimore, Maryland. E. J. DE F.]

D. I. ROGERS, *New Orleans*, TO JAMES COLLES

August 10, 1819

I CANNOT express to you the happiness given by your letters. I now entertain but little doubt, that the tide of fortune has changed in our favor and we may reasonably entertain the hope of attaining a moderate competence in the course of a few years. At all events it gives me a subject to think and wish for in these dull times.

ABRAHAM BAILEY, *New York*
TO JAMES COLLES, *Portland, District of Maine*

August 27, 1819

I GRIP the quill of goose to scratch you a few lines, informing you [of] my health. My health is but among the middlings and my situation is truly deplorable in as much as all my life long friends are visiting different parts of the country, and the subscriber, a poor blacky moore is as yet in this city of destruction. . . .

Miss S. W. [Sophia Wetmore] is still absent, is not expected before the latter part of next week, if then. My tour of the North will in all probability, prevent my seeing her for some time as she intends visiting her friends in Jersey on her return from the East. . . .

I have not seen your particular friend Miss S. W. for some days past

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

and I assure you my disposition and health gives me a Relish to spend my evenings at home.

[This seems to be A. B.'s last letter. He must have died soon after this was written. He was engaged to Sophia Wetmore. E. J. DE F.]

THOMAS BARRON, *New Orleans*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

September 8, 1819

BY the request of Mr. Rogers who is now at Natchez I have the pleasure of addressing you. Our city since the departure of your partner has become quite sickly, we have almost daily new cases of a *very malignant nature, all around* us. My young man, Mr. Wishart, has unfortunately been one of the number. He died after an illness of five days, we have nothing new, little or no business doing.

D. I. ROGERS, *Natchez*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

September 1, 1819

I ARRIVED here last evening after a most unpleasant passage of one week from New Orleans, having broken the machinery and run aground. It was sickly in N.O. when I left there and I felt alarmed about coming up in the Steam Boat at so late a season. The "Etna" in which I came, sent five or six on shore the day we started, one we buried on the passage, and eight or ten were taken ill. They have however most of them recovered. The sickness appears to be confined mostly to the shipping and steam boats.

Barron promised to write you as to the health of N.O. If he gives an unfavorable report do not start to get here before the middle of November. It is desireable to be out [here] soon, as those only [who come early] will make money on Cheese etc., But unless he should report favorably it will not do to run any risk. I shall be in N.O. by Oct 15th or Nov 1st, the moment it will be safe. Meanwhile I shall go back a few miles to dose away the time. Business is very dull.

JAMES COLLES

DAVID I. ROGERS, *Washington, 6 miles from Natchez*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

September 7, 1819

[Had been driven from Natchez by the Board of Health, since then 6 or 8 have died of the fever.] I never witnessed a greater consternation, the town was nearly deserted, the inhabitants scattered over the country, many have come here, and some merchants have brought goods. Some believe the fever was brought by the boats, others that it was generated here. The board of health met once and twice a day and frightened the people as much as possible to induce them to leave town, and there have been no new cases in 24 hours.

Out of a dozen passengers in the cabin of the "Etna" only 4 were strangers, of these I was the only one to escape, the remaining passengers had had it. Two of these three are now lying very sick at Garniers, one with the Black vomit. I can give you no certain account of N.O., the fever is confined to strangers. Keep away till Nov 15th or so. . . . If the fever should continue business will be put off until about December and then it will be brisk for a few weeks.

ADDISON M. COLLES, *Elizabeth Town, New Jersey*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

September 27, 1819

WE received both your letters and newspapers about two hours ago, we were glad to find that you continue in good health. Mother is very sick in consequence of a complaint in her bowels. She was taken on Wednesday and Dr. Chitwood attends her, she has lost her appetite and keeps her bed. We wish that you would on the receipt of this letter (as soon as convenience will permit) come to Elizabeth Town. We this morning received a letter from Taylor he has received your letter, all of them enjoying good health.

I am your affectionate brother



GERTRUDE (SELOOVER) COLLES

1767-1822

Widow of John Colles

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

[This refers to the beginning of the last illness of Mrs. Stephen Bates (James Colles' mother). Her son, Addison Milton Colles, and her daughter Sarah's husband, John W. Taylor, were not only devoted in their attentions to her, but wrote frequently to James Colles in New Orleans regarding his mother's health. E. J. DE F.]

JOHN W. TAYLOR, *Elizabeth Town, New Jersey*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

Oct. 1, 1819

DEAR BROTHER:

SIR: We arrived here just after you left this. We were very much disappointed as we expected to find you here. We are all well and much gratified to find Mother something better when we came, and quite improved since we came here so much that she did set up for some hours to-day and her appetite is so improved as to eat two or three birds that we shot for her today. We will return to-morrow to my Father's and think of returning to go into New York the last of next week if the health of the City is as favourable as at present.

From your affectionate Brother

J. W. TAYLOR, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

January 10, 1820

I MUST greet you with a happy new Year and wishd you presence at our social homely fare yesterday, if you could have been here all the family would encircld the board we drank your health and hope you did ours Mother remained here and as the slaying is very fine we took a ride in the after part of the day. She thought it might upset her digestion as we had a fine boild turkey and fryd oyster, which she partook of freely but to no purpose. Nothing appears to agree with her stomach, however I hope from the many remedies and different applications of medicines she may still be restored to health.

We recd a letter from you on the 8th, you must know your narrow

JAMES COLLES

escape from so perilous situation was as shocking as it was adventirous, we are sorry and sincerely regret your loss. Mother (& in fact all of us) wish it would cure you from going to seek your fortune in that unhealthy clime, remain here where we think is enough for all of us, we certainly know of many who are making a good living here, and you certainly must be born under an unfortunate planet if you cannot make your bread where so many do. Do give it up next year or rather this year and seek some business that may be gratifying to your friends and perhaps as pleasing to yourself. We all set round the fire side at my house this evening, a dreadful snow storm out, and mother being weather bound here. So much better is mother that I brought her over in a sleigh today the first time in two days, this is as good news as I think I can communicate to you — we all join in love to you.

DAVID I. ROGERS, *New Orleans*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

August 11, 1821

I AM happy to hear that your mother enjoys better health than you had reason to expect. She has now arrived at an age when it would be unreasonable to suppose that an old disease could be perfectly eradicated, but may still hope she may enjoy some years yet of a comfortable existence. . . .

Our business this year will turn out better than I anticipated.

I trust you have sent Brandy with the other goods by the "Aria." We are nearly out. Send some No. 6 Sperm Candles but very few of them. Nails are selling at 8 8/2 ¢. — Iwt. Malaga. 85 by the quantity. I think you will be able to get some good french corks, they come much cheaper and some are very handsome. We want immediately Butter at present in small firkins would do well. Barron had some that weighed about 30 which he sold at 3/-. We want wine N E Rum for immediate sale and some good Sugar. The last is worth here now about 20½. Beef and pork at present are most miserable articles and large quantities in market. Soap is very dull.

Remember me kindly to all—I most sincerely felicitate you on your

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

marriage which I presume has taken place before this — if so please present to Mrs. Colles (it is so new a name I have to smile while writing it) the hearty congratulations of

As ever yours truly

J. W. TAYLOR, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

February 17, 1822

WITH painful sensations do I undertake to inform of the loss of one of the best of friends, the many moments of conversation that she has taken to instruct and instill good principles and give good advise, makes her loss doubly dear. She was the kindest of mothers, the loss is irreparable, but such is the lott of all of us sooner or later — Your dear Mother departed this life the 9th Inst. at 11 o Clock A.M. a considerable change took place about the first Inst. for the worse and kept increasing every day. Doctr Berger attend punctually every day, but told us she could not live but a few days, nor did she, death struck her at two o Clock and 11 o Clock she died, She was anxious to die, knew she would make a happy exchange, but dreaded the agonies of death, the agonies of death where great, her groans where heard in all parts of the house, but we have one consilation in her death, she is gone happy. She was interred in Trinity Church Yard on Sunday afternoon the 10th Inst. There were many of her dear friends who came to take the last farewell of her remains; never ought nor will I, nor I hope any of the family, forget the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Selover for their attention. It was remarkd by many how good they where how attentive, in fact all the family where buisily employd in trying to see which could offer their services the most for us, the funeral was large — we have since that had the house shut up and bill put on to let it, and Addison lives with us, Gitty also lives on till summer — we have done nothing yet except to pay some expences acrued at the funeral. We shall go on and pay all the bills doctr Hall & others that may have proper and just demands, and have concluded to sell in April all the furniture. If you think of things being differently

JAMES COLLES

arranged do inform us as soon as possible, as I do not want to err in any Instance

from Your Dear Brother

ADDISON M. COLLES, *New York*, to JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

May 2, 1822

I FELT much gratification in the affection that you manifested in your Letter—I must acknowledge indeed that I have been remiss in writing to you the reason was not for want of affection but was owing to delay (a bad excuse you will say for a Brother) I acknowledge your remark to be just but I shall make it up by writing you often for the remainder of the Season. We have let the house to a good tenant a Mr. Spier for \$250—the furniture was sold on the 18th of April with proceeds \$456, out of which Taylor & Ebbets the Administrators will pay what debts are due and the balance will be deposited in the Bank as with the Dividends & Rents untill you arrive.

May 4

Uncle Andrew has written several times and I have answered his letters. I have sent him the works of the Revd Newton. . . . Lately our dear Mother's little Harriet begins to read, and John to talk quite fast. Gitty of course stays with us and goes to school.

[Says his employer, W. L. Hoff, has just reduced his wages from \$300 to \$200 per annum. He is now about nineteen or twenty and just able to earn his board. He is discouraged but will stay on until he can do better elsewhere.]

[Addison was living with his sister Sarah. The inference from this letter is that Mrs. Bates had three young Bates children, "Gitty, Harriet and John"; but the Baptismal Records have no such entries and the Colles Bible says "No issue." E. J. DE F.]

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

R. EBBETS, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

May 4, 1822

[Congratulates J. C. on having had a profitable year, but urges him to return to New York.]

Your Mother Wetmore came on from Balti and helped us move into a snug 2 story house at 61 Cortlandt St. As to administrating Gitty Selover Colles Bates estate, many pieces of furniture sold for more than they had cost. Business here has not been good. Money scarce.

[Ebbets was the first husband of Charlotte Cornelia Wetmore, who later married Dayton Canfield, of Morristown.

Money was so scarce that about 3 p.m. people in business who were "short" of cash would hurry, at the risk of barking their shins, to various friends asking, "Anything over?" i.e., "Did your receipt exceed your disbursements?" If so, a temporary loan was made as a matter of courtesy, and of course, for the next day the borrower might be the lender. H. M.]

MRS. HARRIET WETMORE COLLES, *Morristown*

TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

May 22, 1822

MY EVER DEAR HUSBAND

IT is now nearly 3 weeks since I have received a letter. Words cannot express my anxiety to hear again from you. I informed you in my last letter that I had accompanied Mamma together with Mr. Ebbets and Charlotte [his wife] to Morristown and some of my reasons for doing so.

Mamma remained with us in N. York & Morris about three weeks. She has now returned to Baltimore. I never felt so much my parting with her as at this time. It seemed as if we should not meet again in this world. She left us in good health but she is getting old & travelling is much more fatiguing to her than it was a few years ago. She thinks much of moving to New York & opening a school there. It will I think be far better than to attempt keeping a boarding house. Do you not think with me that it will be better for her to live in New York than any other place? She has always looked upon that as her home & I am extremely anxious that she should spend the remainder of her days

JAMES COLLES

there as she seems so much to wish it. Grandmama* can then live with her, and if the girls should marry I know my dear Husband will for my sake, if it is in his power, contribute a trifle to her support if necessary. She is now our only Mother. Should we not endeavour to make her last days comfortable & happy? While there is a prospect of her being able to do something she would not be contented to be idle. . . .

Since writing the above my dear Husband I have recd your kind letter of the 20th April & I cannot tell you how happy I feel that you were well and in good spirits. Your letters rejoice my heart. You have been a pretty good correspondent & I do not fear that I shall ever have cause to chide you as I did formerly when you *almost* forgot your Hal. You could not forget her now. . . . You will see by my last letter that I am safely landed in Morristown. I think I feel better here than in New York & you will probably find me here on your return. . . . Our separation has been indeed trying to both of us & I trust that there may not be necessity for another. At first I thought I might get accustomed to it after a little time but I was mistaken, every day I feel it more terribly. Do not think from this that I give way to low spirits. I strive against it as much as possible, knowing that it is extremely injurious to me. . . .

Take care of yourself my dearest Coll and do everything you can to make yourself comfortable. Do not neglect to change your dress often, particularly your flannel. If you have not enough Mrs. Hearsey I know will get more for you. I fear your stockings are in bad order, if so, had you not better get more? If you get any please get good ones, there is no profit in a low priced stocking. In warm weather as you wear shoes

* ["Grandmama" was Rachel Von Westervelt Ogden (b. 1735; d. July 2, 1829). She married first Lieutenant Benjamin Ogden. He was with the British at Camden, South Carolina, and was killed there on August 16, 1780.

After the war was ended (1783) Mrs. Ogden was assigned lands in Nova Scotia (Antigonish) and went there with her two sons and her daughter Rachel, who was already married to Lieutenant George Wetmore (b. 1751; d. 1800).

In Nova Scotia Mrs. Ogden took for her second husband Timothy Wetmore (no relation). In 1800 they returned to New York. After Timothy Wetmore's death (1820) she went back to New Brunswick with her son Albert Ogden and his daughter Margaret. There she died in 1829, aged ninety-four. E. J. DE F.]

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

will you not want black ones? You will generally wear white pantaloons, however they must be thin and pleasant.

. . . I presume your sister [Sarah] was only jesting in what she said to me, respecting her situation. I should consider it alarming. Notwithstanding this she continues to labour as hard as it is possible for woman to do & Taylor himself told me that he had to lift her in bed almost every night. We have all talked to her and endeavoured to reason her out of such conduct, but tis of no use, she persists in it although she says she knows it will shorten her days.

Since Mamma left us Sister R. [Rachel Canfield] has been very sick with the "Quinzy," so that I am again obliged to turn nurse for the third time since you left me. . . .

Mamma is still in N. York. Oh how I regret that she lives so far from me. I really think she will come to New York next fall. . . .

Believe me dear husband your truly

Affectionate Wife

May 24

I did not close my letter yesterday hoping to get another letter from my dear Col and today I was not disappointed. This morning I recd one by the steam ship but have not now time to reply to it. . . . Your letter does indeed cheer me my love and the prospect of our soon meeting gladdens my heart. May God protect you from all danger and return you safely to the arms of your affectionate

HARRIET

[The above is an exquisite type of good writing as well as of style. Though crossed, every letter is distinctly legible though very minute. H. M.]

ADDISON M. COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

May 26, 1822

HARRIET is now at Morristown. While she was here the more I seen her the better I liked her. Yes I have found the truth of what our Dear Mother said to me on her dying bed, 'Addison you will find

JAMES COLLES

Harriet to be kind and affectionate.' She is [in]deed a good creature and is as kind as she could be. Sarah Taylor, Gitty and the children are well. The Proceeds of the furniture has been amply sufficient to pay all debts.

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

June 2, 1822

[Urges J. C. to leave New Orleans in the summer by July 4 or earlier.] It rejoices me that your business continues good so long this summer (tho I hope it may not much longer) and that you have been so well paid for your exertions and privations. That God may continue to preserve and prosper you is my earnest prayer not merely in worldly, but above all in spiritual things.

[Is pleased that J. C. approves of her coming to Morristown, quite as much for his sake as for hers, as the air is so much purer than in Town.] Dear, dear Husband how my heart beats when I think of the time when, if God spares us both, we shall meet. I begin to count the days already. I shall certainly be the happiest being on the earth. Yet how undeserving I am of such happiness.

Sister Canfield lets me have the back bed room in the second story, which was her room before they took boarders. She would by no means give me a room in the third story. I think with you, that it would by no means answer to let Sister R think that we did not mean to pay for everything the same as Strangers. She is to board me until other Strangers come for \$3.00 per week, and after that \$4.00, this was her own offer and I do not think it too much. We ought by all means, to give as much as we would be willing to give as strangers,—Mr. Canfield is now poor and at his advanced age there is no probability of his doing anything to support the family which is expensive. He has lately been discharged from confinement on the limits where he has been for two or three years for he never would take the benefit of the act for insolvency. This assists them a good deal as it enables him to attend to the garden etc, which before he could not. He is now in better spirits

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

and works very hard. I feel very sorry for him yet he seems to enjoy life as well as he ever did, I think.

Sister R. engaged a good nurse for me a Mrs. Rickman who lives in New York. Mamma spoke to Dr Whelply when she was here. He is a man of good principles and very attentive when it is necessary to be so. Do not be uneasy about your Old Hal, my dear husband, she will provide everything that is requisite, but I want you to take every possible care of your own health, you can hardly tell how much you will add to my happiness by doing so.

I hope Charlotte and Mr. Ebbets will come out soon for cherry time. Strawberries are ripening but are not plenty. How I should like my dear Col to eat some with you. It gives me joy to learn that you are likely to succeed so well this season in business. It compensates in some degree for our painful separation and to hear that you enjoy such fine health and spirits cheer me not a little. This is to be my last letter before you sail July 2 or 3 So farewell my Husband, my love, and may God preserve you from the dangers of the sea and the violence of enemies.

["Sister Canfield," (Rachel) was H. W. C.'s eldest sister, and at her house little Harriet Augusta Colles was born August 28, 1822.

Family Bible: "Harriet Augusta Colles arrived at New Orleans in Steam Ship 'Robert Fulton' from New York, December 1822." H. M.]

DAVID I. ROGERS, *New Orleans*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Morristown*

July 6, 1822

[ABSTRACT.] Apparently J. C. had recently gone north.

Expects good business next year. Buy a heavy but a well assorted stock of goods in small quantities at high prices. It is the stock and not the merchant that attracts trade. Barrons sales this year were \$400,000 and his profits over \$30,000.

JAMES COLLES

DAVID I. ROGERS, *New Orleans*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Morristown*

August 5, 1822

[Prospects of next year business—pro and con—Much competition probable.]

We can outdo all our rivals but Barron.

From the high prices for pork and lard all the Western hogs will be *murdered*, and new Cotton, Tobacco and Sugar will come in before the old crops are disposed of. One extreme produces another.

The City is perfectly healthy.

[Rogers died in the autumn of 1822, probably of yellow fever. H. M.]

ADDISON M. COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

January 6, 1823

[ABSTRACT.] New Year Greetings. Has had a great disappointment. Was apparently going to use his patrimony of \$1500 to get into partnership with John Taylor, his brother-in-law, in the retail grocery, after living with him three or four months to learn the trade. Had picked out two first rate stands at a moderate rent, one in Broadway near Park Place and one corner of Broadway and Reed Street. But Ebbets, who was to go on his bond (A. M. C. being still a minor), apparently thought him too flighty though honest. Therefore poor Addison had to retract his resignation from N. W. Wetmore & Co. and wait for one and twenty.

R. EBBETS, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

January 8, 1823

[His objection was to A. M. C.'s youth in which he thought J. C. would agree, also that Addison had so little idea of money he would be apt to embark in hazardous speculation.]

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

Dont forget some pecan nuts and some oranges. A few days since we received a letter from our Mother [Mrs. Wetmore] at Baltimore and the old lady complains of the school falling off so she calculates early in the spring to return and settle in New York.

You will save freight on your deer skins as they were eaten by the rats on the way.

R. EBBETS, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

March 6, 1824

[ABSTRACT.] His health is fine. A prodigious walker, 10—12 miles per day, 6 miles in 75 minutes. Laughs at J. C. for advising him to retire from business. Has taken a store on half time with another man, each three days per week. Ends in a tone of happiness and gratitude for his great health and mind.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

April 27, 1824

[ABSTRACT.] Tells of Richard Ebbets' death April 24, at Boston, in consequence of a relapse of insanity. He was buried April 26 in Judge Wetmore's tomb under Christ Church. Charlotte (Wetmore) Ebbets and her mother arrived too late for the funeral.

ROBERT JAFFRAY, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

June 1, 1824

[Congratulations on his continued success, and on his being appointed a bank director, "as a proof of your respectability." Warns J. C. not to avail himself of the facility of accommodation paper, or fictitious capital. Urges J. C. to leave New Orleans in June in future at whatever cost, as his life is too important now to be hazarded.

January 12, 1825

Wonders how he can look wife and baby in the face.] I hope that you

JAMES COLLES

will be carried to the grave by your great-grand-children, but this is most unlikely if you do not become more cautious of yourself.

ADDISON M. COLLES, *New York City.* (*No address, by Hand*)

February 22, 1825

[ABSTRACT.] His business has barely cleared expenses, \$500—\$600 bad debts. They have learned to follow J. C.'s advice, "To say no to a doubt" and "It is better to mourn *over* than after your goods." The opening of the Erie Canal has improved business. . . .

John W. Taylor is going to move to No. 2 Front Street. Sarah's love of thrift is killing her by degrees. She hires a small girl to save the dollar that would bring a woman to help her. She is making drafts on her constitution payable in her old age in the shape of consumption or debility.

ADDISON M. COLLES, *New York,* TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

August 9, 1825

THERE has always been too much reserve between us, as brothers. I thank you and hope I ever shall for your good advice to me and for your exertions in keeping me from wandering from the path of Virtue, and when I did, in bringing me back again who knows but for this I might have been an outcast from Society. For all this I owe you a debt of gratitude and shall remember it to my last day.

[He goes on to express the harassing cares of one in business on borrowed capital, as one reason for not writing more fully.] Money is scarce, we offer notes for discount, they are thrown out, we borrow one day and beg off from returning the next, and on the 3rd we borrowed from others to return the former loan. My Mind is such that I almost wish I was numbered with the Dead. My Dear Brother I do not ask you for assistance for it would do no good. I ask you for advice. I hope you will write me, for although there is a coldness between us I shall hearken to you as a Father. . . .

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

I must stop writing and now go out and borrow money as usual, to take up our notes. Several of the neighbors are as *hard run* as we are. If you have ever experienced the torments of being hard run I know you will pity

Your Brother

P. S. Wish Sophia joy for me.

[Sophia Maria Wetmore, who had married Joseph Lovell from James Colles' home in New Orleans in May, 1825. E. J. DE F.]

SARAH TAYLOR, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES

January 20, 1826

[Asks J. C. to take Addison in his charge as a clerk. Taylor can just support himself and Addison is too credulous (a frequent criticism).] He has been very attentive and steady since you gave him that serious talk when you was last here, and all you could wish except he has not been successful in business, and that you know was once your case.

ADDISON M. COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

April 16, 1826

[ABSTRACT.] Accepts gratefully offer to try New Orleans next fall provided he does not succeed in New York It will take that long to collect his country debts. He hopes to have \$2,500 left. "The danger of climate is nothing."

[Addison Milton Colles died of cholera at New Orleans in 1833, aged thirty. H. M.]

MRS. GEORGE WETMORE TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

April 20, 1828

DEAR SON

BY many I should expect to be censured for ingratitude and inattention in not answering your two kind letters and Substantial

JAMES COLLES

Present before this. But not so with you, I am sure of your indulgence on this point, for to say the truth my mind has been so much agitated about Thomas* & others that it was painful to commit my thoughts to paper (which I generally do when writing to my dear children). Thomas has been so ill the last winter several times that I had not the smallest hope of his recovery. . . .

You mention that you are not so fleshy as formerly would it not be best (taking that into view) to come on early even if it should not be *quite* as good for your business. You must not neglect your health—since wealth cannot redeem it when lost.

Tell Harriet that Sophias babe is thought to look much like her Children when at the same age. For my part I think that most *very* young children look alike. . . . Sophia desires to be affectionately remembered to you all.

I have forgotten if I mentioned to H or C that I expect their Grand-mamma here this summer. I received a letter from Brother Albert not long since who will attend her. She is now desirous to come and see us all. God grant we may not be disappointed.

Pray give my love to all not forgetting my dear little ones kiss them all for me with best wishes for your present and future happiness I am your obliged

and affectionate Mother

ROBERT JAFFRAY, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

June 27, 1828

[Regrets J. C.'s determination to remain in New Orleans in summer. Says he has not taken what Mary Bailey calls a "jaunt of pleasure" for four years. Is conscious that he toils too much and feels too many cares about the things of this world and apprehends that J. C. is like him.] It is your duty to relax every second year for four months' recreation. . . .

* Thomas Wetmore, her son.

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

[Trusts] that Mrs. Colles and her pretty flock will get through your dreary & solitary summer without injury. . . .

Keep right on sending us customers. There is not one individual in America in whose prudence I have more confidence than in yours.

RACHEL (WETMORE) CANFIELD, *Morres Town*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

January 14, 1829

IT gives me great pleasure to learn by Sister Sophias frequent letters that you are one and all in the enjoyment of every reasonable and rational pleasure. When I look back upon the past and contemplate the present with respect to our numerous family I am filled with gratitude and astonishment. To you my dear brother only has the destroyer been sent during the past year and yet you need not repine your beloved one has only been transplanted to a more congenial soil and behold the goodness of our Heavenly Father who while he chastises with one hand wipes the tears from our eyes with the other and has presented you with a son.

I can readily imagine how busy my sisters are at this season; that piece of furniture must stand in that place and this be removed to that place. This carpet is not large enough that will not answer unless a full breadth is added and so on dear Colles do not get too much into the world I have tried all that before you and found it all vanity.

You doubtless have heard before this of the great religious excitement which commenced about two months ago and has been steadily progressing until the whole population of the Presbeterian and Methodist Churches appear to be included. I do not think I sho'd say more than the truth shou'd I say that between 7 and 800 persons were impressed I cou'd tell you strange things but you will think me an enthusiast and I will forbear but for all that I wish you was here that you might see for yourself. The Merchants Met about 2 Months ago and agreed to shut up their stores at 7 in the evening this gives their

JAMES COLLES

young men an opportunity of attending the various meetings or to read and surely there never was more faithful and zealous preachers than we have now and have long had.

I hope my dear sister begins to unfold the grand plan of Salvation to the dear little ones.

Mother and Sophia send love to all.

THOMAS BARRON, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES (*no address*)

March 30, 1829

April 7, 1829

[Highly commends J. C.] The full and entire confidence I have had in your disposition and skill to manage what I have entrusted to you has made me more indifferent than though I had been on the spot. You will greatly oblige me if you will obtain from Mr. Matthew Morgan a statement of our partnership matters, and either settle them with him or forward them to me, provided the buildings be completed. . . .

[In regard to J. C.'s use of T. B.'s name.] Continue as long as it will be of any service to *you* to use it, and if that will not answer convert anything I have into money, all is at your service. I feel that I am under great obligations to you for your continued kindness—should my health be regained I may have it in my power to render you services in return, as it is I see no prospect.

MRS. COLLES, *Memphis, Tennessee*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

June 18, 1829

[ABSTRACT.] Had been detained about 30 hours by breaking of boat's steam engine at Vicksburg, where, as at Natchez, and other places, they went ashore. Down-going Steamers report the Ohio river is falling and she fears they may not reach Cincinnati. But the Captain says they will discharge so much freight at the mouth of the Cumberland that the draft will be lessened a foot.

"The weather is cool and there is no sickness aboard."

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

HARRIET COLLES, *Ohio River near Louisville*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

June 25, 1829

[The accident near Vicksburg prevented them from using as great weight of steam as they would otherwise have done.] Detention, repairing and getting aground account for our being no further ahead on our journey. In many places the Ohio river is not five feet deep, we may have to go through Ohio to the Lakes—then to Buffalo *via* the Erie Canal. We are told that there are no extra stages to be had at Bearn so that we may give up that route. Will write again from Cairo where we are to stop for a day or two to have some washing done.

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

August 30, 1830

[Balance sheet of their last year in New Orleans shows profit of only \$3300, all of which was drawn out on personal expense a/c of partners, leaving \$1800 unprovided for.] We must therefore close the business and would be glad to have you take my stock of goods in payment of my first note. . . .

[Regrets to learn that Augusta has had a second attack of fever.] Mother has taken the Phoenix home, all being repaired, painted, parlour papered, and new fences. It will be delightful for our family and yours when you come on. Mother, Mary (Ann) and Sophia are much pleased.

[Evidently they all lived in the Phoenix house: old Mrs. Wetmore, her daughters Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. Lovell, Mrs. Colles, and their families. E. J. DE F.]

THOMAS BARRON, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

February 11, 1830

[Complains rather bitterly that his letter of September 23 last asking for his books, etc., has not been answered.] You may be busy but still

JAMES COLLES

you might have done this for me. [Is out of funds and needs all he can get.]

Your silence implies that nothing has been done about the Canal Street Houses. The Devil take them, what an eyesore they must be. I am glad I am not living opposite for I'd have the blues worse than I have them now. . . .

My guts are dreadfully out of order today and the blues are bad. I may write the blues off, but can never write the guts well. What nonsense. . . .

Truly will you not write me once a week if it be only a line or two.

J. LOVELL, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Present*

April 23, 1831

ALLOW me to avail myself of the opportunity, which your late loss has afforded, to tender you the enclosed in its place.

The lost memento was one which commemorated the most important, and most auspicious event of my life, an event which made me a member of a numerous circle of kind and amiable friends whom I love and greatly regard. You will be pleased therefore, to allow the enclosed to assume the place of the other, and whenever you behold it to remember that you possess the profound respect and grateful affection of

Your Brother

[Mary Radford Coyle, daughter of Mrs. Lovell, in 1917 explained this letter by saying that when, in 1825, the wedding party reached Christ Church (New Orleans), Mr. Lovell had not brought a wedding ring, so Harriet Colles gave him one of hers with a ruby set in pearls (and thus H. A. C. "lost" it as J. L. says). Later, Joseph Lovell bought a ring to replace it, as his wife preferred the original. H. M.]

MRS. COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

May 23, 1831

HAVE arrived after a very stormy passage of fifteen days. Self and children very much weakened by nausea. Embrocation was tried without avail. [J. W. Taylor took them from the wharf to his

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

home. His wife is better but rather delicate still. Wants to see you and Addison.] We rest here for two days, and Israel Canfield will take us across ferry for Morris and see that our baggage is disposed of. Mother, Rachel and Sophia have all been in town within a few weeks, but do not expect us before June.

Pray write me when you think you can leave there and do my love hasten the time as much as possible. I hope you fasten the windows and doors at night. [Messages to servants, viz. poor Gracie, George and Harry.]

Dr. Fitch the dentist should not be paid at least not his full bill. . . . Have lost one filling and on examining Augusta's mouth I find she has also lost two out of four. Mr. Hotchkiss also says the same.

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

June 13, 1831

YOUR letter May 26th received, fourteen days.

[Speaks of fruit ripening, and schools for Frances, James (infant) and Augusta. Notes J. C.'s desire that Augusta should take up French, but excuses her on account of the difficulty of her lessons. Expatiates on the beauty of Morris, field and woods. Walks once or twice a day and wishes so for J. C.'s company. Says she is romantic in her old age.

Is very comfortable at Mother's. Has two rooms on ground floor, opening on the garden. Rachel Canfield's family are kind and attentive as if nothing had happened.]

How is Gracie [their negro maid] Love to Lovell and Addison. Tell Mr L that Mary is a fine child as tall as James.

Had not Addison better come on with you in case of sickness. Take with you some good medicines, for those on board ship, or steam boat,

JAMES COLLES

are seldom good. Tell Mr Dudley to write often about home and servants.

Believe me dearest Colles yours
Most Truly

[Many are the tales our mother (Frances Colles Johnston) used to tell us about "Mammy Gracie," their beloved nurse. E. J. DE F.]

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

June 6, 1831

MY VERY DEAR HUSBAND:

. . . Morris is now truly delightful and I only want your society to make me quite happy. I do not indeed smell a sweet flower or look at a lovely prospect without feeling regret that you cannot partake of it with me. The clover fields are well in bloom, the sweet roses also. I have never seen Morris more beautiful than it is now. I fear by the time you come half of its beauties will be parched up by the heat of the summer. I cannot tell how much I want to see you. I some times think I am almost childish about it.

I feel as well as I usually do under existing circumstances and have a fine opportunity of walking or riding for exercise. Carriages can be obtained at a very reasonable rate. Tomorrow the children commence school. Frances and James to the infant school, but James only when the weather is cool and pleasant.

Pray write me often, very often.

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES
c/o J. W. TAYLOR, *Old Slip, New York*

September 3, 1831

ON Mondaylast, Augusta's birthday, I had a picnic for them in the Mountains, cakes, beer, ice cream and a fiddler for dancing. I often wished that you were present to see them all so happy. I count

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

every day and almost every hour of your absence, my dear Colles, but . . . take your time and have a good one yourself.

AUGUSTA COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Present*

January 1, 1832

DEAR PAPA:

I HAVE made you a watch guard which I hope you will accept as a trifling New Years gift, and I hope by another year to make something more valuable.

Your dutiful daughter

[Augusta was then nine and one-half years old. The family were back in New Orleans for the winter. H. M.]

MRS. GEORGE WETMORE, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

April 10, 1832

DEAR SON

YOUR esteem'd letter of Feb. 29th gave me much pleasure particularly as it brought the comfortable News of my dear Harriets recovery as well as the general health of the whole Family. It is indeed a favour that we seldom appreciate in its full extent untill we have lost it.

Your cheque also for one Hundred Dollars came safe for which pray receive my best thanks. It came in good time, I had not been in immediate want of it when it came.

Pray tell Harriet that . . . I bought a large Cooking Stove which warm'd the Stairs and Entry so that we did not feel apprehensive that we should freeze our noses when going from one Room to another.

The sale of the late Miss Doughty's property takes place today but I have not heard of the result . . . upon the whole I think Morris is looking up.

You say little John-Henry has grown hansom & good natured, both of those properties his much beloved and Honoured Grand Father

JAMES COLLES

possessed in a great degree, and I recollect that I told Harriet a day or two after he was born that he wou'd look like her Father, at this you will all laugh, but I hope when I see him I may be confirmed in my opinion.

Pray give my best love to . . . Harriet, Charlotte, Augusta, Frances & do not forget our *great big* James Posy as Mary [McBride] calls him. With sincere wishes for the health & happiness of all I am your affectionate

MOTHER

[Miss Doughty was the daughter of General Doughty of the Continental Army, whose house was bought at this auction and occupied for years by Joseph Lovell. The Grandfather mentioned was Major George Wetmore, A. B. M. service. Mary McBride, a Scotch-Irish maid, was a confidential servant for fifty years. John Henry was born October 15, 1831, in New Orleans. H. M.]

ANDREW & MARY SELOOVER, *Athens, N. Y.*, TO A. M. COLLES (AND JAMES COLLES), c/o COLLES & HEARSEY, *Merchants, New Orleans*

April 26, 1832

ABRAHAM SELOOVER and family use me with all the kindness and friendship which I can expect, but you have gone to far greater lengths it is not friendship alone shewn to me outwardly but how have you opened your liberal hands to an aged Uncle and Aunt which you was no way obligated to do, and Taylor and Sarah making us so welcome to their house, it is to much for me to think of without making the most sincere acknowledgements. It is much the custom in the world that when people grow old the Rising Generation are careless and heedless about them, but how much is it the Reverse with you all towards us this Ought to be never forgotten Kindness and I am sure it never will be with us so long as God pleases to Continue to us Our Reason.

I hope I may be spared with Life and Health to see your wife and family before I am called Hence. Receive our respects in a ten fold manner.

Your ever loving Uncle and Aunt

[70]

MARRIAGE & NEW ORLEANS: LETTERS

RACHEL CANFIELD, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

May 18, 1832

I MAKE it a point to write to all my relations once a year. I will not neglect you.

[Congratulates him on his prosperity and admonishes him also.] Hope you will let some of the children come on with Mr. Lovell and Sister Charlotte about June 20th. I fear that my son William will not be able to pay you for the goods. He met with a loss on the River and sickness elsewhere. He thinks I know nothing of the debt he contracted with you but seems much disappointed that he cannot get \$150 to pay a friend which I suspect is yourself.

[Grieves that she cannot provide this sum. Had received \$7000 from her husband's creditors for signing away her dower right. Had lent on note to her mother \$500 while she was in Baltimore. The remainder, now about \$400, is in Mr. Wood's hands and she can't get a cent of it from him.]

Narrates her efforts since her husband's failure to educate her sons, pay her house rent, viz \$1700; paid board for several in New York for a length of time. Gave George a medical education and an outfit, horse, books, instruments, medicines, and let Alfred have \$500 to set up business in New York.] You know if I have been extravagant, few have made greater exertions and few have had greater success.

Mother owed Mr. Canfield over \$1,000 and I always thought that she offset to this the expense she was at with my dear daughter.

[A very fine letter that explains in part some of the ill feeling referred to before. H. M.]

CHAPTER III

MORRISTOWN

1832-1841

IT is through the Wetmore connection that the little town of "Morris," as it was often called in the early days, comes into this family record.

The "Young Ladies' Academy" in Baltimore had been closed some years before the date when this chapter opens. Mrs. Wetmore's children had all helped her with the teaching and the management of her school, but as one by one her daughters married they all settled in Morristown, their old home town. First there was Rachel Ogden (Mrs. Israel Canfield), then Charlotte Cornelia (who was first Mrs. Richard Ebbets and then Mrs. Dayton I. Canfield), Harriet Augusta (Mrs. James Colles), Sophia Maria (Mrs. Joseph Lovell), Mary Ann (Mrs. Albigenes Hayward, whose husband was rather a wanderer, but she was often in Morristown). All the brothers lived there, too—George Curgenvin, Alexander Ogden, William Henry, Charles Jeremiah and Thomas George. They were all married except Thomas George, who had died recently in Morristown. Charles Jeremiah was an artist; many of his family portraits still exist.

Mrs. Wetmore's heart was with her children, and in 1823 she finally closed her Baltimore school and followed them to Morristown. There she lived for some years with her eldest daughter, Rachel Canfield; then finding some of her



RACHEL (OGDEN) WETMORE

1761-1850



other daughters in need of a home, at any rate for the summers, she again (in 1830) rented the Major Phoenix house, repaired it, put up a new fence, and arranged to receive the Colleses, Lovells and Haywards there. But she was not as young as she once was, and she found domestics very hard to get and very unsatisfactory. It was all difficult for her, and her sons-in-law, Mr. Lovell and Mr. Colles, were rather troubled about it and felt that if they could prevent it, she should no longer have cares and responsibilities.

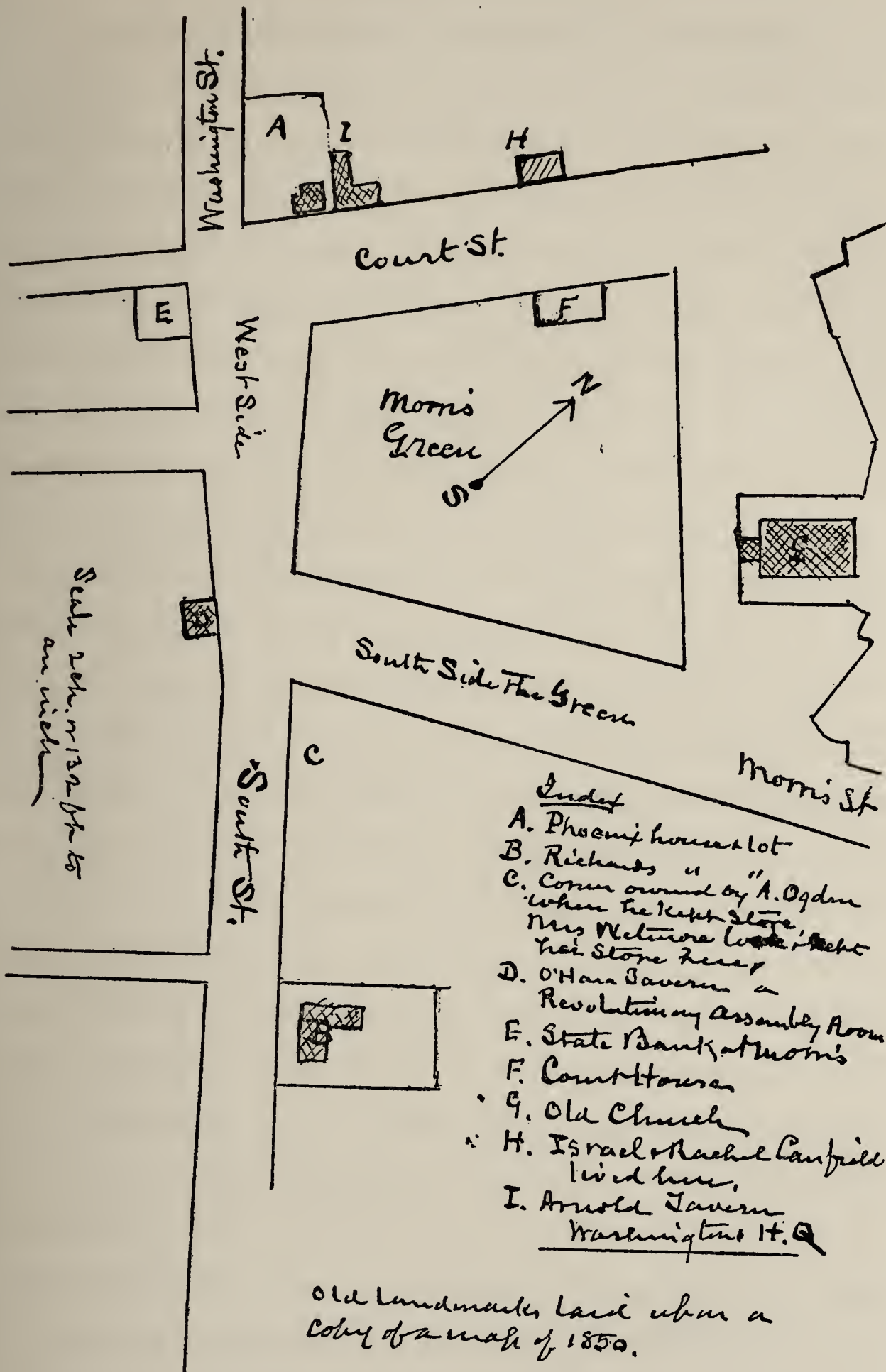
The earliest summers of Harriet's married life were spent at Morristown in the house of her eldest sister, Rachel Canfield; in fact, there her first baby, the little Augusta, was born. Letters which Harriet wrote to her husband from "Morris" during these summers show how dearly she loved the place, and whenever she and her children left New Orleans it was to pass the summer in Morristown.

Sophia Wetmore, as we know, married Joseph Lovell in New Orleans in 1825, and they continued to spend their winters there with "Sister Colles." They also settled in Morristown for the summers, where they longed to own a real home. In 1832 their opportunity came. The Doughty farm (formerly the property of General Doughty of Revolutionary fame) was sold at auction and Mr. Lovell bought it on joint account with James Colles. The house was repaired and furnished on the same terms and the Colles family agreed to make it, at any rate for the present,

their summer home. Because of Mrs. Wetmore's age, Mr. Lovell thought it better to put his widowed sister-in-law, Charlotte (then Mrs. Ebbets), in charge of the house. She was to have it ready for the Lovells and Colleses the next spring, but when the spring came the painting, etc., was not finished, possibly because Charlotte and her brother-in-law, Dayton I. Canfield, had become engaged and were to be married shortly. However, by May 23, 1833, the combined families were all settled in the new-old house, and, as Harriet wrote, "not crowded, as I feared."

The two families and Mrs. Wetmore continued to spend their summers together with great contentment until the autumn of 1835 when a family quarrel occurred which will be alluded to later. It then seemed to Mr. Colles wiser to divide the property. He took the unimproved half, "the arable land," next to Mr. McCullough on the high ground, and prepared to build there. To Harriet the building of the new house was a great pleasure, but a still greater one was the possibility of having a garden of her own. The accomplishment of that was one of the greatest joys of her whole life.

The Lovells were absent during the summer of 1836 (they went to St. Louis to visit "Sister Hayward"). The Colleses were in the Doughty house as heretofore and spent that summer in planning the new dwelling, so that in October building operations were already begun, the well was finished, and the cellar walls were up. Mrs. Colles' nephew, Benjamin Ogden Canfield (son of her sister Rachel), was in charge of the work.



It took eighteen months to build the house and to get the garden well under way. In the spring of 1838 Harriet Colles arrived from New Orleans and found her new home nearly finished. So on June 10th they were "safely housed" and that night they had "a fine mess of radishes and turnips" from the garden. Ogden Canfield's work had been very successfully performed and he had even been so considerate as to make the fence between his "Aunt Colles'" lawn and that of Mr. McCullough in such a way that the McCullough hens could only "look through."

Augusta Colles had been at Mrs. Smith's fashionable boarding school in New York since the fall of 1835, but in 1839, when she was seventeen years old, she begged so hard that it might be her last year at school that her wish was finally granted, perhaps in part because during the previous winter she had had a very mild flirtation with a certain Mr. L. So in November of that year the father and mother with Augusta and their two younger boys went to New Orleans, leaving Frances, aged thirteen, at the well-known boarding school of Madame Chegary, not far from Morristown. James was at the same time sent to the Rev. Mr. Huddart's school in New York, the little chap being then only eleven.

It was decided the next January (1840) that the time for Augusta's debut in New York had arrived and that J. C.'s "beloved Hal" could no longer spend the winters in the south with him. This was indeed her last visit to New Orleans. The two ladies returned to New York and began

JAMES COLLES

to attend vigorously a course of "Balls and Parties" there, while J. C. was left alone in the southern home.

Only three incidents stand out prominently in 1840. Mrs. Colles had for some time past been very anxious about the weakness of little George's eyes, and this winter he had a narrow escape from falling into the hands of a quack. It was the family friend, Dr. Gurdon Buck (father of Mr. Gurdon Buck), who saved him from this fate.

Another incident was Augusta's second flirtation! This bade fair to be a serious matter, for the young man was so terribly in earnest that it even seems as though he might have been somewhat unbalanced mentally. But Augusta's father was quite equal to the emergency.

The most important matter was that James Colles at this time carried out his intention of closing up his New Orleans affairs. He had always planned to do this when he had secured a sufficient fortune, and now that time had come. So in June, 1840, his mercantile house was turned over to his two trustworthy clerks, Uriah H. Dudley and John Peter Nelson, and his dwelling-house and contents were sold to Mr. Nelson.

Our merchant, one of the oldest and most respected in New Orleans, had organized his first serious enterprise there and had conducted it since 1818; but hereafter we see used for the first time the new firm name, "Dudley & Nelson."

My grandfather's Journal contains the following entries:

"New Orleans, June 25, 1840. J. P. Nelson and lady took possession of my old and much liked dwelling. Com-

menced eating to-day at the bachelor establishment of W. R. Field."

"*June 30.* I this day dissolved my commercial house of J. C. & Co. The business will be continued by Uriah H. Dudley and J. Peter Nelson for their own account under the title of Dudley & Nelson. The old stock of goods is sold to the new house, at six or twelve months from 1st July without interest. Mr. Dudley holds from me a power of attorney for my business. This pretty much ends my active business career in New Orleans, where I arrived in November, 1818, having been in trade over twenty-one years. For the competency I have attained and many other blessings I have much reason to thank a kind Providence. May I be grateful."

Of course Mr. Colles went back to New Orleans in October!

For years past he had talked of going abroad with his family, not only as a pleasure trip but because of the educational opportunities it offered for his children, especially his two daughters. Matthew Morgan had gone to Europe on account of his health in 1836, and had ever since been writing tempting letters to his friend urging him to come over and make the "Grand Tour." James Colles was nothing loath. He and his wife had indeed been diligently studying French for several years for that very purpose, though they were both of them greatly discouraged about their progress, undoubtedly because they had poor teachers. Now the father of the family took daily

lessons and the preparing of his lessons consumed "more than half" of his time; but the best that his teacher would say was that his pronunciation was not *bad* in reading. For the rest of his study time he was still plodding through "nouns, adjectives and articles." Meanwhile his wife said: "It will not be my fault if I do not learn, for I study six hours previous to each lesson." James, Jr., who was used to receiving exhortations to study from J. C., wrote to his father encouragingly: "You must study your French hard. I am very anxious for you to improve!"

That winter (1841) Mr. Colles spent much time collecting old debts, notes due, etc., so as to leave home with a clean monetary slate, and with as large a sum as possible in his pocket.

As to the dispute regarding the Morristown property, I am giving the contracts without omissions, for these are the obvious basis for the joint use of the original property. Mr. Lovell felt that over and above the contractual relation there was a tacit understanding between himself and James Colles which had been violated. I have been careful to include in the extracts from the letters which were exchanged between the two men enough to make the claim which Mr. Lovell had in mind apparent to the reader. I have omitted those parts of the correspondence which bear too much the evidence of having been written under pressure of a good deal of feeling, which need not now be perpetuated.



HARRIET AUGUSTA (WETMORE) COLLES

MORRISTOWN

It is pleasant to recognize my grandfather's magnanimity in this matter and none the less to admire Mr. Lovell's unimpaired affection for his brother-in-law, especially as evidenced by the more than friendly efforts he made for Mr. Colles' son, James Colles, Jr. Nothing could exceed his thoughtfulness and almost fatherly care for his young nephew.

AGREEMENT BETWEEN JAMES COLLES AND JOSEPH LOVELL

ITEMS of agreement between Joseph Lovell and James Colles in relation to their joint and seperate interests growing out of the purchase by Joseph Lovell of the property from the administrators of the late Catherine Doughty, for equal and joint account of James Colles and himself.

1. Joseph Lovell is to have the sole management and direction of the affairs of the said farm, as well as the domestic concerns of the house, in consequence of the permanent residence thereat, throughout the year of Mr Lovell's family.

2. All articles of furniture used in the House, and which have been paid for out of the joint fund of the parties, may be taken by Joseph Lovell, he refunding to Mr Colles, his proportion of the cost. The same with regard to the farming utensils, the cows and calves on the place, and the farm house.

3. All improvements of a permanent nature, such as, payment of Labour for Ditching or Grubbing Meadows, materials for and the erecting of fences, the purchase and transplanting of trees, the building, painting or repairing of Houses. The purchase of lime or other manure, to be done at the joint expense of James Colles and Joseph Lovell. The set of Bay match Horses, including the Barouche and Harness to be joint property.

4. James Colles agrees to pay Joseph Lovell One Hundred and Thirty Two Dollars per annum, being considered in part as his pro-

JAMES COLLES

portion towards the pay of the person who is to take care of the horses and carriages, the other part toward the expenses of improving the farm, and rendering it more valuable for their joint and undivided interests. The additional expense of labour in planting and tending of crops to be borne by Joseph Lovell exclusively, who will receive as a presumed equivalent, the avails of the same.

5. Joseph Lovell agrees to receive Mr Colles and family whenever they shall visit the North and will set apart two rooms for their exclusive use, the furniture for which rooms Mr Colles will furnish himself. For such accommodation and board Mr Colles will pay the sum of Four Dollars for each adult per week, and Two Dollars for each child and servant, also, per week.

6. It is agreed that the present arrangement shall exist from year to year, or while mutually satisfactory, and expressly understood that, should either party from choice, purchase and removal to another Domicil, or from any other cause wish to cancel or sell their interest in said farm, the notice thereof shall be given to the other, and pledge themselves mutually to each other that they will not in any way dispose of a portion or whole of their interest in said farm and concerns as above specified, without first offering to the party wishing to remain the refusal of the same at his lowest price and conditions.

JOSEPH LOVELL

JAMES COLLES

Morristown, July 29, 1833

I hereby acknowledge satisfaction in full for all my right and interests growing out of the purchase by Joseph Lovell of the executors of Catherine Doughty deceased, for our mutual account and interest, by a conveyance made to me this day before Ira C. Whitehead Esq of all the land east of the road running between Morristown and Basking Ridge, Joseph Lovell retaining the land and improvements west of said road as his admitted share of the said property.

JAMES COLLES

Morristown, September 25, 1835

MORRISTOWN

AGREEMENT BETWEEN JAMES COLLES AND JOSEPH LOVELL

IT is hereby agreed between James Colles of New Orleans, and Joseph Lovell of Morristown, New Jersey, that in case either party should wish to dispose of their respective portion of property now held by each one of them (the one party under a Deed from the Executors of Catherine Dowty deceased the other party under the same through Joseph Lovell) that the party wishing to sell shall give to the other party the first privilege of buying same at a price that may be offered, and that the party wishing to sell may be disposed to take.

James Colles agrees to give Joseph Lovell the privelege of putting in and taking off crops of grain or grass for the ensuing year in consideration of his care and attention to the improvement of the land, keeping up fences etc., James Colles also agrees to pay Joseph Lovell thirteen dollars per month and two dollars per week for board, toward the expense of labour and care to be applied to the properties respectively, said Joseph Lovell also agreeing to employ two men for the purpose of labouring on and improving the land of the parties respectively.

James Colles agrees to pay half the expense of horse feed that may be necessary to purchase, also half the expense of horse shoeing, the joint property in Horses and Carriages to be settled next year. It is also understood that James Colles shall pay the first cost of any lime or manure, that may be put exclusively on his land the coming year. Joseph Lovell agrees to give James Colles fruits from the trees, and bushes on his grounds, sufficient for his family use, providing the claim does not exceed one half of the amount produced, for the term of four years, on consideration of the privilege conceded to him, by said James Colles, during the like term of four years, of pasturage on his ground for cattle or horses not exceeding five in number.

JOSEPH LOVELL

JAMES COLLES

Morristown, September 25, 1835

JAMES COLLES

LETTERS

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JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

July 4, 1832

[Has bought the Doughty place of 70 acres for \$5000, \$1000 cash. Regrets he did not take the whole 288 acres for \$8000 as remaining 218 acres sold for only \$15 per acre. The 70 bought consists of 45 of Mountain land (and improvements) and 25 arable land of better quality on left (east) side of Mt. Kemble Road (Basking Ridge Road). Many repairs are necessary.]

[Original purchase of Doughty place made on joint account of Joseph Lovell and James Colles. H. M.]

July 23, 1832

The Cholera is raging in New York. On July 21st 226 new cases and 108 deaths. N. S. Frigate Brandywine has brought 300 cases from Mediterranean. Advice for safety. Keep near a doctor, avoid green corn, fruits, and use a diet that is dry, light and nourishing.

MATTHEW MORGAN, *Staten Island*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

July 29, 1832

[Arriving July 21st finds his family refuged from New York by Cholera, although he prefers the city with its M.D.'s. Has been in town every day, and finds more people than one would expect from the reports that one-third have gone away. All business is at a stand. Many failures among a certain set, "but as yet our city cannot be much injured by any of them."]

Notwithstanding the hard times there are great improvements going on, and new houses constantly erecting. The last elegant block is now building in Lafayette Place by a Mr. Guz [?] there is an elegant portico in front with marble fluted columns extending the whole height of the house with a beautiful marble cornice above. The ceilings

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

of the parlours are laid off in ornamental squares of 2 feet. The mantels are of White Italian Marble cost about \$600 apiece, but the most finished house I have seen is building by a Mr. Reed [Reed & Lee, Grocers] in Greenwich near the Battery. Its on a lot and a half about 37 feet. The basement front and steps are of white marble, also the caps, window sills and cornice, the latter is very handsome, balance of Baltimore [?] brick. Mahogany sash and plate glass, front and rear, in all the Stories. The basement is very handsomely finished off into an office on one side, breakfast room on the other, pantries, ice and bathing rooms and kitchen in the rear. The principal story has a white marble base in the hall and parlours and for the pilaster and frieze between the parlours. The Chimney and pier glasses are set in the walls with frames of the same material. Italian marble mantels and mahogany doors polished as highly as any cabinet work ever is. The stairs are very handsome, so placed in the center of the house as to give effect in appearance and connecting with a private stair case adjoining. The third story has two rooms fitted for cotillion parties, the garret was locked, but has windows similar to my house with a circular observatory.

Take it altogether perhaps it's not equalled by any house in the city, every part of it is completely finished. Silver plated knobs on every door in the house. The price of a highly finished three story house 25 × 52 is between 10-11,000 dollars, but this and many others have cost much more, from what I can learn 16-17,000 dollars will obtain lot and house such as our city [New Orleans] cannot produce and in the most fashionable part for private residences. Silver plated knobs, in lieu of brass, is one of the real useful improvements both for appearance and saving of labour.

[The Colonnade houses in Lafayette Place (now Elm Street) were standing intact a very few years ago. About one-half of them are still there and still very beautiful.

The description of the house in Greenwich Street answers in many of its details to those in No. 7 Washington Square (built by my grandfather, John Johnston). That house too was completed in the summer of 1832 and was also built of brick with marble trimmings, had Italian marble mantels, polished mahogany doors, and hand-plated silver door knobs and hinges. E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

JOSEPH LOVELL, *New York*, to JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

September 28, 1832

WHEN furniture we have bought arrives at Morris we propose to have a small House Warming. Improvements made elicit universal praise.

October 11

We gave a party on Tuesday, 100 invitations, but weather was stormy cold and dark so we had forty apologies. We had Tea first, and supper at 10 spread in the South Room as a surprise. Then dancing to the piano and broke up at 11: 45. Even our Presbyterian friends were not alarmed but pronounced it the most delightful party ever given in Morristown.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, *New York*, to JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

December 3, 1833

I HAVE endeavored for some time to make arrangements with Mr. Rhineland for the purchase of the plot of ground on Waverly Place, he will sell by the plan laid down on a map he has which is, this:

Eleven lots fronting on Fifth Avenue commencing the corner of Waverly Place and running along Fifth Avenue North which he offers to sell at \$6000 a lot, and no less at present, making \$66,000, 11 full lots say 25 feet by 100 deep.

January 31, 1834

[Says he has called again on Mr. Rhineland, who refuses to sell less than the whole eleven lots named @ \$70,000. He was indifferent about selling as he would rather improve it himself. The property at the Bowling Green could not be sold in the lifetime of a very aged Lady, therefore that cannot be had.]

[J. C. was apparently thinking of building on the property which is now the north-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Washington Square. Probably he did not want to buy eleven lots. Mr. R. did afterward build a handsome house on this corner for himself and his daughters. He also built later for a married daughter, Mrs. Lispenard Stewart, a house (No. 6 Fifth Avenue) on one of these lots. My father built his new

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

home in 1856 on the last one of the eleven lots, that is on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 8th Street. All these lots are leasehold and the land belongs to the Rhineland Estate.

It was probably after the proposed purchase on Fifth Avenue was unsuccessful that Mr. Colles bought quite a large lot on Waverly Place near Broadway, between Mercer and Green Streets, opposite the property on which Mr. Matthew Morgan proposed to build. The lot was 28.4×132 . He sold it in March, 1839.

The fashionable locality was still at the Bowling Green and in Greenwich Street, but a new fashion centre was building up on Washington Square, Lafayette Place, University Place, and a little later, Union Square. E. J. DE F.]

J. C. HALSEY, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

April 14, 1834

ARRIVED here on the 3rd inst, the journey was fatiguing but not as bad as I had expected. . . . From Mobile to Montgomery by water it was agreeable, we arrived at Montgomery on the third day, we were detained until the evening of the 4th day, when we set out in the mail coach, but exchanged that for the box wagon on entering the Creek Nation and rode in it 70 miles over one of the worst roads possible, from Fort Mitchell to Augusta we had good stages but I should have preferred the box [wagon] and mail bags for my seat over all that distance as we were under no apprehension of upsetting, while in the coach continual dread of overturning made me somewhat nervous.

From Augusta I took the railroad 136 miles to Charleston and spent 2 days in that interesting and pleasant city, from that to Washington City I rode in the mail and was five days and nights passing through one of the most dreary countries I ever saw.

. . . I spent three days in Washington and was much gratified in listening to the eloquence of our senators, particularly Mr. Clay. I waited upon the President [Jackson] and spent some 15 or 20 minutes with him. He complained much of indisposition, had slept badly the night previous, no doubt owing to the *pill* just given to him to swallow by the vote on the Resolution of Mr. Clay in the Senate. The old man in my estimation is wearing out and is so tenacious on the subject of the Bank or deposits that the very name or mention of either puts him

JAMES COLLES

in a rage and his white hair brushed back and standing straight on end reminds one of the porcupine with his quills ready to dash on anything opposing his way.

[We do not know who Mr. Halsey was. Letter given only because it is interesting. E. J. DE F.]

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Present*

September 9, 1835

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I HAVE reflected a good deal during the last 12 months on the subject of our mutual interests and relations at this place and have come to the deliberate and firm conclusion that present arrangements ought and must be changed or discontinued. It is not according to human nature that different families, having of course, different interests and feelings, can long live together in perfect harmony. I would therefore beg that some arrangements may be agreed this fall, which shall obviate present objections and conduce to the harmony which, as near relatives, we are bound by the highest considerations of duty and interest to maintain.

The objections to the present system are, that it imposes upon one party toils and sacrifices of a peculiarly painful nature, while it offers to them neither presently nor prospectively any corresponding benefits.

When the system was entered upon by us we understood the nature of these objections, and my wife, for one, was seriously opposed to the arrangement, but being assured by both Mrs. Colles and yourself that it should be only of a temporary nature, under that assurance we were willing to do for you what we could not have been induced to do for any other persons.

It is now near four years since this property was purchased, and I may assert that there is less probability of it being arranged according to my early wishes and expectations than ever. . . .

I am willing to stay or willing to go, desiring only that some course may be adopted so that the mutual comfort and independence of both

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

parties may be preserved, that this cannot be effected with young and growing families like ours must be obvious to every reflecting mind.

If you will buy me out, I now make you the offer to sell according to agreement, as there seems to be a speculative demand for property at this time, I think it a favourable moment to sell in case you should not want it yourself, and would therefore suggest that I should appoint Ira C. Whitehead my agent to effect the sale, the price to be fixed by Oct. 1st 1835, I would put it up at Auction in New York and knock it down to the highest bidder.

As I expect to break up house-keeping as early after the 1st October as possible, I desire that the present boarding arrangement may be considered as terminating at that time and should the sale of the Place not take place before next autumn I shall take pleasure in accommodating yourself and family as visitors during the intervening summer.

Affectionately Your Brother

JAMES COLLES, *Morristown*, TO JOSEPH LOVELL (*dft in his hand*)

September 14, 1835

DEAR BROTHER:

YOUR communication dated 9th Inst and received this morning has been attentively perused by myself and wife. I think there can be no misunderstanding as regards the Farm, its History is simply this.

We agreed to buy the place on joint a/c entirely with the view and intention of putting our Mother in possession for her happiness and comfort, and a Home for all of us when at the North. Subsequently it was desired by yourself and wife that on account of Mother's age and infirmities some one else should take charge of the house and farm, and as your family intended probably to remain it was required on your part that they should have sole charge of all things, this we cheerfully agreed to, the arrangement was never intended as permanent but I believe intended only to last during the time we made New Orleans our principal Home, neither party having preference to the place from possession over the other.

JAMES COLLES

I have some objection to making a sale of all the Farm, my family are pleased with Morristown, and I think the plan I will propose may probably suit both our families. \$15,000 is probably full enough or more than the farm is worth. I did not buy it to make money. I propose to you a division of our interest viz:

One party to take the House, Barns etc, and all the land on *this side of the road*, for which he shall convey to the other party *all the land on the other* [McCullough] *side*, and Seven Hundred and Fifty dollars in money, and in order that one party may have time for building and raising fruit, and the other an opportunity of purchasing pasture Ground, I propose the party owning the meadows shall give pasture for four cattle for the term of four years in exchange for the right of having fruit from the other party sufficient for their family for the like term.

I think (although I know but little of the relative value of Lands) that this would be a fair division, at any rate I will make it so by cheerfully giving you *your choice*.

In further explanation it must be understood that from the want of time to erect buildings etc, our respective families will have the right to be where they now are during the coming summer, the details of which can easily be concluded.

I would further add that from the very late notice we have, of your wish to separate our interests it would be requisite to let the whole place remain as it now is in your care, until say, May or June next, presuming all that is essential has been accomplished by agreeing [as] to what portion belongs to each party.

Trusting these propositions may meet your and Sophia's concurrence and promote peace and happiness, I am

As Ever Yours

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Present*

September 17, 1835

DEAR BROTHER:

YOUR favor of the 14th inst was duly received and contents noted.

I see you have laboured under a misapprehension in many important particulars which it is my duty to set right and, in doing so think I shall clearly prove to you that my personal rights on this Place are not of that subordinate character which your letter would seem to imply, and as this is the last discussion I hope ever to have with you on this subject I shall endeavor to conduct it with feeling of perfect respect and brotherly kindness.

You say that there is no misunderstanding between us as regards the conditions of our holding the Farm, that we agreed to buy the place on joint a/c and interest with the view and intention of putting our Mother in possession for her future comfort and happiness and for a home for us all when at the North.

You must certainly then judge of *my intentions* by your own wishes. . . . A Home to Mother I did promise to give, and I *have given* it, and shall *ever* give it as long as I am blessed with one, but certainly at no time ever countenanced the idea that a right, which she was to enjoy through my filial duty and hospitality should ever rise *superior* to the claims of my own family. You will perceive that your own rights on this head were not very dissimilar from Mother's, the one being conceded from affection and the other from pecuniary considerations, which last not being greater than my own, could not be brought to prejudice my rights as occupant and acknowledged head of the House, or in other words possessing by my admission, a pecuniary interest in the Place (equal only to mine) you still could have no other rights than those of an advisory nature, my authority by occupancy, giving me the additional right to direct and manage on my own responsibility, so situated my authority could not be displaced. If you were dissatisfied with my management you might come and demand a settlement of your half interest but your rights could never have gone so far as to

JAMES COLLES

supersede mine in the direction and management of affairs. . . .

To the second point, as to the Place becoming a *temporary* Home for the family I agree such was my desire, and it is my intention that the House where I dwell shall always be so.

The first two years under Sophia's management it was *eminently*. I had the pleasure of entertaining a beloved Sister [Mary Ann], her children and her Husband, and other friends, at my own expence. I did it with perfect willingness and pleasure, as I trust I shall always be willing to do, considering the act a simple *duty* which brought with it its *own rewards*. I have entertained your own family as far as I am concerned, with equal pleasure, for I wish it fairly understood that the trifle of Board was never considered an *equivalent* for our services. . . .

To show now that the Place was never intended by me to form a kind of joint-stock property, I would remind you that on receiving the advertisement of the Doughty Place I resolved immediately to make an offer for it on my own a/c, but hesitated from an apprehension that I might not have the whole of the purchase price to pay down. While in this state of suspense you urged me to make a bid, and knowing from past experience your disposition to befriend me, I thought I might venture to offer you a half interest in the same, feeling perfectly confident from your past generosity of character, that you would cancel in a fair and equitable manner, whenever I found myself in a situation to do so. I did not explain these views and expectations at the time because I thought it unnecessary. I did not believe that a subject of collision could ever arise between us. That you would not, in fact, allow yourself the desire to enter upon the harvest of my labours so far as to deprive me of the home which I had acquired and improved, but that you would accept of a pecuniary equivalent for the money and interests you had at stake. That such were my expectations must have been *obvious* to all. On the purchase of the Place I declared Morristown, N. J. to have become the place of my permanent residence.

I stated generally in what way it was bought and confidently declared that you would cancel your pecuniary claims whenever I felt able to pay.

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

. . . In another respect you have not been correctly informed. You say that "subsequently to the purchase, on a/c of Mother's age and increasing infirmities *we* requested that we should have charge" etc, on the contrary the request came from Mrs. Colles to us previously to your arrival from New Orleans.

. . . One other, and the last topic of consideration presented by your letter for correction.

You say "it was never contemplated that the arrangement was intended to be permanent, but I believe intended to last during the time we made New Orleans our principal home." Now *my principal home* has always been here ever since the purchase, and you must certainly forget saying to me, at the time the boarding arrangement was negotiated that it was only desired until you could make some other arrangement for your family, and as you then talked very strongly of buying a house in New York, I naturally concluded that, in a year or two at farthest, you would make that City your principal residence.

. . . As to the division of the Farm in the way you propose I must confess that I never thought such an act of spoliation would ever be asked. A handsome building lot I was always willing to convey, and to pay the difference if any in money. The act seems *suicidal* to both parties inasmuch as it destroys the *intrinsic* value of *both properties*. One party will be at the expense of keeping up Barns and Granaries for which he will have no use, and the other will have an unimproved and unproductive piece of land which would require a life time to make comfortable.

. . . I see that the harmony and the happiness of the family can only be restored and *maintained by an entire* separation of interests.

I therefore agree to accept of the House, lands etc on this side of the road, and will convey to you the lands on the east of McCullough's side, with the provision that in case you ever part with said land that you will first give me a chance to buy at the price you may be offered. I will also give with my said land, Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars on condition that you deduct the same out of the remaining payment of \$2000 due from you with Interest from July 1st last, on the original

JAMES COLLES

purchase money, and that you settle the same with me by note or otherwise, so that the transaction may be *wholly closed*.

. . . As to accommodating your family another year, I shall not refuse, but must have it understood that my wife shall not be expected on that account to remain in the House provided she should wish to travel. Domestics and means of living to be furnished by me as at present.

If these provisions prove agreeable to you, it is my wish that the division be immediately made, as delay may give rise to more discussion, and this we must, both of us, desire to avoid.

I would of course take charge, if you wish it, of both properties for the coming year.

. . . I will make however one last proposition with the view to obviate what I should consider a *family misfortune*, the division proposed. If you will agree to cancel your claims on this Place, I will provide for the remaining payment of \$2000 due from you on the Farm and will pay you besides *Three Thousand Dollars* in my notes at one and two years, deducting out the amount of what your a/c may be with me on the 1st day of October. I will take Horses and Carriages at their appraised value to be included in the notes proposed above, and I would further bind myself to convey to you, at any time within three years the whole or any part of the McCullough field at its fair appraised value at the time you claimed it, on condition however that you build on it to make it your family residence at least a part of the year.

I do think that this last proposition would be better for us all inasmuch as I should be left with an establishment more *becoming* the number and respectability of our family, and you would have two choices, either to build according to your own taste, or to purchase a Place already improved, should one offer within the time.

I Remain Your Affectionate Brother

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

JAMES COLLES, *Morristown*, TO JOSEPH LOVELL

September 21, 1835

MY DEAR BROTHER:

HARRIET and myself have this moment risen from the careful and painful perusal of your letter dated 17th inst, it reiterates to me inferences and supposed mental understandings by you regarding the Farm that we were never prepared to accede to, founded partly on parts of desultory conversations so long past as not now recollected by us or not spoken by us to convey the conclusions you make.

I might also speak of conversations for example, one just after the place was purchased, when I proposed the title papers should be made in the names of our wives. This probably may not be recollected, nor if you do, do I speak of it with a reliance of provable value. We had subsequently a written agreement. There are several observations and remarks in your letter that I cannot trust myself to answer notwithstanding that I have during all this painful affair acted solely on the defensive.

My Dear Brother:—I am sorry the letter was written, from this moment I desire to forget it, and never again in word, or deed, have the subject spoken of, or if possible even thought of. Let it suffice that we do not agree in some past things, but have agreed on better understood arrangements for the future. We are not only relatives, but what is better, we have been, are now, and I trust will continue firm friends. I propose to confine our conversation regarding the Farm solely to its business details.

One of the conditions of my offer in dividing was that my family should remain here the coming summer, you accede to it, but we are afraid from your expression, you do so unwillingly. Excuse my touching on this delicate subject, permit me to ask if it will be *agreeable* that we might, if practicable make some arrangement. I confess that I would have strong objection to live in another House next summer from the circumstances of the scandal it might and would give rise to in the Village, it is not necessary that our previous differences should

JAMES COLLES

be public and magnified tenfold, nor on the other hand, could we force ourselves on anyone, we disclaim any wish, intention, or expectation either before now or hereafter that any member of the House should remain without a Home on our account, while they are absent we merely wish ingress and egress to our rooms, the rest we can manage for ourselves, or take care if you desire of the House etc.

I am willing to give you the offer of my part of the Farm if I should desire to make sale hereafter the same condition to be given me regarding your portion. . . .

I am ready at any time for the act of sale, I should like to give you my note (if you have no objection) possibly some time in the winter at New Orleans adding interest etc. As I may wish to build next summer it will probably be necessary for me to occupy part of the field adjoining McCullough's, it would perhaps be well not to have a crop on part of it after June.

If I misunderstand you by your last proposal to mean by the McCullough Field only the few acres on the Hill enclosed by the fence, it would not answer my purpose not being sufficient land.

I now close begging to assure you and Sophia on our part of all the respect, proper feeling and lasting affection you can desire.

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Present*

September 23, 1835

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I ACKNOWLEDGE with pleasure your favour of the 21st ultmo in reply to mine of the 17th inst, and would say it was not my intention to use a word or sentence that might painfully affect your own or Mrs. Colles feelings. If I have used any such, under the influence of wounded feelings, I take them back.

I see clearly that I have erred in entering upon a system the results of which were not sufficiently anticipated or explained by either party, the fault I think will apply to both of us and had its foundation in the

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

best and kindest feelings of our nature, to wit, the *fullest reliance*. You are my Brother, and what I shall *always think more of* you were my firm and steady friend in the hour of trial and adversity, think me not capable of ingratitude, neither prosperity, nor any other circumstance shall ever have the power to make me forget that you have been my staunch, unswerving, unhesitating friend, one who has always manifested in every business relation the most entire confidence in my moral and intellectual character.

Feeling thus toward you you must imagine how painful it was to me to enter upon the discussion of any question that might in its result change those feelings. But I perceived for some time past that the system we were living upon was wrong and that it must be changed or become productive of consequences which we might forever deplore. I care not for property but my piece of mind, and my personal rights, and above all my character as an independent man required that a separation of interests should take place, and more correct and definite lines drawn in relation to family rights, this now is about to be done and I hereby pledge you the right hand of fellowship promising that all that has been said and done of a painful nature in past days shall be as if it had never been.

Under these circumstances I can unhesitatingly say that I shall take pleasure in accomadating yourself and family during the coming summer, providing you are willing to risk some of the inconveniences and difficulties in the way of *help*.

It might be agreeable or desirable to my wife and self to be absent some time during the summer, under these circumstances we would only ask that you should manage with the domestics left in the best way you can.

As to the "Mortgage operating on the whole property" I would remark that there is a policy of Insurance on the House \$4000 and Barns \$1000, which is left as a Collateral security with the holder of the mortgage. In case of accident you see that my proportion would provide for its liquidation and, if you wish it, I will give you a private obligation stating that said Mortgage is given for my sole a/c and to be

JAMES COLLES

applied for satisfaction to my part of the property, which you will agree with me, will be sufficient for that purpose.

If anything more be necessary I will give you my private pledge that it shall never trouble you. The Mortgage cannot be raised until maturity as the executors are compelled to keep the money so invested in order to pay off the annual stipend due to the Blacks of the Doughty family.

If you think better I will speak to Mr. Whitehead to make out the deed immediately on the delivery of which you will please also give up my "acknowledgment" to you duly cancelled.

Truly Yours

AUGUSTA COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

March 15, 1836

IT is now two weeks since I have heard from you, though I have been daily expecting a letter. Do write oftener as I always feel *so* much pleasure on hearing from *home, dear, dear home!* I am now pretty well, but I hope that you will let Ma come on early as I am very anxious to see her. I have not heard lately from Morris though I wrote about a fortnight ago.

Have you any objections to my reading Shakespeare? If you wish to except any plays please mention them in your next as I am anxious to read it.

Do give my love to *all*, Aunt Sophia and Uncle Lovell not excepted. I remain

Your affectionate daughter,

[Augusta Colles was at Mrs. Smith's fashionable boarding school at No. 1 Fifth Avenue. H. M.]

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

RACHEL WETMORE, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

May 4, 1836

. . . I rejoice with you both that the little fellow has the appearance of a healthy fine child [George Wetmore Colles 2nd] and I pray God that he may live to be a comfort to you both (as you my Children are to me). I suppose by the time you come on you will have selected a name for the little stranger. I hope also that it will be one that is not easily Nicknamed which is to often the case where there is many children in a family, however that depends much on the parents.

Augusta [Colles] was well when we last heard from her, but very anxious to come into the country. I think it would be better to put off her visit (if she is well) until warm weather when she will enjoy herself and her friends much more and not loose her opportunity of improvement which must be most valuable to her at present.

A Gentleman told me some days ago that the property that Mr. Lovell bought was now worth twice what he gave for it. Mr. Wood told me that the Railroad was to be completed in 1837.

Your Sister Charlotte and myself intends to set off this week in serch of a Cook for Sophia (up country)

With much love to my dearest Harriet and to all my lovely little children, and with many kisses to all, I am as ever your

Affectionate Mother

AUGUSTA COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Morristown*

July 13, 1836

[Alarmed at George's sickness. . . . Had gone with the other girls to Hoboken with Mr. Picton, a teacher, and has spent a delightful time in the Elysian Fields, had a swing on the boat and a ride on the Railroad.] Should George be worse send for me at once

[This was George Wetmore Colles 1st, born April 10, 1834; died July 24, 1836. The new baby born March 13, 1836, seems to have remained unnamed till after the death of his brother and then was also called George Wetmore. E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

MATTHEW MORGAN, *London*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

July 27, 1836

[Discussing travelling abroad. . . . Wishes J. C. were with him, but has done well with Charles Morgan and his wife.]

We have bought a carriage, and are going *via* Paris, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland to Italy.

Charles and his wife will advise you what to do before coming over next year. You may count then upon meeting us.

[For five years M. M. coaxed J. C. to come to Europe with his family before he persuaded him to start. E. J. DE F.]

B.O. CANFIELD, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *21 Broadway, New York*

October 26, 1836

THE lumber is coming on now from Lindsley. The well diggers have struck water at 35 feet and promise 5 feet in depth. The cellar is nearly [walled up]. As you sail tomorrow this will please you.

Your Affectionate Nephew

[Benjamin Ogden Canfield, son of Rachel W. Canfield, was in charge of the building of the new house at Morristown for his uncle J. C. H. M.]

MATTHEW MORGAN, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

August 3, 1837

. . . To Change the Subject:

I went from Holland with which I was very much pleased to Germany. . . . Thence to Berlin the capital of the King of Prussia, considered a very handsome city, quite as flat as New Orleans, some of the public buildings and palaces are beautiful. Saw his majesty at a Horse Race, like the looks of his troops better than any I have ever seen. . . .

We passed through Leipsic and went to the great battle field moistened by the blood of 80,000 souls. Napoleon had a most commanding spot for his Headquarters but the Allies were too much for him by 100,000. . . .

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

St. Petersburg is the handsomest city on the Continent built upon flat very marshy ground and only needs the sun to be more healthy than New Orleans. The Palaces, Churches and Theatres are splendid, indeed it is truly Imperial. In a few days went to Moscow 500 miles through a most wretched country a sandy plain with log huts occupied by the Serfs who are in a much lower state than any of the slave population in the U. S.

We were a little over three days and nights en route, as no one ever stops to think of sleeping, nor did I see a bed, the inns are as dirty as possible.

Moscow, owing to the method of building, covers an immense area, and, viewed from the tower of one of the Churches in the Kremlin, is unique. It contains over 350 Churches. . . . Wealth is concentrated in a few hands, and Liberty is for the Emperor alone. No Nobleman ever can leave the City without special permission, nor can a stranger without being advertised in a Gazette unless he gives security for the payment of the debts he may leave behind, this takes about two weeks.

You must not abandon your visit to Europe. I can assure you it is worth your trouble and expense that you would incur. I would not take a mint for all I have seen.

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

June 10, 1838

MY DEAR HUSBAND:

WE are at last safely housed in Morristown.

The ride up by the railway was pleasant, we had a fine day. Mr. Lovell came down and stayed two days when we all came up. We had no difficulty with the baggage, they put nearly all of it in an apartment *under* the car and none on top. We had a *whole seat* to ourselves. The car goes and returns three times each day except Sundays. You can be in town at 9 o'clock and stay until 5 in the evening and be here by dusk we were precisely 3 hours from New York. They do not

JAMES COLLES

travel very swiftly, but just enough to view the country with pleasure. I think you will like it very much.

We went over to see the house the day we arrived and I am very much pleased with the greater part of it, although I think a little alteration will improve it very much in the second story. There is yet, as I anticipated, a great deal to be done. There is no shelving except the Kitchen dresser, the plated knobs are all to be put on, the grates and fire places to be set. The garden is doing very well. The evening we arrived we had a fine mess of radishes and turnips.

Next week, I shall go to New York to make my purchases [furniture].

MATTHEW MORGAN, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

August 9, 1838

DEAR COLLES:

. . . I intend sending George a plan of a building for my lot corner Canal and Bownbon Streets, very similar to the buildings adopted here, lower floor divided for offices or shops, each floor above forming a suite of apartments. Here most of the new buildings are seven floors high, the two first above the level of the pavement, in business situations, for shops and offices. What we should call the third, is here called the *premier* or principal floor which, with the others, is divided into sets of apartments each of which affords complete housekeeping accommodations. The upper floor of all is divided into servants rooms for all the building. Don't suppose we can pile up people with us to the same extent but have no doubt as to the superiority of the plan over our and the English mode of covering ground. [!] We are now living in a house on a lot of forty feet front, one hundred fifty feet deep, having eight sets of apartments. We have an antichamber, dining room, salon 20 × 24, ceilings 18 feet high, 1 large and four small bed rooms, library, stabling for 4 horses, coach house for two carriages, kitchen, cellar, rooms for 4 servants, "au premier" in one of the very best situations in Paris, Rue Royale No. 9.

I hired it completely furnished of a marquis who has occupied it for

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

fourteen years, now gone to Italy for a year, at a little over \$150.00 per month. . . . It is quite as respectable, genteel and fashionable to live in this place as it is to occupy an entire House or Hotel. . . . and I don't see why it should not be so with us.

P. S. I went back to London expressly to witness the Coronation, bought a seat in the Abbey and saw the whole ceremony. It was certainly a magnificent pageant, the immense concourse of people assembled being not the least interesting part of it.

[Queen Victoria.]

CORNELIA CHARLOTTE CANFIELD, *Morris Plains*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

February 25, 1839

I SEE from your letter you are as gay as usual with your balls and parties. I believe our town is becoming more literary as we have had but few parties and no Balls. A course of lectures on Chemistry and some on Nat Philosophy has been well attended. The gentlemen have now formed a Lyceum and have purchased a set of Chemical and Philosophical apparatus so that I hope we are in the way of improving the rising generation if we are not ourselves.

AUGUSTA COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

1839

I RECEIVED day before yesterday an unexpected letter with many mingled emotions, for I could form no idea what might be your course toward *me*, your indiscreet child. But now, dear Father, I scarcely know how to thank you enough for your kindness. I do not deserve it for I should have told you sooner and yet I am sure that it has done me more good than anything at all severe, for *that* would have set me almost wild.

And now let me undeceive you for you apprehend much more than

JAMES COLLES

really exists. I am sorry that my letter should for a moment have caused that impression. We have neither of us committed ourselves in the least, never has a word been said on either side, his attentions have been marked and have been observed, but he has never opened his lips to make any profession, on the contrary he has been particularly guarded in all that he has said to me. . . .

Another thing my dear Father, I would wish to explain that there has been some mistake about; I never received any visits from gentlemen, exclusively to myself there on the Sabbath or any other day. Once indeed, Mr L called for me to go to Church with him in the afternoon, but, as Rebecca did not wish to accompany, Aunt B thought I had better not go. I made an excuse to leave the room and asked R to come down, but she was not well enough and [as] all the rest of the family were out I was of necessity compelled to receive the call alone. . . . So father I hope that I am cleared from this charge.

. . . I hope and beg you that this may be my last year at school. Indeed, indeed I can not stay any longer. All my companions are going—and the course of study this year has been exclusively adapted to a finishing course. Oh, father you must let it be so,—indeed, you must. . . .

[This was Augusta's last year at school and the first flirtation of which we have any knowledge. E. J. DE F.]

FRANCES COLLES, *Madison*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New Orleans*

May 13, 1839

THIS letter finds me returned to school at Madison. I am busy the whole time, learning my lessons and gardening, for all the young ladies that choose have a little garden. I have planted several kinds of garden seeds besides strawberries, raspberries and radishes.

You must excuse a very short letter as yesterday, Sunday, we all went to see the consecration of the Catholic Chapel in Madison. We started at 8, part of us walking half the way and the rest of us rode, then the carriage took in those that had walked, and those that walked

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

before rode to Madison. Church was not until 11 A.M., then we had to walk home in the heat of the day as we did before.

It was exceedingly warm and gave me a headache. . . .

I remain your Affectionate Daughter

[Frances, who was just thirteen, was at school at Madame Chegary's. H. M.]

JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*

June 2, 1839

MY DEAR HAL:

I SHALL soon begin to look for your arrival at New York, although I fear your passage may have been a tedious one. We are all well at the house. The weather has not been as oppressive this week as last. I received a letter from Frances, she appears to be fully employed at her studies. I observe that she had just been taking a long walk of two miles in the sun and complained of headache. I much approve of the custom of walking, but she should avoid doing so for a long distance in the sun.

Business is very dull and drawing to a close with low water in the Ohio, yet I shall try that route. . . . I suppose it will be best to place James and John Henry at Mr. McKee's school for the present. I should like James to read and translate French every day, a short lesson so as not to interfere much with his other studies and recreation. My love to Augusta, Frances and all the darlings. I feel anxious to hear from you, with best regards to Mother and all the family, I am dear Hal

Your Affectionate Husband

MRS. COLLES, *at sea off the Capes of Delaware*

TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

June 2, 1839

OUR voyage has been tedious, owing to the wind we made the Island of Cuba about the 9th day and were about changing our course when the wind came out dead ahead attended with violent

JAMES COLLES

squalls of wind and rain. From Friday afternoon until Sunday evening there was no cessation, the rain pouring in torrents from the clouds. On Saturday night there came a tremendous sea over the whole deck. Some boards were torn off the bulwarks on one side, the cow was washed out of her lodging and pigs were floating about the deck. The water rushed into the cabin, it appeared from every quarter, and our berths many of them were wet. I was drenched from head to foot, those in the lower berths fared rather better. The children were not wet. The babe and Margaret Layton were thrown out but were not hurt.

. . . My mind constantly recurs to New Orleans. There is no enjoyment to me when we are so far separated.

MRS. COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MASTER JAMES COLLES, JR.
c/o REV. MR. HUDDART, *Bloomingtondale*

December 28, 1839

. . . Christmas was a very quiet day with us and we thought a great deal about Frances and you. St. Nicholas came over night and put some things on the table, locked the door and went about his business. For little George he brought a beautiful little locomotive with a train of cars filled with passengers and made to wind up so that it will run of itself. . . . The cunning old Fox he brought the prettiest things to George, I suppose, because he has been so long sick and has to play so much in the house. I should like much to have sent some thing to you and Frances, but could not hear of any opportunity. We shall however remember you another time, which I hope will not be far distant.

[James, Jr., began going to the Huddarts' School in the Fall of 1839—aged eleven years. H. M.]

JAMES COLLES' JOURNAL

[The year 1840 opens auspiciously with extracts from James Colles' Journal, from which there will occasionally be other quotations in the course of these letters.]

New Orleans, Jan. 1, 1840. A lovely, bright day, cool and pleasant. May it prove a type of the coming year—how eventful has been the

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

past. The most disastrous to the commercial world of any that I ever witnessed. I have much reason to thank God for innumerable, undeserved blessings. May our resolves and spirit be quickened to live nearer his holy commands. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us—lead us not into temptation, deliver us from evil."

New Orleans, Jan. 7, 1840. General Jackson landed at ten a.m. A large concourse in the streets and on the levee.

Jan. 12. General A. Jackson laid a cornerstone in square fronting the cathedral for a monument to commemorate battle of 8th January, 1812.

FRANCES COLLES, *Madison, New Jersey*

TO AUGUSTA COLLES, *at Mrs. Pearcey's, 65 Broadway, New York*

February 21, 1840

WE are all now busily engaged with fixing costumes and dresses for Shrove Tuesday. We are going to have "Tableaux Vivants" and the latter part of the evening a fancy dress ball. Allow me to describe my whole dress to you. I am to be a *Highland Lassie*, commencing at my head I have a beautiful plaid hat which is made of a plaid cravat with a pretty velvet band, real scotch shape, because Mr. Boyle who has been a great deal in Scotland described one to me, from which description I have made mine. . . . A bunch of black plumes which Tante lent me, in the front to set it off, it is beautiful. My hair is to be curled all over, my dress is of plaid, a white body trimmed with plaid ribbon, a splendid large scarf (plaid) of Tante's (it came from China) it is the handsomest thing I will have on. It is about three yards long. Oh! I cannot describe it to you it is so beautiful. My legs are to be laced up over black stockings, my frock nearly up to my knees. Mr. Boyle has told me everything about it, and given me his advice, so I will surely look like a Scotch girl. You may perhaps laugh, thinking of my having consulted Mr. Boyle on the subject, but really, the girls love him so, and he has become such an important person that

JAMES COLLES

all he says is "law and Gospel." . . . Though we shall all be dressed very well, yet we have done it without any expense, for instance, I have *bought* only the ribbon to lace up my legs.

. . . Do write to me soon for a letter is the most comforting thing, and although it makes me homesick to hear you talking of the balls and parties, yet I like to hear about them.

["Tante" was the name by which all Madame Chegary's pupils were expected to call her. H. M.]

JAMES COLLES' JOURNAL

New Orleans, June 25, 1840. J. P. Nelson and lady took possession of my old and much liked dwelling. Commenced eating to-day at the bachelor establishment of J. H. Field.

June 30. I this day dissolved my commercial house of J. C. & Co. The business will be continued by U. H. Dudley and J. P. Nelson for their own account under the title of Dudley & Nelson. Mr. Dudley holds from me a power of attorney for my business. The old stock of goods is sold to the new house, Dudley & Nelson, at six or twelve months from 1st July without interest. This pretty much ends my active business career in New Orleans, where I arrived in November, 1818, having been in trade over twenty-one years. For the competency I have attained and many other blessings I have much reason to thank a kind Providence. May I be grateful.

Morristown, Aug. 10, 1840. Appointed on committee with Mr. McCullough to invite Hon. Daniel Webster to address the Whig Convention at Morristown 12th instant. Waited on Mr. Webster at 9 p.m. at Astor House, New York. He declined speaking at Morristown from poor health and having to speak at Stanhope on the 13th. Invited him to stay with me while at Morristown.

Aug. 13. Started for Stanhope this morning at 8 a.m. with my wife and Augusta. Reached Stanhope half past twelve. David B. Ogden spoke well for about $3/4$ of an hour. There were present about 2500 or 3000 persons, the clouds threatening and raining occasionally. Mr.

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

Webster commenced a brilliant and profound speech at 2 p.m. In half an hour it commenced raining violently. Adjourned to meet in an hour. Met, and the rain came in torrents. Mr. Webster finished his address in a storehouse. Our pleasure and edification was completely marred by the storm. The arrangements were deplorably bad, no place was provided in case of rain, no church or large building in the village. I was wet all day. Left at 7 p.m. for Morristown. Broke down on the way and left our carriage in the road. Got conveyance in two small wagons. Reached Morristown at midnight quite wearied out.

J. S. H. TO JAMES COLLES, *per P. O.*

Copy of a letter received by me at Morristown September 20, 1840, through the Post Office.

September 16, 1840

DEAR SIR:

IT is with hesitation that I address you upon a subject deeply interesting to me and one which has been a source of much inquietude. Yet the honorable motives by which I am governed I trust will give my remarks the recommendation of candor, that they may be kindly received, and merit your respectful consideration. I hope also to escape the charge of impertinence, when, through a benevolent feeling I speak more freely than inclination prompts upon a delicate subject, and, as you may think, your private affairs.

. . . It is with regret that I have learned as an *on dit* in this town that one of your family has so far lost the confidence and incurred the displeasure of her parents as to be subjected to restraint and hardship for clinging to the remembrance of one who, I feel is undeserving her kind regard. The reflection that I have been the cause of her receiving unkindness (if she does receive it) from those who are her natural, and should ever be her kindest friends and of bringing upon her innocent head disaster and unhappiness has impelled me to banish all pride, all regard to the delicacy of the subject and effect, if possible, her restoration to that lost confidence, to that original happiness and tranquility

JAMES COLLES

of mind, that innocence and sportive gaiety which she possessed in so enviable a degree before I by unfortunate accident shadowed her existence. . . .

Our intercourse was unfortunate and continued without reflection. Would it had been otherwise. I was pleased with her society and sought it with delight, I had met many other ladies who perhaps the world would in every respect pronounce her equal if not her superior, yet none ever so deeply impressed my feeling.

. . . At your age [52] prejudice is not easily overcome, yet I would have you respect one you could never love. And I believe, if prejudice has not usurped reason, could *you now see the past* as it was you would look upon it with lenity and perhaps acquit both of blame.

. . . I would have you understand that it was never my wish to persuade her to act without the approbation of her parents, with her happiness in view I never could advise it, neither do I wish to connect myself to a family unless by the consent of those who have a right to be consulted, nor to one which could not demand an equal. Did I possess your respect and confidence [and] should I have your permission to address your daughter I could never ask for her hand until I was permanently settled in life and from individual exertion could surround her with the same competence which has been lavished by an indulgent parent. Should she prefer me to other men she must forsake far more splendid prospects than I can offer, and, as you have spared no attention to make her accomplished and an ornament of her sex, it is not unreasonable that you should suppose the worthiest only, of ours deserved her. . . .

The extent of my present wish would be your permission to *continue our acquaintance*. If you can recall the scenes of your earlier life when the wild heart of youth redolent with hopes and high affection was moving with every generous impulse, when you had selected a being, to *you* the fairest and most lovely, and imagination in transport had clothed her with all your boyish visions of beauty and love, and then if Fancy can picture the barrenness and desolation of heart, the forced surrender of those first, fresh natural growth of feelings should occurred

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

and their alienation be left to the progress of time alone, you may perhaps excuse this request and form some apology for my writing as I have and it may be my too intemperate desire to deserve your esteem and win one who is far dearer than words can express.

. . . It is my wish to regard you as a gentleman, and if you are inclined to extend the same courtesy to me you will have no reason to complain of him who now addresses you, let your will be what it may.

Yours Respectfully

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, to J. S. H., *Morristown*

September 22, 1840

IT is unnecessary here to recapitulate the various hearsays and rumours of restraints you speak of, most of them although quite novel need the essential of truth. Parents generally, my dear sir, deem it necessary to mature and adopt rules for the proper government of their children in anticipation of their future station in life. Such is the case in my family. My daughter is now in the progress of her education, she has yet much to learn and see before we even contemplate her entry into society. To accomplish this all important duty it is indispensable that her whole time and thought should be solely employed in that one pursuit, and, I must add it would be gross direlection of duty in a parent to countenance or permit under these circumstances the visits or intercourse of any one having the ulterior views you mention. Not only as detrimental to her future progress but doubtless eventuating in much unnecessary disquietude and unhappiness to all parties.

You are pleased to say that for the quiet and happiness of my daughter you will acquiesce in my wishes. I am obliged to you for this frank avowal and respond to it in the same spirit.

The desire that your letters may be considered confidential will be properly attended to. Permit me to conclude with the hope and expectation that all further manifestations or expressions toward her on

JAMES COLLES

your part may at once cease, not only as being in direct opposition to my wishes but conflicting with the well being of my daughter.

I am Very Respectfully Yours

[This letter is a draft in J. C.'s handwriting. H. M.]

J. S. H., *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES

September 24, 1840

I HAVE no inclination to prolong a correspondence of an unpleasant nature to any unnecessary prolixity. . . .

[A long and rather incoherent omission here.]

My greatest offense, I hope, is my attachment. Under its influence I have acted blindly, perhaps indiscreetly, but I have never wished to conceal it from you. . . . I have regretted that I have ever met your daughter, it has been the most unfortunate event of my life. To hope for your favour now I feel is idle. I wait for time, the changer of all things, to draw the veil which hides futurity and exhibit its developments. Now we understand each other.

In taking my leave of you allow me to express my kind feelings, mingling with disappointment there is no feeling of bitterness toward you or yours. If your feelings toward me are otherwise I shall regret it, and, if there is ever an occasion, disregard its expression.

Respectfully Yours

P. S. May I ask the favour of the return of *this* and my previous communication.

[Draft in J. C.'s handwriting headed:

"I received the original of the following letter through the post office at Morristown, September 26, 1840. In compliance with the above I returned the original letter, through the New York post office September 28, 1840, without comment."]

[Augusta's second flirtation. E. J. DE F.]

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

MRS. COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*
c/o DUDLEY & NELSON

December 13, 1840

. . . P. S. Mr. Cotheal called to say that he had succeeded in getting a pew for us in St. Pauls and to-day, which is a fine day, we took possession of it. It is on the North side of the North Aisle.

[Augusta was now a débutante in New York society. The winter home in New Orleans was thus broken up, but J. C. still returned to New Orleans in after years because his heart was there and his habits were inveterate. H. M.]

JAMES COLLES' JOURNAL

June 8, 1840. Received from Thomas Slidell his two notes in my favor payable 1st November and 1st January next, each \$500., secured by mortgage on Joseph. I signed private agreement in duplicate that he *should*, if Joseph behaved to *his* satisfaction, at the end of ten years from 5th of June, 1840, emancipate said slave, for which I bound myself to pay him \$200.

June 15. Joseph is in trouble at Thomas Slidell's. Mr. and Mrs. Slidell say he was impudent. He came [to me] at dinner time without leave. Slidell came after him and sent him to the calaboose, not however to be whipped. He says he must sell him or I must take him back. I cannot do the latter. The boy is simple and may perhaps have been somewhat impudent. I think this scrape would cure him. He was certainly a much better servant to self than the average of slaves.

JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

December 27, 1840

IN good health I reached here early on Christmas morning by the fine S. Boat Queen of the West. Our passage down was somewhat tedious the boat being deeply laden.

Our friends are all well, I took my Christmas dinner at George Morgan's. I believe it is the only Christmas, *save one*, that I have not

JAMES COLLES

been with you since our Marriage. The reflection made me sad. It was some pleasure however to think how happy the children and you must be.

T. Slidell has left a letter at the store expressing his surprise at my letter of last summer and saying that, as he had paid one of the notes \$500, he now proposed, if I would cancel the remaining note of same amount, he would return the boy Joseph back to me. If not, I might take such steps for the payment due in January as I thought proper, *he would not pay*. This is truly impudent. I am aware how expensive and troublesome a law suit is, particularly with a lawyer of this cast and have made up my mind to say to him, if he will give me \$250 I will cancel the remaining note, he retaining Joseph. He may sell him if he pleases but, having sold him, I do not wish to have another transaction of that nature. . . . I verily believe the promise of his (Joseph) being made free eventually completely spoiled him.

I saw Gracie for a few moments today, she, George and Isaac are well. Nelson is much pleased with her but is not well satisfied with G. It appears George complained much of the distance from the store to Nelson's house; and did absent himself nearly a week from store and house and, on being remonstrated with, threatened he would go to Kentucky or go to you. I have no doubt the true cause of his dissatisfaction (and Nelson also thinks so) is being away from the neighborhood of his old cronies.

I believe Gracie would be much better satisfied if not for his influence. I appointed an interview with them this morning at 10 o'clock, but they did not come until eleven, as I was going to Church. I am to see them in the course of a week and see what can be done. I really wish George would go to Kentucky and leave Gracie here. I think he would be glad to return in a few months with more reasonable views. I have no idea they would be content at Morristown 2 months. . . . God bless you my love.

[The episode of the slave boy Joseph, which shows how seriously my grandfather took his responsibility toward his slaves even after they left his service, is further explained by the quotations from his Journal of the previous summer.

He also indicates in the same letter his opinion that George (the husband of Mammy

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

Gracie) was already spoiled by the freedom which his late master had just given him. It is clear that J. C. was really distressed by these misadventures befalling those who had been his dependents. E. J. DE F.]

MRS. COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

December 28, 1840

. . . I got Mr. Gasquet to get me \$100 from the bank before Christmas. M. Guillet, my french teacher, came to me with a most piteable tale of distress. . . . I gave him \$25 for which he seemed very grateful. This, together with innumerable small things which seem to be absolutely necessary, Christmas presents etc (which have been unusually limited) has taken nearly all the \$100, and as Mary McBride wants the amount of her wages before New Years Day, I shall have to get some more.

This I am loath to do so soon, for if they should give in the bill for the next month's board, I should have none to spare. I think therefore that you had better send some more on as soon as convenient for fear of emergencies.

. . . My dear husband, I dream almost every night of you. I am often kept awake by anxiety for your safety.

[One of my early recollections was the difficulty my grandmother had to get the house-keeping money out of her husband. He would put off giving it to her until the carriage was at the door to take him to the 8 a.m. train, and that often made him miss a train. H. M.]

JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

January 3, 1841

MY OWN DEAR HAL:—

AHAPPY New Year to you and our dear children and may God Bless you all.

[Reports efforts to compose difficulties between their former servants George and Gracie (whom he has freed) and the Nelsons.] They like the Nelsons but cannot serve in *any family* but ours.

[Is going to let them leave the Nelsons and shift the best they may

JAMES COLLES

alone, even though this may lead them to Kentucky, or where they most want to go to Morristown. J. C. does not believe that they will be happy.

. . . Reports compromise with T. Slidell in reference to Joe, Slidell will only pay \$200 on his note for \$500, as Joe has been disabled by a kick since the sale.]

. . . Will send you some money in the course of the month.

FRANCES COLLES, *Madison*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

January 19, 1841

[Complains of dullness of Madison after vacation in New York] where everything is hurry flurry, but I hope as soon as I get engaged in my studies I will forget the dullness of the place and think of nothing but improving myself.

I returned last Tuesday the 5th, on that day the ferry at Cortlandt Street was frozen up so that Mr. Chegary did not land at Whitehall until 3. p.m., an hour after the cars had started back. So we returned next day to the ferry at 9, but Mr. C. with his usual forgetfulness stood talking to some gentlemen and let the boat go off without us. Then we had two hours to wait before there were any cars to Newark. Instead of going home, as the streets were a glare of ice, and I had no one to help me, I sat there at the ferry two gloomy hours by myself, very homesick.

Finally we started at 11. From Newark we drove in a public sleigh to Madison. It was dreadfully cold. In Mary's room the water froze on the mantelpiece where there was a fire. It took us until 2 p.m. to reach the school. For about two days afterwards I thought of nothing but home and I had also a very bad cold. . . .

January 12

[Refers to a stove put up in the school room as water froze in the dormitory where it is generally warm.] The school room will now be warm with a stove and two grates. We have not been to walk since I have

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

been back, though for exercise Tante yesterday, at the head of us all, made us run from the basement all the way up into the garret up and down twice, and then go and dance as hard as we could.

. . . I am obliged to get up here a little after 6 o'clock, when it is so dreadfully cold and dreary having to dress by lamps very often, that I really wish I were at New Orleans where it is not so cold.

January 17

. . . We went into the parlour Friday and I was called on to play. This going into the parlour is horribly dull, just to think of sitting still 3 or 4 hours and hearing music, and not the best either. However I fared quite well, having some work on which Tante allowed me to sew.

Tante is cross and seems to think we are all too bad to have the enjoyment of the fair or lottery. Her humour seems to have infected everybody. Every one is pettish.

P. S. If you think of going to Europe before August, do tell me in your next letter so that I can think about it and anticipate it.

JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

January 17, 1841

YOU must have been as happy as a Queen with all our dear children around you and the continued health and comfort of your Mother. I note the declining state of your Treasury and enclose you a draft payable at sight for Five Hundred Dollars. You must inform me some weeks previous when you require more, to give me time to forward it.

I note the distress of your French teacher, it is, I suppose alright but be cautious not to advance more than has been earned, such persons are very uncertain. I am really hard at work with French, my Teacher says I make some progress and that my pronunciation is not bad in reading. I am at nouns, adjectives and articles. I take daily lessons of one hour, this and learning my lessons takes up *more than half* of my time.

JAMES COLLES

January 24

I am quite satisfied to be out of active business. Mr. Dudley and Nelson are doing something and will probably make a little something over their expenses. They have to confine themselves almost entirely to cash transactions, not from the want of means, but from the extreme hazard now of trusting any one here.

AUGUSTA COLLES TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

January 24, 1841

HOW we envy you the delightful weather you are having at New Orleans. While I am writing it is storming violently. During one snow storm we went out with one of the ladies in a cab, and we took a ride merely for exercise, quite out of town and enjoyed it very much by making a frolic of it.

There are some magnificent balls to be given at the City Hotel called Assemblies, a kind of American Almacks and we have received invitations. The first takes place on the 29th and will be crowded with all the élite of the city. No one is allowed to subscribe except by invitation, and the price of subscription is \$20, rather high is it not? They will probably be the most magnificent things of the kind ever given here. There will be a band of sixteen musicians and the supper room will be ornamented with hot house plants which will cost \$300 merely for the loan of one evening. We are the only ladies of the house that are invited, though many of the gentlemen are going.

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

January 26, 1841

I AM getting along pretty well with my lessons, especially with my drawing and my writing, I have improved a good deal. I took several drawings home with me.

Your Affectionate and Beloved Son

[From an early age James was very clever with his pencil. H. M.]

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

MRS. COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

January 30, 1841

... Mr. Guillet says he thinks I improve in French. . . . It will not be my fault if I do not learn, for I study about six hours previous to each lesson.

. . . I have much to write to you about George's eyes. A few days ago Dr. Elliott was visiting Mrs. Pierson's child when George went into the room. Mrs. Pierson called him and requested the Doctor to look at his eyes. He did so and after examining said they were in a bad state and ought to have immediate attention. He said that the inner edges of the upper lid turned in and rubbed upon the cornea, and the lids were granulated, and that if he had nothing done for them in a few years he would lose his eye sight altogether. That it was like sandpaper rubbing upon glass. . . . This of course made me feel exceedingly uneasy, and after talking with I. Phoenix and considering a day or two about it I determined that the next time he came I would see him and hear his opinion.

I did so, and he alarmed me to such a degree that, after talking to him for some time, I promised to take George to his office the next day to make an application of his medicine. This application is made by turning up the lid and touching the part affected. He said that it would require about forty applications, to make a complete cure. . . . He said that the pain in applying it only lasted a short time, and that the patient would be constantly improving.

After he had gone I had a long conversation with Phoenix, not however until he had seen Dr. Elliott, who repeated the same to him that he had done to me, adding, that as perhaps I was not aware that it was to be an expensive business, he thought it proper to say something to him, at the same time hinting that it would not be less than \$300 or \$400. This seemed so like quackery, that I began to reflect more seriously than ever about it. I. P. also informed me that at every application the pain was very great and lasted from one to two hours each time. This I was aware, would be very severe on a child, and I felt very unhappy and greatly at a loss what to do. . . .

I went to bed that night distressed and not knowing what to decide

JAMES COLLES

upon. Doubts somehow came across my mind that what he said might not be true, I tried to think of some one capable of advising me in the business but could think of no one I was willing to apply to, who would have sufficient knowledge, and, at the same time be *unprejudiced*. I went to sleep praying the All Wise Being to direct me to a proper course, and he did direct me, sometime during the night I awoke and lay reflecting, when Dr. Buck occurred to me to be a proper person to apply to. . . . I wondered that this had not occurred to me before.

Immediately after breakfast I went there (to Dr. Buck's) and after a long conversation I determined not to trust Dr. Elliott. . . . The public rumour is that Dr. Elliott has removed a cataract without an operation, which Dr. Buck says is as impossible as to restore an amputated finger by means of poultices. . . . Therefore I have given up Dr. Elliott, unless I hear something more to his advantage. . . .

[George was five years old and rather delicate. H. M.]

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

. . . Dear Father you must study your French hard, I am very anxious for you to improve, and so are you for me, which I think you are, for I expect to speak French to you when you come on. Mr. Hidden hears me my french almost every day . . . and if we should miss a lesson in the week on Monday or Tuesday, whether or no, we have a rehearsal of all the lessons we have said during the last week, and if we do not know them then we have to study them until we do know them.

JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

February 14, 1841

. . . Yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving yours of the 30th January. When I had read as far as Dr. Elliott's opinions and profound applications I trembled with fear to know the result, and I thank God for your sound discretion in frustrating the unfeeling schemes of (as I firmly believe) a quack of the first water. You must have suffered

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

much mental anxiety previous to the course you adopted. Poor Dear George, what a martyr he would have been! It probably would have destroyed both sight and health from the afflicted tortures, and that for sordid gain. I am glad you applied to Dr. Buck, I at first thought of Dr. Delafield or Rodgers, but either of them I think may do equally well. I feel some anxiety to learn from your next letter how Dr. Buck's application answers. Say to Dr. Elliott . . . *that I have concluded to defer his treatment until I come on.*

. . . By one means or another these quacks do frequently manage to make and *retain* their dupes in spite of common sense and positive evidence.

[Refers to "Anna Maria" being courted by a Mr. Jennings. Is scandalized by the monopoly of each other's society up to 9:30 when we left.] This was not in accordance with my opinion of good behavior. Mr. Hennen enquired *half seriously* if we would take Anna Maria to Europe with us, but Mrs. Hennen, wishing also to include herself, it passed as a joke, and shall remain so, no money would tempt me.

[Refers to Nelson's going to Havana. She (Mrs. Nelson) is very ill. J. C. is to replace Nelson at the store as far as possible] although my business and my studies take up all my time. I am yet tinkering at the verbs "to have and to be" *affirmatively, negatively and compound* they require strict attention to really know them and to *use them in speaking without hesitation*. I trust you will continue *resolutely* your studies with Mr. G., I must depend a great deal on you.

. . . Will remit in about two weeks though *even rents* were never so hard to collect.

JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MASTER JAMES COLLES
c/o REV'D MR. HUDDART, *New York*

February 14, 1841

I AM pleased that you passed your time so pleasantly at Home during your Holidays, I hope they had no effect in retarding your studies when you returned.

JAMES COLLES

Whatever you write always re-inspect it to detect errors, and in time you will, by this means, learn to avoid them altogether. I was truly glad to hear of your promotion, now is the time my dear boy, to be diligent, let nothing but sickness or ill health prevent you. I feel sure by this time you begin to know the value of your books and be fond of them or will soon be, with application you will make a first rate scholar and smart fellow, and with good conduct and disposition every one will respect and love you.

Remember that what is called in common language learning a thing, but *not understanding it*, is really not learning it. A parrot is learned to pronounce a few words, yet it does not understand a word. Whatever you study, *convince yourself* you have really *learned it*, by understanding it properly. This is the reason boys are frequently made to go over their studies again, and lose much time by not properly learning or understanding them the first time. Do not be afraid or ashamed to ask explanations on any subject however simple, from Mr. Huddart or your teachers, it is their duty to give them and they will no doubt do it. If the teachers would not, Mr. Huddart I am sure would.

I am afraid I have written you a long tedious letter but I had much to say, and, I like to write to my dear James. Having been interrupted, and writing hurriedly, I have made some blunders and corrections, which please excuse. God bless you my Son.

AUGUSTA COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES
c/o DUDLEY & NELSON, *New Orleans*

February 21, 1841

LAST Monday night we went to a party at Mrs. Coddington's, given I am inclined to think on our account as they asked us to name the day a week beforehand. Mrs. C. tried very hard to make it pleasant and it was as much so as would be expected, considering that, with the exception of Mr. Phoenix, and two or three young ladies, we were not acquainted with any one there neither were we introduced to any one. They never seemed to have thought of that.

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

The next one was the grand Assembly, and it was really a most splendid affair, even more so than the first. The arrangements and the decorations were altogether different. This last time they were all in white and gold and the room was lighted by about 5,000 candles placed in the form of pyramids all around, besides the numerous chandeliers. There was about 800 persons present, of all the respectability fashion and wealth of the City.

P. S. [by Mrs. Colles]: Do you not think that George and Gracie would be contented in Morris. I think they would be far better off and it would I think answer well for us to have them there should we go to Europe.

JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

February 28, 1841

I HAVE your kind letter of the 14th inst. . . . I am quite gratified that so many of our acquaintance have been so polite and attentive. I think we shall be able to select a pleasant circle. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt are persons I am sure you will very much like, they are very respectable, and people of good sense. Mr. R. I have known a long time although not intimately. His Lady you remember, we had a slight acquaintance with at Schooley's Mountain Springs. . . .

George and Gracie express their desire to keep house for themselves and are looking out for one. The only thing to cure it will be their trying it. I am about freeing them according to law.

FRANCES COLLES, *Madison*, TO AUGUSTA COLLES
c/o MRS. PEARCEY, *New York*

March 15, 1841

SINCE the fancy ball Tante thinks we are becoming so dissipated she would not even allow us to have *charades* on Saturday evening. She says that she is afraid that we shall have such a passion for act-

JAMES COLLES

ing that we will go on the stage, hem! absurd! The only holiday we have, just think of it. The girls were so mad, some went to bed, others went moping about with their night caps on, while the *Society*, for you must know that a party of selfish girls who send to Morristown for good things, go away from the others, hide themselves and *eat up all their goodies*, — I say while the Society are enjoying themselves, we are moping about.

I write you to beg ask and entreat ma, to let me visit New York, I must come, just to think if what pa says comes to pass it will be my last chance, as he says he thinks of going to Europe in August. I must come, say to ma for me, please do let me come. You will see by my seal or rather wafer that I intend coming, I have set my heart on it, I must come. . . .

Now that I have filled up my letter with nothing but foolishness, I think it better not to write any more for fear of making it more foolish.

JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

March 21, 1841

I AM tugging along at French and am now in the compound tenses of the principal verbs, I have really hard work and make every effort, I am determined to persevere. I am sorry to hear you are thinking of giving up at the end of your quarter. I think you had better continue taking regular lessons until May. It is necessary you should learn to speak, how would it be in France and not speak much French.

There was to have been a grand ceremony yesterday at the Cathedral in commemoration of Napoleon's burial at Paris. The church was shrouded in black and everything got up in great style and expense. Tickets of admission were to be given out but the Wardens of the Church obstinately refused their assent under any conditions short of free access to every body that desired to enter the church. The fete therefore did not take place and everything was removed in something of a row, so ends the farce.

MORRISTOWN: LETTERS

I have indulged myself once by going to see Fanny Elssler at the St. Charles Theatre. The house is crowded every time she performs. The seats are sold at auction, so the boxes they command four or five dollars and the price appears to advance every time. She is certainly by far the most intelligent and graceful actress I ever looked at.

When you see Mrs. Chegary would it not be well to ask her attention to Frances' walking and dancing, which you remember last year needed it.

[Mrs. Colles was a strict disciplinarian and taught her daughters many practical things; she was especially careful as to their carriage, bidding them not to "stand on their hind legs"; for this same offense her mother, old Mrs. Wetmore, used to say to her granddaughters, as she had often said to her pupils in her Young Ladies' Academy in Baltimore: "Command your person." E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

March 30, 1841

. . . A letter I have just received from the Huddart says . . . that from circumstances unforeseen and wholly beyond his control it would be necessary for him to discontinue his boarding school immediately after the Easter Holidays.

If Mr. Huddart's school had continued to deserve our confidence I thought James might be fitted there for college. We must now cast about and see what we can do. In any arrangement you may suggest or make of course I heartily concur. I give all the information or suggestions I can think of, you will be enabled to know better what course to pursue, act accordingly from your good judgment.

I remain yet of the same opinion regarding our visit to Europe this summer. I say but little about it for fear of disappointment. I have a *large amount* in a note due me next month from Erwin, the last payment of the Withers lot. I am anxious to have this completed before I go abroad, and some other claims which I think I have a fair chance of doing before the middle of May.

JAMES COLLES

April 11, 1841

The change in the Huddart's arrangements is really quite embarrassing to us. If Dr. Buck should be willing to receive James as a boarder for the present, Mr. Huddart has so often changed his arrangements, is it not likely he will, ere long, wish a few boarders.

CHAPTER IV

THE "GRAND TOUR"

1841-1844

THE long anticipated day at length arrived. James Colles, who had given many years of devotion to his New Orleans business which with all its dangers and uncertainties had finally enabled him to accumulate a sufficient fortune, was now prepared to spend it for the pleasure and advantage of his family.

He was fifty-two years old and his wife a little younger. Augusta, who was nearly nineteen, had already graduated from Mrs. Smith's school; Frances was fifteen, but old enough to enjoy travel. The parents, who had never crossed the ocean, were even more keen to see the world than were their daughters. The two little boys were happy wherever their beloved Mary McBride was with them, and only James was left in New York. He attended a day school but lived in the home of Dr. Gurdon Buck, the family friend who had, as it were, snatched little George from the clutches of a quack.

James was only thirteen and not a very eager student, but he was unusually clever in the use of his pen and pencil and was, too, of a decidedly mechanical turn of mind. However, he was expected by his ambitious father to work almost incessantly at his lessons, while his drawing was considered an amusement that should be curtailed if it interfered with the progress of his more serious studies.

JAMES COLLES

One cannot but pity the poor boy who was left to so much drudgery at home while the rest of the family had so many opportunities for new pleasures in foreign lands. He had a devoted friend in Miss Rebecca Buck, who loved him and tried in every way to help him, and an equally devoted friend in his "Uncle Lovell," who came frequently to New York to see him, often accompanied by his daughter Mary, on which exciting occasions they all had tea together and went afterwards to the circus or the theatre or to visit a ventriloquist! Uncle Lovell was almost a father to James, and his own family wrote to him frequently from the other side.

On July 26, 1841, the Colles family set sail in the "Roscius." It was no simple matter in those days to get under way, especially in a sailing vessel. The family, with all their luggage, twenty-eight other cabin passengers and nearly one hundred for the steerage "embarked" in a steamboat and after four hours reached the "Roscius," five miles outside of Sandy Hook.

The voyage was uneventful and nearly three weeks elapsed before they sighted Liverpool. Once the Colleses were ashore, they became, like John Gilpin, "all agog to dash through thick and thin," and to accomplish every prodigy of sightseeing usually included in the "Grand Tour." It is hardly worth while to enumerate all the places they visited. Indeed, although they travelled very intelligently and studied constantly, Mr. Colles' journal (perhaps because of that) reads very much like a guide-book.

THE "GRAND TOUR"

Before leaving London, Mr. Colles through some influence secured a document by which he became nominally "Bearer of Despatches from the Queen." This made it much easier for him to pass over the various frontiers and gave him many privileges.

It was, I think, in London (or it may have been in Paris) that Mr. Colles bought a travelling carriage, in which to make "the Tour," a roomy and more or less comfortable concern (rather less than more, I should imagine), with trunks fitted all over it, and under too; indeed, a kind of home on wheels.

They spent their first winter in Paris, their second in Rome and their third again in Paris; one summer in visiting the usual sights of the Continent and another in seeing England, Scotland and Ireland. In Paris they devoted themselves principally to the education of their daughters, but by way of relaxation attended a number of royal entertainments at the Court of Louis Philippe.

During the winter in Rome they saw all the sights, made all the purchases, gave all the orders and spent all the money, in fact did everything that the average tourist was expected to do. James Colles had his bust made, a model of Augusta's hand (she had a most beautiful hand), a miniature also of Augusta, a cameo of Frances, and later oval portraits in oil of both daughters. These last were done by Luther Terry, an American artist living in Rome, and there is a portrait of the dear Harriet wearing an ermine cape which I think is also by Terry.

There was one art object which all European travellers in those days desired to possess—a marble table-top contrived from pieces of marble which they had found themselves or otherwise acquired during their travels. Such pieces the Colles family (as my mother used to tell me) had treasured and stowed away in hidden corners of their big lumbering carriage, and in Rome they were all brought to light and made into a really beautiful table, not set in black slate as so many of them were, but fitted together with even the edges, two inches thick, of solid marble. Mother or Grandma would stand beside the table and tell us stories of the different stones: “that piece of serpentine we dug up in the Baths of Caracalla”; “that porphyry we found in the Roman Forum”; “this lovely scrap was unearthed in Pompeii”; “the agate was from Switzerland”; and “that superb piece of malachite we were lucky enough to buy in Vienna.” I cannot remember where they bought the beautiful piece of lapis lazuli. Alas! Alas! This unique object with its many interesting and often historical associations was destroyed when the Morrell Storehouse was burned to the ground.

Of course James Colles had copies made from his favorite “Old Masters,” Raphael, Leonardo, Del Sarto and others. And of course he ordered a marble statue by Crawford for his future drawing-room. (A description of it will be found in the sculptor’s letter of September 22, 1843.)

It was in Rome that Mr. Colles began to collect “antiques.” He attended the sale of Cardinal Fesch’s celebrated

THE "GRAND TOUR"

gallery in Rome in the winter of 1844. Cardinal Fesch was the brother of Letitia Bonaparte, mother of the Emperor Napoleon. The Cardinal died in 1839. At the sale Mr. Colles bought two pictures. One large landscape was attributed to Salvator Rosa, but it is now thought to be by one of his pupils. This I own.

In Paris he developed into a veritable antiquarian. He studied in the libraries and from books which he bought, and he thus acquired a keen perception and a great deal of real knowledge, so that he was not often deceived in his purchases. He bought many historical art objects that it would be impossible to find nowadays, or if found they would be almost priceless. But even historical things were not valued then as they are now. He discovered a beautiful *bisque* of Napoleon on horseback, somewhat broken but easily repaired by a Roman sculptor. His researches soon told him that it was one of those statuettes which the Emperor had had made for each of his brothers and of which there would have thereafter been destroyed by his order. Another treasure was a mantel set, clock and lamps, of blue Sèvres china set in gilt ormolu. He considered that he had positive proof that this mantel set had come from the Petit Trianon. All these precious possessions and many more perished with the marble table.

In Amsterdam he found fine old furniture, of which many pieces were secured for the new home in New York, though as yet that was not even located. Matthew Morgan, during his prolonged stay in Europe, had been buying

JAMES COLLES

furnishings for his new house; he constantly urged Mr. Colles to do likewise and he evidently had a willing follower. My grandfather not only acquired beautiful things for the home, and the kind of antiques which he himself craved, but in Amsterdam and again in Munich he bought some very beautiful old lace for his wife.*

I must not forget to speak of a new correspondent who now appeared upon the scene—Mrs. Samuel Jaudon, an old New Orleans friend. Her letters are long, but so racy and entertaining that we could not wish them curtailed. Mrs. Colles must, however, have wished that her friend had curtailed her last complicated list of requirements, which reached Mrs. Colles in Paris a very few days before she was to sail.

During the summer of 1843, the summer which they devoted to the British Isles, James Colles visited the land of his father's birth and in Dublin found several cousins, sons of his father's brothers. They were hospitable and agreeable and made his visit to Dublin very delightful.

At length the wanderers had no valid reason for postponing their return. Mr. Colles, when about to sail from New York in July, 1841, had told a friend that they might be absent eighteen months, but when two years had elapsed he wrote to Mr. Lovell that they could not possibly reach home before the end of their third year. Then

* We have seen in his letters and memoranda many proofs of James Colles' thrift. Yet when the time came for spending his savings in works of art for furnishing his home or in the education of his children, he was liberality itself. [H. M.]

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

that sage and far-seeing brother-in-law answered: "This has been my calculation all along, founded on my knowledge of your thorough and persevering character which would not allow you to return until you had seen all in reason that could conveniently be seen." So it should not surprise us that it was not until August 18, 1844, that they set sail from Havre in the sailing ship "Oneida," just three years after they had left home.

LETTERS

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JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO W. H. DUDLEY, *New Orleans*

July 20, 1841

I SHALL sail on Monday, July 26, in the *Roscius*, Capt. Collins, for Liverpool. Our first stay in England will not probably be over ten or twelve days. At Paris I will make Messrs. Welles & Co. my bankers, to whom please send direct my letters.

I shall take it as a great favor if you will write me at least once a fortnight. . . . There will be frequent good vessels sailing from New Orleans to Havre. You cannot think what a precious favor it must be to hear from home in a foreign land. I may probably be gone upward of a year if we are pleased. We take all our children but James whom we leave at school at Mr. Huddarts. I shall want you to remit me in November next at Paris care Welles & Co., say \$8000. This is a large amount, but will, I think, with what I have carry me some time ahead. I do not wish to use my letters of credit, only in absolute necessity.

July 24, 1841

We leave James with the family of Mr. Gurdon Buck, he residing near James's school. I think he will be well taken care of, it is a great trial to leave him but I think it would be an injury to break in on his studies now.

JAMES COLLES

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Paris*

August 12, 1841

SEVENTEEN days have now elapsed since your departure and from the fine wind and favorable weather you had at your departure we fancy you are now near the chalky cliffs of old England. James became quite composed soon after you left him and Mary [Lovell] and himself took a seat in the rear of the car and seemed to enjoy themselves in conversation the whole way up. On Monday evening we took James to Madame Chegaray's concert which was more thinly attended than formerly but which was nevertheless very pleasant. I tried hard to induce James to dance but he complained of feeling tired. James behaves remarkably well, and practices on the piano regularly about an hour in the morning. He then gets out his drawings (in which he is really proficient) or books, by which he and Mary amuse each other a good deal of the time. When he gets tired of the House he goes out to the Wagon House where he has deposited his tools and there works until called in to meals, making boats or machinery of some kind. He seems so contented here that he has never been to town even, except on some particular business for us or himself. . . . We now talk of having a picnic on Horse Hill next Monday with two carriages loaded with the family to pick berries, and James and Mary are anticipating much pleasure. . . . Everything about your place is as when you left. The dog seems contented for he is very quiet. The gates are all fastened so that no large animal can get in, and I shall see that they are kept so.

GRACEY HOLLAND, *New Orleans*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Paris*

August 17, 1841

DEAR MISTRESS :—

I RECEIVED your kind letter of July 18, some time ago, and was very glad to hear that yourself and all the family were in the enjoyment of good health. I sincerely hope that your voyage across the Atlantic may be a short and pleasant one, and also hope that I shall again see you upon your return to this country.



JAMES COLLES, JR.
1843



JOSEPH LOVELL
"UNCLE LOVELL"



THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

James no doubt will be very lonesome during your absence. I have not received any letters from George [her husband] since he left here. When he returns I will mention to him what you say about getting steady work, and try and make him think that it would be better for him than jobs of work. I am doing my best to lay up something for the time that will come when I shall also try and take care of the little I do make and will not lend it to Husband or children unless in case of sickness or actual necessity.

I would like very much to see you and all and hope we shall see each other again. I am very much obliged to you for the bedstead etc. I am still staying with Mr. Nelson, shall leave him the last of the month as he then gives up housekeeping. I shall take a small house until George returns when I shall know what he intends to do. I am much obliged to you for the present you have directed to be sent me. Please give my love to all the family and receive a great deal for yourself from your old
Affectionate Servant

AUGUSTA'S DIARY

August 1841. I have been on board sufficient time to form my opinion, or rather give my impressions, with regard to my fellow passengers. . . . Ah! There is Mr. Saccharissus and Mrs. Saccharissa, or the Saccharissi, or in more common language, Mr. and Mrs. Laurie—the most sickeningly sweet married couple I ever beheld—it is truly affecting to see the tender manner in which he clasps her hand and throws his arm around her waist, quite in sight of the rudely gazing passengers; then she reclines on the couch in the ladies' cabin and he drops on one knee at her side kissing her hand, while she in the most devoted manner casts her arm around his neck and drawing down his face to hers imprints upon his lips a tender kiss—and to think that they have been married a year and are not yet able to restrain their overflowing fondness before the eyes of the public! If they happen to meet on the cabin stairs, they cannot pass without a genuine embrace. It seems to me that I would prefer coolness to such really distressing tenderness. And the poor little baby squalls until his parents have done cooing. . . .

JAMES COLLES

The last day before we arrived we had quite an amusing time—that is, we found something to do, which something is always wanting at sea. We assorted the letters first and had a very good laugh over some of the directions; one with a very sentimental seal containing hearts, skewers, etc., so that one might very easily suppose it to be a love-letter, was addressed to “Mr. Josiah Townsend and if he is not at home, to Mr. John Jones,” so we may reasonably draw the conclusion that the lady had two lovers and the letter was suited to the circumstances of either. . . . We also made a list of the passengers.

August 15. Arrived in Liverpool.

MRS. COLLES, *Liverpool*, TO MASTER JAMES COLLES
c/o J. LOVELL, ESQ., *Morristown*

August 18, 1841

WE arrived here after a tolerably pleasant voyage of 19 days, all in good health. For the first fifteen days we had very little seasickness, after that we had a pretty severe gale which caused a very rough sea for several days, but on the whole it was pleasanter than a voyage to New Orleans and not longer than we frequently had in going there. . . .

JAMES COLLES, *London*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.
c/o GURDON BUCK, 11 *University Place, New York*

August 29, 1841

WE have been one week in London, the most busy week I ever experienced, from our desire to have a glimpse of as many lions as possible before we go to France.

We came from Liverpool to London by railway in ten and a half hours, the distance is about 209 miles. We were not more fatigued than in traveling from New York to Morristown. The country is beautiful beyond description, were it not for the many distressed looking labourers we meet with it would be a kind of paradise, in fact Riches here are

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

very unequally divided, the over grown fortune and the squalid poverty. Thousands suffering for employment and the means of obtaining their daily food. We have but few cases of such extremes in our own country, every man can if industrious earn a living and make himself respectable, long may it continue so, and although I am struck with the grandeur of England, yet take it all in all, I feel proud of being an American citizen.

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Paris*

September 28, 1841

. . . I am sorry to say that I cannot write you a very long one, because there is hardly anything to say and, I have hardly any time, though you see I have fulfilled my promise so far. . . . I have too many lessons entirely. . . . Mr. Buck says I have too many lessons, both evening and morning are all the same, no rest except at night and even then I am so tired I can hardly get asleep. I have to study sometimes till half past ten o'clock, but now Mr. Huddart has taken a few of them off.

I remain [Obedient pupil, *crossed out*] Affectionate Son

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.

c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

October 2, 1841

WE have at last concluded that it would be best for us to remain in Paris this winter and spend the second winter in Italy, during which time we will leave (next summer) the younger children with Mary [McBride] at Mr. Wolfe's near Geneva. We think there will be an advantage in Augusta learning Italian here before she goes to Italy and Frances is now perfect in her French. . . . We are about engaging for about six months *furnished apartments*, we will employ our own servants, this will be better than staying at a Hotel or boarding house on account of the children.

JAMES COLLES

[Mary McBride, the children's nurse, who continued an inmate of Mrs. Colles' household for fifty years and is buried in the family plot at Greenwood. She first came to Mrs. Colles in 1841. She was a tiny little woman, almost a dwarf, but with a straight, slender figure. She had, however, a will of iron and made the children obey her absolutely even when the boys were well grown up. Edouart made an interesting silhouette of Mary McBride with her two young charges. E. J. DE F.]

AUGUSTA'S DIARY

September 8, 1841. Arrived in Paris.

October 9. At house-keeping in Paris! [9 Place de la Madeleine.] Odd enough! Who would have thought of such a thing three months ago.

November 21. Miss Haudin comes every day except Saturday and Sunday from 10 till 1 o'clock. Then we shop or visit until 5, dine at 6, and I study until 11. There is scarcely any interruption to this daily routine.

I have also a dancing master who is to put me quite "au courant" with the French manner of dancing. The first lesson was a very *painful* one, as it not only made me quite sick for the rest of the day but also I was scarcely able to move without falling down for four days after, I was so exceedingly stiff. I was obliged to write a note to him to put off one of my lessons. . . . We have a little dance every Saturday evening perfectly "sans cérémonie" when the girls come home from school. Sometimes at Mrs. Brette's, Mrs. Jaudon's or Mr. Draper's and sometimes at our apartment.

Jan. 8, 1842. Great matters on the carpet! Reception at court! Conversations with the king and all the royal family!!!

On Monday the third of January we drove by appointment to General Cass's about 7 p.m., having at that early hour completed our toilets for the *execution*. Ma's dress, a very rich brocade satin with three diamond brooches down the corsage, a blue turban trimmed with bands of silver and pearls and bouquets of diamonds each side and a diamond dove on her forehead, diamond bracelet. Frances' tarlatan dress with two skirts, bouquet of natural flowers in the bosom and branch of moss roses in her hair. Mine two tulle (white) dresses over



MARY McBRIDE WITH JOHN HENRY AND GEORGE

Silhouettes by Edouart, 1839

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

"gras de Naples," trimmed down the side with an echelle of pearls, strings of pearls round the sleeves and the bows of ribbon confined with pearl aigrettes — bouquet in the bosom and wreath of moss roses. Pa, white pants with broad gold lace down the sides, blue coat, collar, sleeves and part of the back richly embroidered in gold, eagle buttons, chapeau bras and small sword.

All the Americans assembled at the Ambassador's, and from thence we went to the Chateau, entering by the Place Carroussel. We were received in a splendid ante-room where our names were taken down and servants in the king's livery assisted us to take our shawls off and passed them to our servant outside. We then ascended the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora, passed through the Salle Louis Philippe into the Salle des Marechaux, where we were so fortunate as to obtain seats. This is the most lofty and most splendidly illuminated of all the suites of apartments thrown open on that occasion. During the evening we passed several times through the whole to the *Salle du trône*, the room where the royal family enters.

They came to us about 10 o'clock. First the king preceded by several aides-de-camp. One came first and enquired our names and then presented us to his majesty, when followed a very interesting and prolonged conversation on the relative state of the atmosphere in the rooms he had just passed through and the one he had the honor of seeing me in. I replied by "Oui Sire" & repeated curtseys. Next came the Queen preceded by a little Dame d'honneur that Pa fell in love with from her exceeding beauty. The Queen addressed some questions to Ma respecting her stay in Paris and enquired if we were her daughters. We replied merely by curtseys and she passed on. Next came the Duchess of Orleans whose appearance I was very much pleased with; she looked so good and so amiable. She said to me, "Au plaisir de vous revoir, Mademoiselle," and the Princesse Clementine who came just after made me *rather a similar* compliment, being, "Je vous reverrais avec plaisir, Mademoiselle." The Duke of Orleans spoke to us in English, and enquired if this was our introduction at Court, saying he thought he had had the pleasure of meeting us before. The Duke of Nemours asked Ma

JAMES COLLES

if she intended passing the whole winter in Paris, on her replying in the affirmative he said to me, "J'espère que votre séjour à Paris vous sera agréable, Mlle., etc." Each of the ladies were attended by three or four maids of honor and the Princes by aides-de-camp. We returned home about half past eleven. I have just been interrupted by the servant coming in with 4 *small* notes from the king, being each about six inches square. I opened one which is directed thus—

Mademoiselle,
Mademoiselle A. COLLES—
9 Place de la Madeleine

Service du Roi
Maison du Roi—2

Palais des Tuileries, le 7 Janvier 1842

L'AIDE-DE-CAMP de service près du Roi, & Mme. la Marquise de Dolonnie, Dame d'honneur de la Reine, ont l'honneur de prévenir Mademoiselle A. Colles qu'elle est invitée au Bal, qui aura lieu au Palais des Tuileries, le Mercredi 12 Janvier 1842 à 8 heures.

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.
c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

November 15, 1841

I CANNOT speak favourably of the climate of Paris, it is far less agreeable than New York. For two or three weeks we have not seen the sun shine brightly more than two or three times and then only for an hour or so, rain every day and cold, chilly and disagreeable temperature making fires indispensable, the price of fuel here is no light charge being three times what it is in New York, wood is generally used and charcoal for cooking, the fire places are badly constructed for giving heat or saving fuel, the absence of fires in many French families even yet at this advanced season (I suppose from habit and high cost of fire wood) makes it unpleasant for an American visitor who has always enjoyed the comforts of a *warm fire side*, a comfort by the bye they little know in Paris, there are many conveniences in Paris however in matters



JAMES COLLES' COURT SUIT

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

of housekeeping and luxury that we have not. The cost of living we find about the same as in New York.

Frances is at a boarding school (Madame Lescaze) she comes home every Saturday evening and returns to school early on Monday, she complains of want of fire and short allowance of meals which I suppose is all true but think it so far a pretty good school, she has commenced Italian lessons and so has Augusta. John Henry goes to day school and not far from us, he goes at eight o'clock in the morning and comes back at five in the afternoon, the scholars and teachers are French, I believe there are only two or three in the school that can speak English, so he will have to learn some French to make himself understood, I think he will get along after a while, in the Spring we may put him at boarding school or at Geneva next Autumn certainly, when we visit Italy in the winter.

MRS. COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.
c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

November 15, 1841

WE are now all much engaged in our studies not excepting your *Papa and myself* for we are with the rest and trying to learn all we can. Augusta takes lessons in Italian and Music three hours each day. Georgy is learning French of the lady who teaches Augusta, and I take lessons of her also in French, and even Mary McBride is studying too.

The French schools are not like the school you are at, the comfort of the boys is not at all considered. The living is very bad, no nice warm cakes with butter or fresh bread, eggs etc., but stale bread with a little soup or poor coffee without butter, is the usual fare for breakfast, the dinner is no better you would think you were starved, there is not enough of anything but stale bread. Frances description of the table at her school is quite amusing. She now thinks that she fared sumptuously at Madame Chegaray's.

JAMES COLLES

JOSEPH LOVELL, *New York*
TO JAMES COLLES, *9 Place de la Madeleine, Paris*

January 7, 1842

WEDNESDAY evening I had James to drink Tea with us at Mr. Potter's and went from there with him and Mary to the Bowery Theatre where we saw Forrest perform. Last evening I had him again to drink Tea with us and went to the Park Theatre to see a new play, and if the weather should not prove stormy tonight we shall close our dissipation by going to the circus. They both enjoyed the performances very much, but they seemed to me very tame and lifeless in comparison with Cook and Cooper and Barnes acting when we were young men.

MRS. COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.
c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

January 23, 1842

AS our friend Mr. Suydam of New York is about to return home, we take advantage of so good an opportunity to send you a little Christmas present. The present is a paint and drawing box, that is containing not only colours, but all the necessary articles for drawing, crayons, etc., of this I need not tell you, to be careful and that it is intended for a recreation for you when you have leisure, we have also sent some models to draw from, with which I know you will be pleased, we wished to procure a box with part of the crayons coloured but could not meet with such a one to suit us exactly, and we presume you can purchase the coloured ones in New York for a trifle, whenever you learn how to use them. I have seen many beautiful pictures shaded in that way, perhaps we will another time send you some of them.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

[The following letter appeared in the "New York Express" March 16, 1842, under the heading: FASHIONS IN PARIS; A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.]

Paris, January 25, 1842

MY DEAR C——

. . . You remember, dear C., that the Countess de B—— was a school-mate of mine in the "land of the free," and happily not forgetting all associations entirely, she always seems pleased to see me. . . . It is of course an invitation to the ball at the Tuileries. We must hasten through our visit in order to go and engage Palmyre to devote some of her precious time and taste to the composition of a dress for us worthy so great an occasion. That our invitations are already at home we feel no doubt, as we had the honour of being presented to their Majesties on the 3rd.

The evening finally arrived, and a little before eight we entered the beautifully illuminated saloons and galleries of this royal residence. At that early hour every seat was occupied except those reserved for the King and suite. At eight their Majesties entered and took their places in the Salle des Marechaux, which is the most sumptuous of the Palace. The moment of their Majesties entrance was made known to all by a burst of spirit-stirring music from the bands of Falberg, stationed in the Hall of the Marshalls, and the Gallerie de la Paix. Dancing began immediately and continued until three in the morning.

To attempt to describe to you the splendour of the costumes, both of the ladies and gentlemen would be quite impossible in the limits of a letter, but I will endeavour to give you an idea of a few of the most striking. First of course comes her Majesty, who was attired in white satin embroidered in gold, a rich toque of velvet with plumes tipped with diamonds. Diamonds and sapphires covered the whole front of her dress. The Duchesse d'Orleans, who sat on the right of the Queen, when not dancing, wore a dress of white tulle trimmed with wild roses, and ornaments of rubies and diamonds. The toilette of the Princesse Clementine was elegant in the extreme, it was composed of white satin, with an overdress of lace, a wreath of diamonds encircled the braid of her hair, with white plumes falling on each side. The ball was also honoured by the presence of the Ex-Queen of Spain, the Princesse de Wagram,

JAMES COLLES

Horace Vernet, the great Artist, and many other distinguished individuals. . . . In this collection of all that was refined, graceful and elegant, were many of our own fair country women, who did not suffer by comparison with the ladies of any of the nations of Europe. . . . You may have remarked my dear C., that I have made no mention of diamonds in my description of the dresses of the American ladies, but let me tell you, that there were American diamonds there, viz. beautiful eyes. The supper was spread in the theatre, now the banqueting hall of the Palace. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the spectacle, where upwards of 1500 ladies were seated, charmed by invisible musicians, and served with every possible delicacy of the season. The Queen and all the ladies of the Royal family were placed at the same table with their guests. The gentlemen supped afterwards. There were between four and five thousand persons present on this occasion, yet each received all the attention he could have done at a private party.

I presume, my dear C., that by this time you are quite tired of my scribbling, and so I will relieve you by saying adieu for a short time.

Yours,

A SPINSTER [AUGUSTA COLLES]

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.

c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

January 30, 1842

. . . After all my dear Son there is no country yet in my opinion like our own dear native land, we have not as much refinement, but more of *everything* that is good. . . . The King is I believe a good man and a good King, qualities rarely combined, he is indeed too good for many of his subjects who are depraved and ready for any change.

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*

January 31, 1842

. . I obtained a ticket and visited the Chamber of Deputies. It is much like a mob for noise. . . . The late treaty with England permit-

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

ting the right of search for slaves on the coast of Africa is ratified. England is trying hard for us to do the same and almost uses menaces, but it is a right we cannot as an independent Nation accede to, however much and justly we abhor slavery and its traffic.

Paris is just now very gay. . . . We are going to a concert at the Tuileries this week, which will make four times we have been at the Palace this month and in the sight of Royalty.

The Carnival will soon be over, but the way some of the "haut ton" keep it up is astonishing. I heard a Lady say she had attended twenty evening parties last week. They frequently go to three of an evening, or rather during the night.

We were recently at a party and entered the rooms half past nine o'clock, there was scarcely a person in the rooms. The fashionable hour to go is ten and eleven o'clock, although the routs usually break up about two or three in the morning. We have not entered at full sway, and our partying has thus far not averaged over three a week. The dresses of some of the Ladies at these grand soirées are exceedingly costly. I saw one Lady (not of the Royal family) who sported jewelry valued at 150,000 dollars.

Please give my love to Mother, Sophia and all the family.

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Paris*

February 11, 1842

I SPENT my holidays at Morristown, skating was my chief occupation, altogether I skated twenty or thirty miles. In the morning right after breakfast, out I would go and skate until night, and take half an hour to get home which was more than a half mile. On Christmas I got no presents, neither on New Years save a few raisins, doughnuts, nuts, etc. I am expecting Uncle Lovell every week, and when he comes he will get me a writing desk as a present from Father. I suppose you did not keep it this year as we have done heretofore. Traveling seems to have broken up our old habits, also seeing so many great sights, but I hope you will not forget us.

JAMES COLLES

In drawing I am going on very well, my master is Mr. Brenner. My present occupation is doing "Lithograph Heads," Mr. B. says that if I do half a dozen like these, and a few busts I will be able to take likenesses. May I ever be

Your Affectionate Son,

JOSEPH LOVELL, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES
c/o WELLES & Co., *Paris*

February 12, 1842

I HOPE you and Mrs. Colles will make yourself perfectly easy about James, kinder, or more affectionate hands he could not be under, than in the hands of the Buck family. . . . He now feels thrown upon his own resources, and all that is manly or ambitious within him is called forth that he may surprise and gratify his friends and yourselves in particular.

March 31

All the Buck family protest against Mr. Huddart's management in keeping James from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., and from 3 p.m. to 6 and 7 p.m., and then to set to his music lessons most of the evening. It is evidently too much confinement for any strength. Dr. Buck says as a physician he cannot be responsible for James' health under such a course. . . . I must say the present arrangement ought not to exist longer than absolutely necessary. James affects much cheerfulness to me but I am not satisfied with his pale appearance.

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.
c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

March 31, 1842

. . . There is a singular observance and ceremony yet retained before Good Friday, called the Fête of Long Champs when all the various carriages go in procession to a Village called "Long Champs" about two

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

miles from Paris. At this village there existed about two hundred years ago a convent, where the Nuns chanted very sweetly the day before Easter and every one that could went to listen. The convent has not existed for one hundred years, yet the fashion of going to its neighbourhood is yet observed. I think on Friday last the number of carriages of all descriptions, from the single horse cab, to the coach and six, was not less than four thousand extending in two lines several miles, we were among the number.

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO MRS. COLLES

April 16, 1842

. . . In the afternoon we went to the Museum, which, of course, must be done. There was a ball about a foot and a half round with four trumpets on the sides suspended by ribbons from the wall. The man said a Gipsy Girl was inside of the ball. She sung a tune for us, and then a gentleman asked her if she would come out tomorrow, only to go to church, she answered. But he was caught, I watched him and saw his mouth move a very little and then knew he was a ventriloquist. The same gentleman tried an experiment on a little girl of three years old which was animal magnetism. After passing his hands over her for some time he told her to pretend she was asleep, which she did. He then took her up and shook her, laid her on the floor but still she did not open her eyes. He got up and spoke to the spectators, and said teeth might be drawn while in this state, so he said he would cut her finger to show the people that it was true; but when the little girl heard this up she jumped and was off in a minute. He then turned around to do his operation but she was gone. A loud stamping and laughing followed and the man could not help laughing too and tried to make his excuses. I have written enough for the present and I must wait to find something to say.

JAMES COLLES

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES

May 16, 1842

JAMES came up to spend a week with us just before the school was to be moved and as he looked thin and pale from long confinement to the City I kept him two weeks and took him back last Tuesday 10th May, the day the new quarter began. James enjoyed his visit extremely. I allotted him a square in the garden which he cultivated assiduously the first three days. He then erected himself a complete log cabin near the corn house with doors, roof and suitable furniture. He then constructed dams and Water Wheels in the Brook. He looked like another lad on his return, his face was full, red and chubby as any country boy you could name.

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.
c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

May 13, 1842

WE are much engaged in preparing for our journey, I expect we shall leave here about the 20th, I have bought a travelling carriage and we change post Horses every seven or eight miles. I think the carriage is good and convenient and we shall get along pleasantly. We take a man servant with us who also acts as a courier, speaking German, Italian, etc. We will first go to Brussels, Amsterdam, up the Rhine to Geneva in Switzerland. Here we will leave Mary, John Henry and George at Mrs. Bucks Father's (Mr. Ed Wolf) (John Henry will go to school), we will then go to Munich, Vienna, Innsbruck, Lake Como, Milan, Venice, Rome to Naples. You can trace our route on the map. We expect to return to Geneva by March 6th and bring the children to Paris, where we will perhaps stay two months and then visit England on our way toward home, we may however change the later part of our arrangement according to circumstances, some one of us will frequently write you what we are doing and seeing.

I believe John Henry understands considerable of French, but we

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

cannot get him to speak, although he must do so at school where there is no others but French boys—George speaks a few words but I think will soon learn.

AUGUSTA COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.
c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

May 22, 1842

SO you did not know James that the description of the "Ball at the Tuileries" in the "Express" was written by your sister Augusta. What do you think, I found it in a New Orleans paper this morning—it seems to be quite in favor with the news-papers. Well, so that it serves to amuse my friends I do not care—it is all true which is not generally the case with newspaper publications. Mrs. Jaudon whom you know, formerly lived in New Orleans. Her daughters are old school-mates of mine in New Orleans, and are now our intimate friends, for we have lived in the same house all winter.

May 26

We leave Paris today, the post horses are ordered to be here at one o'clock and the carriage is already packed. I must close my letter in haste.

AUGUSTA'S DIARY

May 26: Left Paris, delightful Paris with all its pleasant resorts, interesting reminiscences and kind friends. When I left home I thought I could never weep again to leave another spot on earth. I thought it in my ignorance for then I had never seen Paris!

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*

May 22, 1842

WE are much pleased at the good opinion you give of James' conduct and trust he will always continue to enjoy it. I would have brought James out here, but it would have been a great loss of invaluable time before he could pursue his important studies in a foreign language.

JAMES COLLES

I am much mortified to say that I am not in a position to let you have the money you desire, although so small a sum. This, you may think is strange; but it is so. If the question had been asked twelve months ago to loan you at this time \$5 or \$6,000, I would without hesitation have engaged, in the full faith, according to all *human calculation* that my receipts from New Orleans would justify it. But such has been the sad change I would have been bitterly disappointed.

I have several tenements untenanted, a large amount of back rents unpaid, and no bank dividends, so that, in place of having a *considerable amount* to spare, over my expenses, Mr. Dudley has really had to *anticipate* some of my receipts in order to make the remittances required. I can only hope and believe that things at New Orleans in a year or two, may be more permanent and prosperous.

[This shows how to decline gracefully an unattractive proposition. H. M.]

JAMES COLLES' JOURNAL

Amsterdam, June 14, 1842. Visited Hart's store of *objets d'art*. I will owe Hart 3,075 francs, which includes the little ebony cabinet I bought for 400 francs just as I left, everything else paid for. He packs and ships them without charge and guarantees free from breakage. He is to use the new kind of Paris made brass nails. . . . Bought of him some old lace amounting to 200 francs which I paid for and received.

JAMES COLLES, *Geneva, Switzerland*
TO JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*

July 24, 1842

WE have been here just one week. We took a longer time on our journey than I had allotted, but the temptations to do so were so great on every side that we could not resist. We were favoured with fine weather and, universally, in our many stops at old castles, towns, churches, and Cathedrals, met with civility and kindness.

We have visited Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, Amsterdam and nearly

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

all Holland. The beauties of the Rhine are not over coloured by travellers. It is indeed the land of Romance. We have been industrious and have seen all we could. We generally travelled about fifty miles a day. Each city detained us several days, and sometimes it required a dozen miles out of the way to visit an old ruin.

The present state of monetary affairs in the United States renders crediting very dangerous. . . . I hardly know if I can expect much after paying taxes for a year to come. Dr. Dudley says that he believes the most fortunate store keeper in New Orleans this year has barely paid expenses. Thus far, he and Nelson have made few losses, but the sales were almost nothing.

When you go to New York you will please call on Mr. C. P. Leverich and get from him *Fifty Dollars* on my account, which money please hand to Mother with our best love. . . .

I think we shall leave for Vienna in about two weeks and from thence to Italy. We hope to be at Florence in October.

What we have seen of Switzerland is beautiful. We are yet to climb its grand and snow clad tops. Mount Blanc is in full sight from our parlour windows.

JAMES COLLES' JOURNAL

Geneva, August 5, 1842. Took carriage and went to Furey, the residence of Voltaire (now belonging to another family). The chateau is plain and not large. Two rooms—one his bedchamber and a salon—are kept in the same state as when he occupied them sixty-five years ago. The bed and furniture is very plain. But a small portion of the bed curtain left, being stolen by visitors. A number of prints and a few portraits about the room—perfect trash except portrait of Frederick the Great. An engraving to represent Washington is the least like him of *anything* I ever saw. Visited his covered walk or alley where he walked and dictated to his secretary. An old man about seventy-eight, son of Voltaire's gardener, conducted us. He told us many anecdotes of Voltaire and the interview between him and Gibbon, which Voltaire had refused, although Gibbon persisted in staying at his house for that

JAMES COLLES

purpose nearly three days and went away at last without seeing him. He however managed a short time after to get in the garden and bribed a servant to let a colt loose near the house in the grounds. This brought Voltaire out, when Gibbon approached and congratulated himself on having seen him. Voltaire, enraged, ordered his leaders [?] to go after Gibbon and demand 12 sous for using the beast. Gibbon gave 24, saying he paid double as he intended another sight. Voltaire gave way and invited him next day to dinner and became friends. Gibbon was a short man, his body of great size. Voltaire was very ugly and the terror of all the children. He was very bad tempered. He rarely permitted himself to be seen by strangers. Voltaire was not his real name. He assumed it from his mother's side. He quarrelled with his father, who dismissed him from his house. He is represented as being exceedingly irritable. Saw his collection of seals and his correspondence, to some of which he had attached the word "fool."

JAMES COLLES, *Geneva*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.
c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

August 11, 1842

ON our arrival here about three weeks ago we called on Mr. and Mrs. Wolff the relatives of our friends the Bucks. We immediately made arrangements for boarding John Henry, George and Mary McBride at their house. We found a good school close by Mr. Wolff's kept by a Mr. Janin where we entered John Henry as a day scholar, to attend every day from 8 to 1 o'clock, in the after-noons he takes *two hours English lessons*, at Mr. Wolff's from the Rev'd Mr. Monsell a Son in Law of Mr. Wolff's, he will have a good opportunity of learning French at Mr. Janin's as only two or three of the scholars are English or Americans, it would be better for him if they were all French. We found a little boys school in the neighbourhood taught by a Lady, where we have entered George as a day scholar, there are only six or seven children and all speak French, he will have to learn that language to speak it at any rate. The annual vacation of John Henry's school com-

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

menced last week until September 1st. Mr. Janin the teacher proposed taking the scholars on a foot excursion as is common practice here and invited John Henry, as both Mr. and Mrs. Janin were going also on foot and promised to take great care we consented, and rigged him out with *Knapsack*, two shirts, stockings, overcoat, and all of which he has to carry on his back, they are only to walk about fifteen miles a day. The whole tour will be about 140 miles.

RICHARD WILLIAM MONSELL, *Geneva*, TO JAMES COLLES

August, 1842

WE are going on well and happy, John Henry is obedient, affectionate and tolerably diligent, but, I would almost give up some of his docility in exchange for a little less reserve.

It appears that when he has to ask Mr. Janin any question he cannot be got to do it himself, but gets some body to make his French speech for him and he tries to do the same with Madame Wolff. This over-secretiveness as a phrenologist would call it, retards his progress in French very considerably and indeed more or less in every thing [for] it hinders his asking questions and taking interest in his studies. But one cannot change; we must only make the best of a natural peculiarity of character.

[John Henry was at this time less than eleven years old! H. M.]

JOSEPH LOVELL, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES

September 6, 1842

I AM expecting to make a change in James's arrangements for school. I resolved to endeavour to find a school with which we would be better satisfied, and have selected Mr. Thayers private select school where the number is limited and to which he gives his undivided attention. I had a long interview with him yesterday. To my surprise he (James) seems delighted with it himself although he never expressed a desire to change the school until he knew we had determined on it.

JAMES COLLES

James spent the month of August with us. He was so busy building ships and working at various mechanic arts that he could get no time scarcely to visit his friends.

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Vienna*

September 15, 1842

I MUST tell you the most particular thing first, that is that I do not go to Mr. Huddart's any longer. Uncle has selected for me a very good school where I am very happy.

Mr. Thayer is a very amiable man and very kind, our lessons are few and short, but when we come to any difficulty he will not let us pass over it on any account, we are to persist until we have gained them. He is very particular in our recitation, the second miss we have to look it over again, but if he sees we have been studying very diligently, he makes more allowance for us. He has told us the necessity for having lessons perfect.

MRS. COLLES, *Vienna*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

October 19, 1842

. . . This country bears everywhere the marks of Napoleon's footsteps, not only on the battlefields, but in the alterations and improvements he caused to be made. Although we must look upon him as a great man, a great general which undoubtedly he was, we must not neglect to look at other points in his character which were far from admirable, one was his *unbounded ambition*, which would allow of nothing to stand between him and the accomplishment of his projects. This led him into many crimes, which when he began his career he would perhaps have looked upon with horror. He no doubt did much good and mixed with that a great deal of evil.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Paris*

October 27, 1842

. . . The Croton Water Works are finished, it is the largest and most useful work in the world and also is done more speedily than any other of the kind. It commences at Croton River and passes under ground to Haarlaem, crosses Haarlaem River and from thence to New York. On the fourteenth of October there was a great celebration here for it. The procession took two hours and a half to pass the house. There were twenty thousand persons in it. First there came a great many soldiers, but I must confess that they did not behave very well. Next there was a great many fire companies with their engines; they amounted to fifty. Their engines were decorated with dahlias. There were also iron foundry's people working on the water pipes and at their trades. Temperance societies were numerous. I cannot describe to you all the various things they had in the procession; but after all the common people were the most pleasing spectacle. Every door, window, stoop and fence were filled, also the pavements were so thick that you could not see them. Men, women and children were so crowded together that they had hardly a space to breath in. They were not content with this, but the tops of houses must be filled.

JOHN HENRY COLLES, *Geneva*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

November 6, 1842

. . . Saleve is a very pretty mountain 2,000 feet high. I went there with Mr. Monsell my teacher. . . . we went on and at last saw a handsome view of Mount Blanc the highest mountain in Europe. . . . Saleve is three miles from Geneva. When I went there I walked to the top of it 14 miles and from Geneva and back again 6 miles that makes 20 miles a day for ten days we would think them half kilt but even the laydes hear think it nothing a tall to walke 30 miles a day. I also went on foot to the St Bernard the highest house in Europe. It was bilt by a great saint. . . . I got a letter the other daye from mama and she told me that

JAMES COLLES

they had seen the carages of the emperes of austria one had the pannels painted with paintings exceedingly fine the paintings alone cost 700,000 dollars they wure ten state cariges of the most beautiful description ther was a coach used for 8 days after the death of an Emperor this was entirely coverd with black cloth made to fit cloce so that it louked as if it ware made of cloth, but the one that was the most enteresting to her was one that was made for mapeleon and used by him wen he was crowned king of Italy at Milan. They ware also 10 beautiful sleighs escedingly rich with tops on them like carriges & several Russien sleighs made for the Empress to ride alone in, a gentleman standing behind to drive. . . . I have sed all I can and now I must conclude.

GEORGE W. COLLES, *pré l'Evêque*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

November 6, 1842

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

I THOUGHT I would write you a letter in English as oppertunity afforded. . . .

I have just received a letter from both Papa and Mamma wrote in french witch shows that they have improved very much.

My dear brother I must bring my letter to close as it is late.

[Memorandum in pencil on a fly-leaf in Mr. Colles' handwriting]

Pitti Palace, Florence

first room No. 2 etc etc

Marine view by Salvator Rosa No. 4 — nothing can exceed this
2nd Room

No. 67 Madeline D[?] figure Titian

No. 58 Entombing of Christ by Andre del Sarto
Saloon of Venus

No. 79 Raphael, Holy Virgin (de la Seggiola), round [copied]

No. 81 Andre del Sarto, Holy Family [copied]

No. 83 Portrait of Louis Cornaro by Titian

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

No. 94 Allori Christopher Judith

Salon de Jupiter

No. 140 Leonardo de Vinci portrait of Monaca [copied]

Salon de Saturn

No. 172 Andre del Sarto, Disposito[?]

[?] sur la très Sainte Trinité[?]

[This is a most interesting (and illegible) memo, but has amply repaid the trouble of deciphering it. It was the first mark made by art on the sensibilities of James Colles. We shall see later that he ordered copies from several of these pictures. H. M.]

MRS. SAMUEL JAUDON, *New York*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Rome*

November 14, 1842

I OUGHT to tell you at once what kind of a letter you have to expect from me, and prepare your mind for just such a desultory epistle as you would have conversation, could I now enjoy a chat with you "en personne" rather than address you through the medium of a letter at the distance we are now from each other. In so many words, I write as I talk, ask questions, talk, fly from one theme to another, and lose no time in gaining all the information I can, and in imparting all I know.

After we had been some nine weeks at N. Brighton, where by the way I made some agreeable acquaintances, had a little insight into the N. Y. Character at a Watering Place, amused myself at the follies, vanity, pride and aristocracy of some of the folks and made myself as happy and as comfortable as the nature of things admitted.

I was upon neutral ground. I had never lived in New York, therefore was not a New Yorker; and had been so long absent from Philadelphia that I could not be called a Philadelphian, and had been abroad long enough to be treated with the *deference*, or what else you may please to call it, that "traveled persons" meet with upon their return. I neither sought nor avoided anyone; I was a stranger and, as far as I knew how to be, a lady. I did not seek popularity, nor popular people, nor withheld courtesy from the most humble.

JAMES COLLES

November 25

On the 1st October we had possession of Mr. Otis' house in Waverly Place ready furnished and on the 3rd or 4th we took up our quarters here. I left the girls in Philadelphia and for a few days I stayed with a friend here until I could get servants and some thing to eat.

We are very much pleased with the house and the situation, and, by a lucky chance are quite near all our most intimate friends. Mr. Morgan is only about two squares from us and when they get into their new house we shall be still nearer. And, by the by, it was a very fine house, and I expect a very commodious, convenient one. They are just now moving in, and when all their furniture is there it will be very elegant.

Morgan said "Tell my friend Colles that if he does not look sharp I shall beat him in the way of pictures, statues, bronzes and mosaic." He further said that "the Warehouse" you know which of course, that used to rent for \$4000 is vacant now and that the taxes have to be paid upon it, but that you must not mind that. He says spend money now while you are abroad and economize when you get home. He laughs at the hard times and does not seem to mind them. He was quite saucy and told me to say that the bet of \$500 he won from Mrs. Colles, you might lay out in finery for Mrs Morgan and Lucy when you go to Paris in the Spring.

[Wife of Samuel Jaudon, late Cashier U. S. Bank, New Orleans. H. M.]

MATTHEW MORGAN, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Rome*

December 9, 1842

DEAR COLLES:—

. . . My presence here is still required in finishing our house to which we have removed. I am having the parlours ornamented in the Louis Quatorze style, which will occupy some time, and I may stand in need of your services on your return to Paris to procure us a few things to come out with your own plunder. What I most want is a Bronze statue of an Italian Improvisatore by Dunt [?] for which I was in treaty through Ringuet but am too poor just now to make the purchase unless

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

I could pick up 500 or 1000 out of some of my past odds and ends. He would have sold it to me for 7000 and perhaps 6000 fcs. Now if you will contribute 2500, I will the remainder, and you will have the gratification of seeing it in your friend's home.*

I have two marble statues, one, a Nymph by Wyatt of Rome; the other Bartolini's Chastity. Both were brought out by Charles and are very fine specimens of the art.

I have besides a fine pair of alto relievo marble vases, table-tops of Roman and Florentine Mosaic, besides smaller articles of vertu, so that with Charles' and some paintings of my own, shall have a sufficient stock of works of art, but have nothing in the bronze way. Our house is thirty-eight feet front by sixty feet in depth, with an enclosed back gallery of seven feet, which effectually protects the area.

We have a dining room at the end of the hall $17\frac{1}{2} \times 22\frac{1}{2}$ which will be used exclusively for that purpose, intending the front basement room which is 18×26 for library and breakfasting.

We have the Croton Water in every story, even the attic. The house and ground on which it stands cost in round numbers 30,000 dollars.

Business has been very much depressed all over the country for several months, and cannot improve much for some time. A judicious change in the tariff would help matters a great deal.

There is a very fine building lot on the same square with us of 52 feet front on Waverly Place by 92 in depth on Mercer Street, which I should like very much you would buy. I think it could be bought for about 11,000 dollars, and you could build an excellent house on it for about 18,000 more, which is about the cost of ours.

As yet there are but three houses built on the whole Square. It is universally conceded to be the very best situation in the City, and the character of the surrounding improvements ensures permanency of style of occupation.

You can hardly realize the great and numerous changes that have occurred even within the last year. Many, who had good reason for

* This 2500 francs or \$500 corresponds with the bet he claimed to have won from H. A. Colles. See letter of November 14, 1842. [H. M.]

JAMES COLLES

thinking themselves comfortably provided for, now find it difficult to provide first necessities.

Every one knows how hard it is to curtail expenses, a few put down their carriages and go into smaller houses, but the great mass go on, consuming an amount of luxuries beyond the ability of the products of the country to pay for. How is it possible under such circumstances to pay back that which was squandered years ago.

Property in the lower part of this City has depreciated in value much more than in the upper part. Wall Street would not sell for 25 per cent of the values of 1836. New Orleans will recover sooner than New York or any other City for the obvious reason that its prosperity grows out of the exports; and not, as is the case of N. Y. of the importing business.

MARY McBRIDE, *Geneva*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Florence*

December 11, 1842

MY DEAR MADAM:—

. . . We were delighted to find you were all well and have been enjoying yourselves.

The children were very much pleased with their papa's and your letter. They are quite well and happy and very much grown.

George's eyes seem to be perfectly well and he holds his book straight before him when he reads. He is improving very much in his French and reads it very well.

John Henry goes to Mr. Janin half the day and has done much better lately as he finds Mr. Janin is determined to have his lessons better done than he has been inclined to do and he seems much more satisfied with himself and pleased to find Mr J. thinks him improved.

They both speak French when they are playing together with as much ease as English. John Henry writes French lessons one hour and a half every evening at home for Mr. Janin.

We commenced our fire on the 26 October at 22 francs per month as we require fire morning and evening which 15 francs would not allow of.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

MRS. COLLES, *Florence*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

December 16, 1842

. . . Many children, for the fear of being thought dull of comprehension or of being laughed at by the other boys, pretend to understand a thing when they do not. This only makes the matter worse another time and greatly retards their advancement. We can never retain what we do not thoroughly understand and the habit of not being sufficiently communicative is very bad for a boy.

Mr Monsell who has kindly taken an interest in John Henry complains of this disposition in him. The fear of being ridiculed I fear will prevent his ever speaking french well.

How do you progress in French? You must not neglect it. It is as necessary to understand French in Europe, as it is English in the United States. You cannot get along pleasantly without it. It is spoken in every genteel company, with a knowledge of it you can travel all over Europe. In short, it is thought indispensable. Is it spoken at all in your school? Have you a good teacher? Your Papa and myself both studied all the time we were in Paris and although we can neither of us speak it well, we can make ourselves understood which is better than not to speak at all, but we often feel greatly the disadvantage of not being able to speak fluently. Augusta speaks it very well and with very little or no foreign accent and Frances pretty well. George I have no doubt will in six months be able to converse with ease, he has no diffidence about it and chatters french all day long.

MR. AND MRS. COLLES, *Rome*
TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

January 6, 1843

. . . We arrived safely in Rome and soon procured comfortable apartments, and the same evening found our way to St Peter's which you probably know is the most celebrated Church in Rome, and perhaps in the whole world. Its grandeur does not strike one so much at first sight

JAMES COLLES

as one might suppose, but at every succeeding visit it seems actually to have increased in size. The length of the church is 640 feet . . . and the dome is as high as 4 or 5 or perhaps 6 of the tallest steeples in New York placed on the top of each other. The immense pillars which support it are of the most beautiful marble taken from ancient Roman temples. Many fine statues and paintings in Mosaic from the first masters adorn this magnificent building.

. . . I must not omit to tell you that we were yesterday presented to the *Pope*.^{*} We found His Holiness polite and agreeable and I regretted much my inability to speak Italian, as we had a fine opportunity of conversing with him. Augusta and Frances are taking lessons at present and begin to speak. We do not suffer any time to be lost, but endeavour to improve every hour.

January 13

I think it was the day after Christmas I received your kind letter of the 28th of November. I could not have had a more acceptable present, this was most rapid travelling as it included three days from England to Paris and 9 days in the mail from Paris to Rome.

We left Florence about three weeks ago and were six days getting here by land, having the same set of horses we only travelled about forty-five miles per day. It is said to be somewhat dangerous travelling by night on account of brigands.

. . . Attached to the Vatican is the Pope's residence. Yesterday we were presented to him. He received us very politely and appears to be a cheerful good old Gentleman aged about 78, there was little ceremony. He spoke only Italian, there were only two others present besides us. We stayed nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, being Protestants we did not kneel and kiss his toe as is usually done by Catholics. He made inquiries about New York, Texas, etc.

Your Affectionate Father

[The Italy which my grandfather visited was a New Italy just pitting its strength against Old Rome. The Papal States were still the Church's stronghold, but there were many signs of impending change. About a year after my grandfather saw him, and

^{*} Pope Gregory XVI.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

three years before his own death, Pope Gregory XVI spoke the following remarkable words: "The civil government of the Roman States needs considerable reform. I was too old when they elected me Pope; I did not expect to live long, and I lacked courage to be a reformer, for he who begins reforms must also carry them out. Now I have only a few years, or, perhaps, a few days, to live. But after me they will choose a young Pope and it will fall to his lot to do the deeds without which it is impossible for us to continue to exist." The reforms were indeed made, but no "young Pope" was found to work them. E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES' JOURNAL

Rome, January 9, 1843. Went to picture gallery of late Cardinal Fesch. Great many pictures but few good. Best taken away. Made a list of a few. It is said that the public sale will take place in March.

January 23. Gave Peter Noble (valet de place) a list of seven pictures in Fesch's gallery to ascertain price.

January 24. Peter called to say I must make some offer for the pictures at Fesch's which would entitle me to a preference at sale. Told him to offer \$40 each for the seven.

January 25. Agreed with Mr. Terry for a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Modesty and Vanity" to be painted in his best manner, of original size, for \$200.

MRS. COLLES, *Rome*, TO JOHN HENRY COLLES, *Geneva*

January 16, 1843

WE are very, very glad to learn from your letter to your papa as well as from Mary that you are almost recovered from your severe fall. We have felt great anxiety, my dear child, on your account, and we thank God that it has pleased him to spare you from having been killed, or having some vital part injured, that would have made you a miserable cripple for life.

Suppose, for instance, that your back had been hurt seriously (or severely). You could never have been well again. You saw Mr. Bostwick at the Hospice of the Grunsell. He had, from a fall, broken the bone of his knee and nothing can be done for it. He will be lame all his

JAMES COLLES

life. He came to Europe to consult the most eminent physicians and they all said he had better not make any experiments on it or perhaps he might have to lose his leg.

I trust you will not, my dear child forget the severe lesson you have now received. You now see the mischief arising from throwing stones. Suppose that by throwing a stone you should put out an eye, or by striking the temple you should deprive some one *of life*. Think how horrible would be your feelings all your life afterwards. Or suppose you should receive a fatal blow yourself in that way. Do you not remember how severely you hurt George Morgan by throwing a stone which made quite a hole in his head? Happily he recovered from that. But the poor child is since *dead* from a fall in playing with the servant.

Please remember all these things and make a resolution through God's assistance, never to throw a stone at anyone again.

In returning to school I hope you will not join in the rough play of the boys for several weeks, or you may get hurt again. Your leg will be weak, no doubt, for a long time, and much exertion may bring on inflammation. You have been highly favored in having Mary to take such care of you. Mr and Madame Wolff, and Mr and Madame Janin have all been kind to you. Show your gratitude to them my dear boy by strict attention to all their wishes and by a gentle and submissive behavior.

Pray write us when ever you have time and let us know how you are.

Believe me my dear boy,

Your Affectionate Mother

[This is an unabridged copy. What a letter! H. M.]

MRS. JAUDON, *New York*, TO MADAME COLLES, *Rome*

February 6, 1843

. . . Julia had a letter from Fanny a few days ago. You were then at Florence enjoying yourselves very much, and laying up stores of information and resources of pleasure for years to come.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

What advantages your girls are deriving, and how happy they ought to be that they are improving their time so advantageously. One great advantage I think you have in travelling with your girls at their age, is keeping them out of Society; and they are both old enough,—well, "sage" enough to profit by their opportunities.

I feel much interested in your girls from having seen so much of them in Paris and from their being so much beloved by Annie and Julia. You will excuse me then if I advert to a little matter between Augusta and a gentleman in Paris. I felt desirous of knowing if *they are engaged*, and if you are pleased at it. I can hereafter prove to you that I am not influenced by idle curiosity. I can find out nothing from Annie and do not like to make inquiries from any one else. If they are not engaged, then I am wrong in supposing so from what I have by mere accident learned, and there is no harm done in asking you. If I could depend upon what I hear I should certainly suppose they were. I hope you will not take amiss my interest in this affair.

Augusta is too young to marry and has not seen enough of society to know her own mind upon the subject of matrimony. She must wait until she comes home. Young, pretty, rich, accomplished and having the advantage of travel, she will be a *Belle* and can choose whom she pleases. Augusta is a fine girl and a favorite of mine. She must not, then, think I am interfering in asking these questions about her. I know girls sometimes *fancy themselves in love*, and too, as often make up their minds before they have sufficiently weighed the matter.

These young beaux and these young girls are silly creatures and do not know, one half the time, what they are after or what they want. But, poor things they will gain wisdom as they grow older. In the mean time I wish they would listen to those that have experience.

. . . Mr Morgan is talking strongly of going back to Paris and I really wonder he does not. I do not say he is talking seriously, but if he could get Mrs Morgan in the notion, and make his own arrangements, I really think he would go. They find their new house too large and too fatiguing to her. It is an immense pile, and there are so many stories and they are so high that it is quite a journey to go up to the top. The drawing rooms

JAMES COLLES

will be rich and elegant and they have handsome India Jars, statues and other pretty things to embellish them.

I should like to be in Paris and have a house to furnish and *plenty of money*. What pleasure there to ransack the shops etc.

CHARLOTTE CANFIELD (MRS. DAYTON I), *Morristown*
TO MRS. COLLES, *Rome*

February 6, 1843

MY DEAR SISTER:—

. . . We often look forward to your return with all your family to your own fireside. I sometimes fear it will not have the attraction it would have had, had you not learned to roam over the wide world. One thing we know; we shall all be happy to welcome you home. . . .

Mama has had better health this winter than she has had for some time past. Uncle Albert has been passing the winter with Ma, and being often able to walk out together has no doubt been advantageous to Mama. Sophia of course does not feel so much anxiety as to leaving her in such company.

He passed the last week with us. I really think I never saw any person who appeared at all times more happy. . . . I must close.

[“Uncle Albert” Ogden was the younger brother of “Mama” (Mrs. Wetmore). H. M.]

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Rome*

February 17, 1843

. . . I will now ask you my dear Mother if this is not a much better school than that at Mr. Huddart’s where I was goaded on with lessons I did not understand, remaining seven or eight hours to school.

I have brought home from Mr. Huddart’s in the evening ten books, also weary and tired by being shut up so long without any recess. My feeble pen cannot describe the joy I feel in being taken away from that school. For the last week, every night nearly, I would dream of going back to Mr. Huddart’s and would wake up afraid to go to sleep again.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

. . . I am now going on pretty well in my studies but am very slow at learning. Mr. Thayer tells me I need not fear for this, for those who learn slow generally learn well.

. . . We are all waiting for letters from you, and still more impatiently to see you all. If you can shorten your time of travelling, do! But you have to visit Ireland and Scotland again, I suppose, and therefore cannot be home before Fall. But do not stay all Winter. If you do, I have a notion of coming out to meet you.

FRANCES COLLES, *Rome*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

March 8, 1843

. . . The Carnival commences in Rome about ten days before Lent; you remember Mardi Gras don't you at New Orleans; well that is one day of the carnival; and if the people carry on so, one day of the Carnival at New Orleans, then imagine what they do here for ten days in succession.

There is one long street they call the Corso here, and from two at noon till five, there are two rows of carriages from one end to the other, one row going up the other coming down, these carriages are filled with people in masks or not, as one chooses. Some of the dresses are very curious and as the two [rows of] carriages pass each other, the people in them pelt each other with bouquets of flowers, or sugar plums, made of lime and rolled in flour so that when they touch they leave a mark of flour behind, some again throw egg shells full of flour which break on touching you and cover you with it. Some gentleman walking along, very soberly may be all white behind without knowing it. And then the windows and balconies are filled with people, who also pelt you. It is quite necessary to carry a wire screen or mask in front of your face, for so sure as they see a bare face they throw right at it. The sugar plums of course are not good to eat they are two cents a pound, so that we used to throw about 20 pounds a day, and flowers are very common, you can get two bunches for a cent. When you throw a bouquet you are sure to

JAMES COLLES

get at least one back and you can keep up your stock. We hired a balcony and went on it in preference to riding sometimes.

The last night is too curious tho, every one takes a wax light and carries it about after dark in the carriage or on the balcony and every one tries to put each other's out. The whole street is one mass of lights. While you are blowing some one's out and think yours is high above every one's reach, you look around and find it blown out, so that in one minute you may have it blown out several times. The people in the streets have all kinds of machines to reach up high such as bellows four or five feet long, stick with rags on the end, and all kinds of curious things. There is such shouting and screaming that you can hardly speak for every time one blows out a light he screams, "Senza moccolo" ("without light"). This is a very curious spectacle and well worth seeing.

And then again there is another amusement every evening, the masked balls given at the Theatre. You take a box and hire a domino and then you can either sit and look on or you can go below and walk about masked and speak to your friends and tease them, and they can not find out who you are. We went twice and went in mask and I had real fun. There were a great many Americans whom I knew.

JAMES COLLES, *Florence*, TO JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*

April 5, 1843

WE returned here from Rome about ten days ago. We passed about three weeks at Naples. . . . Naples itself is not extremely interesting, but its climate — position — its Bay, ancient temples in the neighbourhood, Vesuvius and Pompei etc., make impressions one can never forget and which I hope we will talk over many an hour when we meet. On our return to Rome we stayed there three weeks. Of all places I have visited Rome stands first in point of interest to all. I would sooner spend a year there than any place I was ever at. . . . The distance from Rome here is about 150 miles by land. We were five days in travelling it with vetturino horses. This is a delightful residence it is said

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

there are 6000 English living here, chiefly half pay officers and their families—living is cheap—those that understand it and keep house say they can support a family of 6 persons very genteely, keep servants, Horses and Carriages for \$1500 to \$2000 a year, the schools are also good and education cheap—living at the Hotels as everywhere else is dear—it is really an excellent place for persons of small means—the beauty of the country round and climate is unrivalled and the people very orderly.

I expected to have been from here this week but am unavoidably detained until next week. We then proceed to Pisa, Genoa, Nice, by land, thence to Marseilles probably by steamer and hasten as fast as posting will carry us to Geneva, which we hope to reach early next month, we shall stay there about ten days and proceed to Paris, from whence we will proceed to England where we hope to be July, August, September and October.

I am very desirous of leaving George and John Henry at Geneva while we make the tour of England, Ireland, etc, and not have them join us until shortly before we sail for Home—on account of schools—We are desirous of going home this year, but as it would be late in season or winter and I dread a wintry passage, I am inclined to think we may not leave for home until next Spring so as to arrive at a favourable season. In this case we could spend next winter in Paris. These are mere speculations at present and may change our plans yet and go home this year. . . .

JAMES COLLES, *Florence*, TO JAMES OMBROSI

[Copy retained. Endorsed "Papers relating to things in charge of Mr. Ombrosi and order to Mr. G. L. Brown for painting."]

April, 1843

AGREEABLY to a contract made and signed in your presence between Mr. Ernest Schwicker, artist and myself (which you have herewith) he engages to make for me good and faithful copies of the following pictures in the Royal Gallery of the Pitti Palace. The

JAMES COLLES

whole to be completed by June 5th, 1844 and to receive the approbation of such person who shall be charged by me to receive them.

I avail myself of the offer of your services in acting for me in this matter, the same as for yourself.

Copy of the picture of the Madonna della Seggiola by Raphael existing in the Royal Gallery of the Pitti Palace	
No 79 * for	Francesconi 147-(\$162)
Copy of the picture of the Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto in said gallery No 81 *	120-(\$132)
Copy of the portrait of the Nun by Leonardo da Vinci, in said gallery No 140 *	120-(\$132)
	<hr/>
Say Three Hundred and Eighty-Seven Francs	387

. . . Will you please have made for me in the best manner and with the best gilding a frame for the *Madonna della Seggiola* in the same style and manner as the original in the Palace, except in size which I should like somewhat diminished in width and particularly in height so as to make it about, or as near *square* as the pattern will admit. The frame maker mentioned such a frame would cost 50 Francesconi. I also wish a frame for the Nun. . . . With regard to the frame for the Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto I postpone ordering it for the present. . . .

The condition with Mr. Schwicker is that he is to receive the cost of each painting as it is finished and approved of by you. As each picture is finished I should like it forwarded to New York *via* Leghorn. Please instruct your friends at Leghorn to ship by a good vessel and to insert in the Bill of Lading the shipping expenses at Leghorn to be collected in New York with the freight. . . . I wish the Packages marked [J. C.] care of C. P. Leverich New York. . . .

Signor Bartolini is to complete my Bust by the 20th of June for which he is to receive when it is finished two hundred and ten Francesconi.

A model of a hand in marble six Francesconi. Packing and box four

* Now owned by Gertrude Colles.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

Francesconi, making together two hundred and twenty Francesconi. It is to be delivered to you.

I have besides this left with Mr. Bartolini an Equestrian Statuette of Napoleon which requires to be repaired and which he engages to have done in time to go with the bust. It will require a separate box. . . .

I leave in your charge a painting I have purchased and paid for of Mr. Ghiraldi (for \$160). It is ready packed. . . .

I am by no means willing you should attend to these troublesome matters for me without a commission. . . . I will make the proper arrangements for it at Paris and will write you respecting it before I go to the United States. . . .

[The model referred to was the model of Augusta's hand, which, together with the bust of J. C., the Napoleon on horseback, and many beautiful things, was burned up in the fire that destroyed the Morrell Storage Warehouse. H. M.]

R. W. MONSELL, *Geneva*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Florence*

April 15, 1843

I AM afraid you over-rate my attention to John Henry out of our regular lesson hours, for it is very trifling. One cannot address much conversation to him and force him out of his shell.

When he is addressed in French he will invariably answer in English, unless he has some thing to ask for, which one may refuse to understand in English, and then he makes his French as brief as possible. However he evidently makes progress in that language, grammatically.

John Henry gives me the impression of a boy who was some times left too much to himself and then, at other times, the independence acquired by this was attempted to be counteracted by temporary severity. Between the two systems he learned to look upon lessons and teachers as things and people against him, and every evasion from either as so much clear gain, and to make cunning schemes by habit for effecting his own purposes.

If one were too easy with him nobody knows better how to take advantage of it; if too hard it is the sure way to confirm him in having

JAMES COLLES

little underhand plans of his own and a thousand shifts to effect them. Of the two I have steered nearer to the former extreme and I think that John Henry feels that one desires to procure him as much pleasure as possible.

MRS. JAUDON, *New York*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Paris*

May 12, 1843

YOU have had a delicious treat during the last winter, and you are right not to hurry your return to this country. See all you can, go wherever you believe you can be interested and amused and enjoy all that offers. For, believe me, America is sadly destitute of material to kill time and cheat us of dull hours and monotony of Life. You will miss the Opera, Ballet, Fêtes, Theatres, Show Houses, Fine Churches, Galleries of Pictures, Statues, Ruins, Antiquities, Gay scenes on the streets, happy joyous faces all turned toward some scene of amusement and happiness, fine gardens, delicious promenades, splendid buildings, magnificent improvements, in fact the thousand sources of enjoyment that you have in your power. *New York* the *Paris* of America affords none of the above. Life is a round of tame unmeaning nothings.

There are attempts at music and we have had some pretty fair concerts; but, after all, they are stupid, and if there were other ways of passing the time they would be estimated as they should be. Very well for America!

Mr. Morgan's house is to be finished, mats down, pictures up, statues arranged and all that in the course of a few weeks. It will be a stylish, elegant affair, but to me it would be a fatiguing bore to have so many stairs to go up and down. They have finished it in the most elaborate and gorgeous style of Louis XIV and when arranged will have a fine effect to us *Americans*, but still to my taste is much too large.

Mrs. Morgan is the same queer funny creature, all goodness, all positiveness. She has more decision of character than any one I ever met with.

At this moment I am very undecided, nor can I make up my mind

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

until Mr. Jaudon comes to some decision about my contemplated trip to Europe, in the "Great Western" on the 24th. I am very desirous of accompanying him. Annie proposed to join you and travel in England and Scotland, but we thought it would not do to send her out upon an uncertainty as to your plans and without knowing whether it would be agreeable and convenient to have another added to your party. . . . How does my fair friend Augusta do? I am glad to hear she is coming home quite heart free! She is too young and has seen too little of *man-kind* to think of entangling herself. She cannot know who and what would please her as she has had no opportunity of seeing many men, comparing and judging them. And besides, she is too young to give up the pleasures and freedom, the joys and happy days of a young lady whose position in life will enable her to have such an easy delightful life. In *two years* I will allow her and Annie to begin to think that there is a difference between a beau and a husband.

May 18

The question is decided, Mr. Jaudon sails on the "Great Western" on the 25th and Annie goes with him. It seems like a dream that they are going to Europe, and like a troubled reality that I cannot go with them.

Mr. Jaudon will see you and talk to you about the future, your intentions about travelling and whether it will be convenient to let Annie make one of your party if she feels so disposed. Should she join you I hope you will treat her as one of your own daughters.

MRS. COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

June 17, 1843

WE are making preparations to go to England as soon as possible, perhaps we shall leave here in about ten days. We propose staying only a short time in London and then set out for the tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I hope to return here by the 1st of October and then set ourselves down quietly for the winter. The girls are going hard to work with various lessons and I mean to keep them tight at it to make up for lost time.

JAMES COLLES

On our arrival in Geneva we found the dear little ones in perfect health with Mary, and doing so well that we could not bear to interrupt their progress. So we made Mary the offer to accompany us to England etc, for the summer and return to Geneva in the Autumn and remain until next Spring. After serious reflection she said that it would afford her no pleasure to go without them and that she would stay, that she had been so long accustomed to have no other society, that she should not feel happy and had rather stay. She is an excellent woman, so conscientious and devoted to our interests, so free from prejudices, that I feel every day more and more her worth. Without her I do not know how I should have got along in travelling, for they were getting much spoiled for want of a permanent place where they could be at school. They all seemed satisfied to remain at Geneva, though at first John Henry took it a little hard, that we should leave him. He is now at a boarding school very near Mr. Wolff's where he spends all his time except two hours each day where he takes lessons from Mr. Monsell in English. He also dines on Thursdays and Sundays at Mrs. Wolff's. You would be quite astonished to see George's improvement. He speaks and writes french like a parisian and he is beginning arithmetic, can read and write in English too, very well, although he has had no instruction except in reading to Mary. . . .

A. M. DE HART, *Amsterdam* [?], TO JAMES COLLES, *Paris*

July 13, 1843

ENCLOSED I beg to hand you Bill of Lading according to your order of

No. 1, One case containing

1 black cabinet and foot*

1 pendule

1 Slab of inlaid table

Value 100 Drs 1 Marble — of inlaid cabinet Buhl-slab

* Owned by E. J. de F.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

- No. 2, Value 100 Ds 1 Tortoise shell cabinet and foot *
 1 Inlaid chair
 1 Case mounted Sèvres Dish
- No. 3, Value 100 Ds 1 Buhl cabinet
- No. 4, One Case antique china Containing
 34 pieces (Jars pots salts)
 1 large jar
 1 set of five pieces
 2 Beakers
 2 dishes
 Value 30 Ds 1 gilt foot
- No. 5/9 Value 20 Ds 5 chairs [inlaid]

I have valued the shipment at \$300. This for your guide.

MRS. COLLES *and* FRANCES COLLES, *London*
TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

July 17, 1843

. . . Now that we are here it seems as though we were some hundreds of miles nearer home and there are so many persons going home this and next month, that it makes us all homesick, but I hope that next July will see us there. We spent about three weeks in Paris, shopping and very busy and on the fifth of July left there for London. We crossed from Dieppe to Brighton and arrived here on the 7th.

I must say I find London a very stupid place, the people are all so cold and unsocial, the very air seems to change the character of people who come here, for persons whom we have known in Paris intimately, have become fashionable since here (for it is fashionable to have no intimate friends) and completely changed. The Queen is very much spoken of here of course and although she rides and drives almost every day with Prince Albert, yet, we have not had the chance of seeing her, but next Thursday she goes to the Italian opera in state, and we have

* Owned by E. J. de F.

JAMES COLLES

engaged a box just in front of hers so that we shall have a good opportunity of gratifying our curiosity. You must know that the London season, the season for Balls and Parties, is in the Spring, during the sitting of Parliament, it is now fast coming to a close. Many of the nobility have left town.

Last Tuesday we went to an Horticultural exhibition at Chiswick about 5 miles from here. The fruit is the finest I ever saw and the flowers also. The Duke of Devonshire threw open his gardens which are adjoining, it made a splendid promenade, you must know that the people of London do not go to these gardens to see the fruit and flowers, but merely to show off themselves consequently they go in very rich dresses, almost ball dresses and lounge about near the music, it is a very fine sight and takes place only three times a year. . . .

Your Affectionate Sister

. . . If you should meet again with any of the Jaudon family, I wish you to treat them civilly but not to form any intimacy with them. Call there often enough not to be rude, and that is sufficient.

H. COLLES

JAMES COLLES, *London*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

July 17, 1843

MY DEAR JAMES:

. . . You no doubt have heard before this of our conclusion to remain over until next Spring (say May or June). We have been principally induced to do so, from the wish to keep George and John Henry a little longer at their schools when they are doing so well. . . .

I know it will be a considerable disappointment to you in not seeing us at the time contemplated, but I trust our reasons may be satisfactory and you will be content for that time. We have several times seriously debated about sending for you this summer, to meet us here, nothing in the world would give us more pleasure, if it could be done with any propriety or even not with positive injury to your best interests, but when we reflect on the change of school, that in England, they

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

are both dear and difficult to find one as good as Mr. Thayer's, that on the Continent you would have all the delay of studying in a foreign language, when time at your age is so valuable, we feel confident your coming now would be a great and positive injury, it would be better my dear son you should continue and finish your education at Home, and then God willing, nothing would be more gratifying than taking with you a trip to the old world. I believe your own good sense will not fail in fully convincing you that I am right.

We have been here about ten days it takes only about twenty-four hours from Paris. London is really a wilderness of Houses and the great Lions of the place are so distant from each other, that it requires more time—to an American Paris appears to be the most pleasant—yet London is far the most grand in many respects. I cannot in a letter go into details, that must be deferred until we meet. I have been twice at the House of Parliament, hearing the debates on Irish affairs, entrance to the Strangers Gallery which holds about one hundred persons only, is only obtained by permits from the members, they do not meet until 5 o'clock in the afternoon and rarely adjourn before 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, consequently everything is done by candle light and most unreasonable hours. I have heard speak Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Lord Palmerston, Lord Rapell, Mr. Hawes and many of their great guns, but I have heard quite as good speeches at home at Washington. The members are very noisy sometimes in calling out repeatedly the word "Hear." They sit on benches, generally with their hats on but not when speaking. Now at Washington each member has a small desk before him, where he writes his letter or reads newspapers, this is a nuisance, and not at all permitted in the House of Commons, reading newspapers and writing letters should be done some where else it distracts proper attention. . . .

I have not yet been in the House of Lords, but am promised a permit this week, we have attended Church at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. I think we shall remain here until about the first of August, we then will make a tour through England and Scotland and cross over to Ireland, this will probably take us until the middle of September when

JAMES COLLES

we return here, and the beginning of October we return to Paris, whether we remain there all winter is uncertain. . . . We will have Frances at school this winter and teachers for Augusta. We intend they shall study very hard to make up for lost time.

Miss Anna Jaudon is now at Paris, we have not seen her yet, she has asked permission to join us in our tour through England, Scotland and Ireland, which we have consented to do, she is to be here in about ten days, she returns to New York in October next. Her brother is at school in Paris. I do not know how he gets along. Between me and you I do not much like that boy. He is extremely rude and illmannered and hardly worth getting much acquainted with, do you not think so? Keep this to yourself.

We have not seen the Queen yet but have arrangements on foot to do so some time this week. This is what is called the season in London, for all the fashionables come to town, it lasts from April to July or August, when the Court leaves. Thus you see they spend the winter in the country and the summer in town, not so rational as our country. But the truth is London is hardly habitable in winter from smoke and fogs. The country is really beautiful, cultivated like a garden and looks in summer like a fairy land. Here we have the extremes of human condition, viz boundless wealth and luxury, and abject poverty and depravity, the true strength of the country is in the middle ranks. It is all over the world I believe. . . .

July 18

Just as I am closing my letter Mr Jaudon came in from Paris, he brought us your portrait,* *this is a great treat*, its very like you, there are also many of your compositions etc, as yet I have had time to look over only one or two, they do you much credit. The source that can produce such good things, will be able to produce more, push on, my dear boy, and prosper.

* The portrait of James which is shown as one of the illustrations of this chapter. [E. J. DE F.]

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *London*

July 27, 1843

. . . I notice your remarks about returning home next Spring. This has been my calculation all along founded on my knowledge of your thorough and preserving character which would not allow you to return until you had seen all in reason that could conveniently be seen. I would certainly avoid a late Fall passage, being both unpleasant and dangerous.

AUGUSTA COLLES, *Edinboro*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

August 26, 1843

. . . Perhaps you would like to hear a little about the sights we have seen since Ma last wrote to you. . . . We took a post chaise and drove to Patterdale at the Southern extremity of Ulls Water lake;—we reached it about nine o'clock in the evening and the dew was beginning to fall very heavily; tired and cold when we arrived what was our dismay in finding that they could give us no accommodations whatever. There was nothing left for us to do but go to Pooley Bridge at the other extremity of the lake, about ten miles. We found that we had to walk about a mile in the dark, through damp, boggy meadows and a very high grass; finally we reached the place of embarkation and with our feet soaking wet, we stowed ourselves away in the boat. About half past ten the moon rose, and then I think it among the most beautiful sights I ever beheld. The bold mountains with their rocks and shadows thrown in such bold relief by the silver light of the moon; and the reflection so full and clear in the water. We soon forgot the discomfort of damp feet and the probable consequences and amused ourselves with singing and talking with the boatmen about the surrounding country. About midnight we came in sight of Pooley Bridge. We found the water so low that we had great difficulty in landing and were beginning to think we should have to stay all night on the lake. We walked up to the Inn and after making a good deal of noise got the people to let us in. Fortunately we did not take cold. . . . We resolved to pass the next day

JAMES COLLES

at Durham. We got there early in time for service in the famous Cathedral. It is a very large and imposing building in the Norman style of architecture, erected in the latter part of the eleventh century. We were very much pleased and spent the whole morning in wandering about the church and grave yard.

In the afternoon about five o'clock we set out on our return to New Castle.—The omnibus that carried us was very small and looked very old and light; 8 passengers were put inside, including our party which was of 5—and 8 outside besides a number of trunks. As they were loading we saw the roof bend at every additional weight and were afraid that it would crush in, however, all went on very swimmingly until we were quite near the cars when there was a dreadful swing, a crash and we found ourselves completely upset and the four opposite *insides* laying right upon us. Fortunately the horses did not run and we were all gradually dragged out of the door by the outsides. Wonderful escape! no one was injured—we were only a little bruised. Pa examined the wheels and found them very rotten and not fit to support half the weight. They were all broken to pieces—to think there were 16 passengers and we were going very rapidly when we upset. . . .

This is the fourth day we have been in Edinboro and we have been constantly occupied. We have been all through Holyrood palace, and in the apartments occupied by Mary Queen of Scots; we were in the closet where Rizzio was murdered in her presence and I have a piece of the old brocade hanging that then adorned the walls. We saw the spots of his blood on the floor.

A. JANIN, *Chevalier pré l'Evêque*, TO MONSIEUR JAMES COLLES, *London*

September 2, 1843

YOU already know that we have returned from our excursion of 16 days and 450 miles from which he [John Henry] had as good a chance to improve himself as any of the others. But his indifference and want of observation were so pronounced, that to avoid perpetual scenes of grief I had to give up asking him (the only one) for any account of

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

what had happened during the day — So he is the only one whose diary will be lacking in the joint account of our journey that you will soon receive.

You will see that we have not begun Latin. The reason is his antipathy to the exercise of the reasoning power, this we have to overcome at every stage.

His memory for words is fairly good, and his willingness to copy is great but he will not learn French Grammar, so that I feel that it would be wasting time on the Latin.

His reserve is impenetrable although he appears to like us and improves somewhat in obedience and industry.

[Translated from the French. H. M.]

JOSEPH LOVELL TO JAMES COLLES
c/o BARING BROS. & Co., *London*

September 17, 1843

. . . Augusta's miniature is thought to be an excellent likeness. James allowed us to take it to Morristown for the present to exhibit it to her friends. Do not fail to have Frances' taken also. We are told Frances is very pretty.

Business in the U. S. is very much improved since the Tariff was felt. N. York looks now like old times, every trade is busy and the city full of merchants and strangers. Our business in Morristown is also improving. We buy and sell nearly altogether for cash.

The manufacturers throughout the country are all at work and the effect of the increased competition is to constantly reduce prices.

MRS. COLLES, *Dublin*, TO JOHN HENRY COLLES, *at school at Geneva*

September 17, 1843

I REGRET very much that you have not made an effort to write home an account of your journey. I should be disappointed indeed to see the book published without any remarks from you when all the

JAMES COLLES

other boys have written something. This will never do. I trust that you will yet make up the deficiencies.

You have only, my dear boy, to do the *best* you can, remembering that, as you are not yet master of the language, much will not be expected of you. Do not be afraid to write whatever comes into your mind. There is nothing like being determined, and do not allow yourself to think you cannot do *this thing or that*.

You are now very near 12 years old, and many boys at that age have acquired a great deal of knowledge. Many have studied Latin and Greek and several modern languages besides many other things that you have not even thought of yet.

You have now advantages that you may not have at a future time. You have kind and excellent teachers and everything to make you comfortable and happy. Try then, my dear boy, to do well, and you will succeed. Mr. Monsell wishes to know whether it was once in two weeks or only once a month that you were to write a letter. It certainly was once a fortnight; that is, you were to write as often as that to someone or other of the family. Say to Mr. Monsell that you made a mistake. Acknowledge your error, it is manly to do so. . . .

LUTHER TERRY, *Leghorn*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Paris*

September 20, 1843

DEAR SIR:

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you that the two copies of the "Vanity and Modesty" from Leonardo da Vinci and the "Violin Player" from Raphael which you were so kind as to commission me to paint for you last Spring are completed.

[The copy of "Vanity and Modesty" is now owned by me. H. M.]

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

THOMAS C. CRAWFORD, *Rome*, to JAMES COLLES, *Paris*

September 22, 1843

I WRITE to inform you that the statue which I am making in marble to your order will be completed in sixty days from this date.

I have chosen a subject which I hope will meet with the approbation of Mrs. Colles and yourself. I was led to do this by your having mentioned something about a Lamb, which animal you thought would be a pretty object to sculpture. The statue I am now completing represents a youthful shepherdess who has just saved a lamb from the attack of a wolf. I have introduced both animals in the composition, the Lamb is being carried by the shepherdess upon her shoulder while with the right hand she drags along the dead wolf, from whose side an arrow is seen projecting to denote that the death was caused intentionally.

The figure is draped from the waist nearly to the knee with the peculiar drapery you spoke of in my studio. I have made the statue considerably larger than we decided upon. You will remember that the Cupid I was finishing for Mr. Phillips of Boston was to serve as a guide for the height and proportions. That statue is three feet eight inches in height and the shepherdess is four feet eight inches. I discovered when I commenced modelling that I could not express what I wished in the smaller size, so without hesitation I increased the figure to the measurement I have mentioned.

Enclosed I send the receipt from Tortini for the marble table. This work was finished about a month ago to my entire satisfaction and I am fully confident will meet your expectations.

ENCLOSURE (*Translated from the Italian*)

I the undersigned, have received from Mr. Thomas G. Crawford one hundred and twenty Scudi for one Marble Table made of various pieces of antique marble for Mr. James Colles.

[The marble table-top has been fully described in the Introductory note to this chapter. E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

MRS. JAUDON, *New York*, TO MRS. COLLES

October 2, 1843

AS I am pressed for time, I can merely assure you of my regard and indebtedness to you, for your kindness and attention to my dear Annie, and to say that I should be most happy to reciprocate in any way all your goodness to her. She writes me that she is enjoying herself beyond expression; that she is as happy as possible, while separated from us all; that you are all kind to her; and the girls and she are on the most agreeable terms, and that she cannot feel grateful enough to her Pa for allowing her to take such a delightful trip, or to you for having taken her into your party. . . .

If you see any pretty cloaks of a new style and material, and think that they would suit us (or rather me) and this country, that you would get them and send them out as early in the Autumn as possible. If you could hear when Captain Stoddard Ship "Ville de Lyon" sailed from Havre, he would take charge of them and see them safely delivered.

When you get to Paris make some inquiries about the fashions and let me know. Tell me about Cloaks, Scarfs and anything in that way. How the dresses are trimmed and what colours and what goods are worn. Let me hear from you soon, and after I should like very much to have a pretty velvet dress and should like you to send me one if you see any new colour that you think would look well at night and would be becoming.

I have a black one and a green and do not like garnet or anything in that colour. I heard last year there was a new colour but forget what it was. . . .

JAMES COLLES, *London*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.

c/o GURDON BUCK, *New York*

October 15, 1843

I HAVE not written to you since we set out on our late tour through England, Ireland, Scotland, etc. We have been absent from London for over two months, and only returned here about a week since. Our Journey has been one of unmingled pleasure and interest (although it

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

is very expensive in England, costing about double what it does home, about one third more than one on the Continent) the condition of the roads is perfect. The Toll gates occur on an average every five or six miles, in a carriage with a pair of horses the average expense of Tolls alone is about 3 pence or $5\frac{1}{2}$ cents per mile. So you may suppose they can afford to have perfect roads. . . .

Railroads are multiplied and spread over the face of England like a net work, and yet increasing in number, some have proved very profitable to the Shareholders and others a very poor business. They are generally well conducted, with great attention to the speed and safety of the passengers. There are three classes of Cars differing very much in price and comfort. The first class is all comfort, while the third class is all discomfort. On many of the railways the third class passengers are obliged to stand, and have no covering to the cars. The rate of travelling will average about twenty-four miles an hour. It is not a good way for a stranger to see the country, we travelled principally in Post chaises or public coaches. . . .

Scotland is full of interest, and one of the best cultivated countries in Europe. I speak of the lowland it is like a garden, every landowner in England wishes to imitate the method of Scotland farming.—Edinburgh is I think (for its size) decidedly the finest Capital in Europe. Glasgow is also very fine, all the houses in both cities being built of finely coloured cut stone.

We crossed over from Scotland to Ireland at the narrowest part of the Channel, between Port Patrick in Scotland to Donaghadee in Ireland. The distance is about 21 miles. It requires three hours by steam boat, at times it is exceedingly boisterous. We fortunately had it smooth. We took the mail coach for Dublin, distance 100 miles, which we travelled with comfort from 6 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock in the evening.

The roads excellent, and the country much better cultivated than I expected, in some districts it was very fine, everything was pleasing except the wretched hovels of the peasantry and the miserable manner they were generally clad. It appeared to one the lower order of peasants in Ireland are really totally indifferent to their personal appearance

JAMES COLLES

from the *universal ragged and dirty* garments they wore on all occasions. It is quite true they are poor and probably much *misgoverned*. But yet they have at hand always the means to make themselves clean and tidy if they wished it.

We found two families of our name, both of which are distantly related. Dr. Abraham Colles* is a gentleman universally respected and has stood many years at the head of his profession (a Surgeon and Practitioner of Medicine). His practice has been enormously large, but it is now declining from the ill state of his health, he is about 70 years old and I fear from his complaint (disease of the Heart) will not survive many months. He has a family of nine children, all grown up. The eldest Son is also a Surgeon of high talents, three others are brought up to the Law, one of them has commenced practice in London. On making ourselves known to them they received us with every mark of kindness and paid as much attention as if we had known them all our lives. I can never forget their genuine hospitality and affection. Now my relationship to this kind family (the Father) is only second cousin. [He was really his first cousin.]

The other family to whom I am related as first cousin, is Edward Richard Colles.† He is a Counsellor at Law with a large family of young children, his circumstances are not good nor are his prospects at all flattering, he is very respectable, but has not industry or tact sufficient to make a good living for himself and family. He treated us very kindly and attentively. There are several other distant relations living in this country, some distant from Dublin, whom I did not see, but was glad to find were all respectable. They are generally professional men, either Lawyers or Doctors, such professions are very good with us, but not without first rate talents to bring themselves forward. We left our friends with regret and crossed by steamer from Dublin to Holyhead in Wales. We travelled considerably in Wales and visited many places

* Surgeon Abraham Colles, of St. Stephen's Green, Dublin (1773-1843), was a celebrated surgeon with an almost world-wide reputation. He was a cousin of J. C. and a very delightful and lovable man. [E. J. DE F.]

† Edward Richard Colles, 5 Pleasant View, Ball's Bridge, Dublin, was J. C.'s first cousin and for years his Irish correspondent. [E. J. DE F.]

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

on our way to London. We were fortunate in having fine weather. I never spent a month more to my satisfaction. It would take me a week to write you all I saw.

I am pleased to find that you have passed your vacation at Morristown so pleasantly and have returned to Mr. Thayer with a determination to pursue your studies with renewed diligence. I am glad my Dear Son that you begin to appreciate the vast importance of it. I wish to impress on your attention the absolute necessity of your being properly prepared to enter College within the next year or eighteen months, therefore there is not a day to be lost or misspent—this is the important year.*

I am convinced from what you have done since you entered at Mr. Thayer's, that you are capable of learning and mastering everything that is necessary, to make a *good scholar* and also keep your position in your class in full and fair competition with your classmates. The plea of "Slow to learn" I feel can no longer be admitted as a reality or in apology for future shortcomings. *If you are determined to know and understand your lessons and studies you cannot fail.* It is with yourself to *Will* and to *do it*. I hope and trust you have set about it in good earnest and will not relax, it is to *you* now all important. . . .

Please give our best regards to our dear and kind friends the Bucks, we are under great obligations to Miss Rebecca for her kindness in writing and the interest she takes in your welfare. God Bless you my Dear Son. . . .

MRS. COLLES, *London*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

October 15, 1843

I SEND you by Mr. Bostwick of New York, a young gentleman whom we have several times met, some clothes that we have had made to the measures which you sent. We trust they will fit. I have sent a Satin

James Colles, Jr.'s answer to the above: "The sentence that struck me most in your last letter was the necessity of my going to College in eighteen months. I feel the necessity of this and have felt so for some time. It will make a very hard run of it, however I shall strive to the utmost of my ability as it is my desire to pass through College." [E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

vest because the English Satins are very fine of course 't is for Sunday and special occasions.

We hope you do not lay too much stress upon dress. We always wish you to be neat but plainly dressed, not fashionably. I like to see a boy pay sufficient attention to his dress so as never to appear slovenly or careless, but not dandyish. . . .

EDWARD RICHARD COLLES, *Dublin, 5 Pleasant View, Ball's Bridge*
TO JAMES COLLES, *Paris*

Dublin, October 23, 1843

RICHARD COLLES who embarks this afternoon carries to London your book plate, and a thousand impressions for books. I have some other things for you but could not arrange them, having been occupied with the police all last week in the recovery of a pocket book containing all my worldly wealth, for three months to come which I lost at the Bank. I have just now succeeded and have just time to send you a few lines. . . .

When you return to the United States I trust you will supply me with a more ample detail of family information for insertion in the pedigree than that which you could give me here; observing exactness as to dates etc; and, for a particular reason of mine, I wish for every particular that you can collect about Christopher Colles' family and himself.

This will be some trouble, but as you have sufficiently good taste to place a proper value on family records, you will remember that I cannot supply them through any hand but yours. In return, against your arrival here, I will extract from the pedigree, at least your own direct descent from Sir Roger Purefoy.

I could wish indeed to give you a copy of this entire, but this is no small task; and I cannot just now undertake it. If you had it you might have it fairly copied on vellum, with the different coats of arms emblazoned in colours and metals. In such a country as the States is I should think that you had every chance of finding some clever fellow,

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

who, having been employed in emblazoning in Europe, and doing it well, has been obliged to try his fortune in some other line in your Country. It could be done at once in London; much cheaper in Dublin,—but even there from the number of coats of arms it would be expensive and, although I have formerly done such things and intend to do this for myself; yet it is not possible for me to think of such a thing now.

I should be glad to know, in the event of your visiting Dublin alone (or with your little boy) before your return, exactly at what time you will be here, as I would arrange to introduce you to some more of your relations and if you then could visit Kilkenny, devoting four days to the visit, including the journey, it would be worth your while to see your Grandfather's * old house with its drawing room panelled from ceiling to floor with black marble. In the City your Uncle William at Millmount,† another family possession. The ancient building in which the parliaments were held still inhabited although five hundred years old. It is one of the last fragments of property that I possess.

I would very gladly accompany you on such a trip.

Should you arrange to visit Kilkenny we will here take charge of the little boy during your absence. He shall have a comfortable room, and, as you know, plenty of play-fellows. . . .

Pray remember that, separated by the Atlantic, our families can have but few opportunities of cultivating the intimacy of relations. Wherefore let us be at once upon such terms as if you had been among us in Ireland, and let us hear from you occasionally.

Yours in good truth

[On page 8 of *The Pedigree of the Family of Colles in Ireland* we find Edward Richard Colles (1798–1883). He aided in the compilation of the Pedigree. He was a literary man and the librarian of the Royal Dublin Society. H. M.]

* J. C.'s grandfather was William of Abbeyvale, Kilkenny (1702–1870).

† J. C.'s uncle, William of Millmount, Jr. (1745–1840), was his father's elder brother. [E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

November 15, 1843

WE remained at the Hotel for a week searching for furnished apartments, when by great good luck we found acquaintances (Mr. and Mrs. Tarral) who being about to leave Paris for some time were looking for some suitable family to take their place. It suited us exactly, we have abundance of room, it is nicely furnished, and one of the best situations in Paris, near the Garden of the Tuilleries—rue de Castiglione No. 6 au second—and besides at less price than we paid at our former establishment. We engaged it for several months, so you may consider us well fixed for the Winter. Mamma is also content with the servants.

We have engaged Teachers in Music, Singing, Italian and Drawing for the girls, who are now kept busily employed every day except Sunday. . . .

JOHN HENRY COLLES, *Geneva*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Paris*

December 2, 1843

JEUDI c'était la fête de M. Janin et nous avons tous donné quelque jours avant quelque chose pour lui acheter un cadeau. On lui a donné un joli couteau, fourchette et une cuiller en argent avec un testament grec et un crayon en argent. Le jour de sa fête il nous donné congé. Nous sommes tous levez de très bonne heure avant que c'était clair pour preparer nos fusils, nos canons, etc. Enfin, on commençait un peu à voir clair et on commenca à tirer les fusils et les canons jusqu'à déjeuné.

Après déjeuner on a encore tiré jusqu'à dix heures et on a récité des fables à M. Janin après on a tiré presque toute la journée. A huit heures, après avoir mangé un bon souper avec des gateaux etc. on avait jolis feu d'artifices et presque toute la ville est venue pour voir à la porte de la cour. . . .

Je languis chère Mamman de te revoir pour te montrer mes progrès pensibles, et pour te prodiguer mon affection.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

George est très occupé à écrire une lettre à James. Il faut que je finisse. Georges et Marie vous envoient des baisers.

Votre fils affectionné

MATTHEW MORGAN, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES
c/o MESSRS. GREENE & Co., *Paris*

December 11, 1843

. . . Since I last wrote you H. W. F. [Foster ?] and myself have bought the remainder of the square we live on, and now own all the block except General Jones' house. We have commenced building and intend putting up a block designed for stores in the lower story on Broadway, and a private Hotel above. It will have 184 feet front on Broadway, 200 feet on Waverly Place running to Mercer Street. The depth of the front on Broadway is 58 feet and 46 feet on Waverly Place, where the dining room will be located.

We go five stories above the Stores. I cannot say exactly how much the whole will cost as we have not completed our contracts. We gave, as near as we can estimate \$93,000 for the ground, exclusive of that occupied by our houses, equal to \$20,000 more. Altogether we have 148 feet on Washington Place, 184 feet on Broadway, 200 feet on Waverly Place and 92 on Mercer Street.

We are at a loss to know whom to get to keep the Hotel. I have thought that if M. Caille (Meurice's son in law, whom you must know) would come out he would make a fortune, and a very large one too, in a few years and establish a character for the house that would be very valuable to us. Although I don't know anything about his views in relation to this country, I think it very probable we will send you a set of drawings and a description of the house and get you to undertake a negotiation with him or some other suitable person. The situation is considered by everyone the best in the City for a private hotel, and in number and pleasantness of situation the rooms will greatly exceed, even the Astor House. I speak of private parlors and accommodations for families.

JAMES COLLES

All strangers coming to the city who expect to see any of the Society of the place will find it much preferable to the Hotels in the lower part of Broadway, now almost inaccessible to any species of carriage except the omnibus. And those who come to town for the Winter will be seen to go there. In fact, if well kept, it will succeed beyond expectation. As yet we have decided on no name, and would leave that in a great degree to be fixed by whoever takes it.

[This became the New York Hotel, much frequented by Southerners, and known for the liberality of its table. H. M.]

EDWARD RICHARD COLLES, *Dublin, 5 Pleasant View, Ball's Bridge*
TO MONSIEUR JAMES COLLES, *Paris*

December 15, 1843

OUR cousin [Surgeon] Abraham Colles since you left us rapidly declined.

About the middle of last month he suffered so much as to make everyone of us wish that all was over. His pain eased on the last day of the month, he became calm and cheerful, and on this day fortnight, December 1st, he said he could not outlive two days. He gave directions as coolly as if he were ordering his carriage for some ordinary occasion; collected his family about him, conversed on ordinary subjects, and at seven in the evening desired them to order tea in his room that he might see one more cheerful meal. He looked happy when he saw them about the table, encouraged conversation, and placing his arm around his poor wife who sat beside him on the sofa pressed her to his heart and expired so gently that until a loud cry from her eldest son announced the fact, she was not aware of it. He was seventy years old last July, and has died as happily as he has lived usefully and honorably.

A degree of public feeling was evinced which has seldom been equalled on similar occasions. The next day the clinical lectures at every hospital in Dublin were suspended, the schools throughout the City closed and the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons shut up.

On Tuesday the 5th his remains were laid in our beautiful Cemetery

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

at Mount Jerome, attended by the noblest and the most respectable in the city, and in such numbers that Stephens Greene and the adjoining streets were impassable with carriages. When the carriage in which I with his five sons followed the hearse as chief mourners, reached the College of Surgeons, it stopped, and the gates being flung open, the entire college, together with the College of Physicians poured out, and followed the hearse in procession on foot, leaving their carriages to follow empty. And not the least remarkable was the enormous crowd of the poor from every quarter that followed. Even a poor cripple, with every joint in his body distorted limped from the Incurable Hospital a distance of three miles to pay the last honor to him who had supported him in boyhood and secured him an asylum for life. I have seen many splendid funerals, but never one in which the splendor was so completely overpowered and forgotten in the manifestation of deep feeling.

The grief for the dead is alleviated by time, and his children must look back with proud satisfaction to every circumstance of his life and of his death. The world is before them, and their prospects good, but his loss is irreparable to his wife, with whom he lived nearly thirty-seven years, in the closest affection.

MRS. COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

December 29, 1843

MR. JOHNSTON and family from Waverly Place are here; they live near us and we are quite intimate. Mr. J. is detained here with a severe attack of gout.

[John Johnston, my grandfather. North Washington Square, where he had been living eleven years, was then called Waverly Place. E. J. DE F.]

DR. JOHN T. METCALFE'S JOURNAL

December 28, 1843. Called on the Colleses [6 Rue Castiglione] at 2, was lucky in finding them at home, this time. Mr. C. was in his study,

JAMES COLLES

when I was introduced, surrounded, with books & letters. After many salutations & regrets, he took me into the parlor & presented me to Madame & the two demoiselles. The elder, who appears to be about eighteen, has a prettyish face, is intelligent & lively & what is not always the case with those who have spent much time in Europe, is anxious to return home. I had not much talk with the younger & Mrs. C., who went out to fulfil an engagement, soon after my entrance, not before the lady of the floor had given me a very friendly invitation to call & see them, often & sociably. I was so glad to see the face of an American lady that I sat for at least an hour. . . .

January 1, 1844. Having waited until 2 o'clock . . . I went to call on Mr. Colles. Mademoiselle Augusta received me very cordially &, with her mother, helped me to pass a half hour most delightfully. The young lady improves very vastly on acquaintance & if the increasing ratio should continue, an individual of my acquaintance would do well to confine himself to this side of the Seine, somewhat more than he has proposed doing. . . .

February 3, 1844. Dined . . . with Mr. Johnston * & [Dr.] Punnett and afterwards spent the evening at No. 6. Take care, Bubb!! Look out, my friend!—t-a-k-e care, old fellow! . . .

July 10, 1844. 26 years old, and know no more than I do! O! temps perdu! O! l'ingrat que je suis——Dined at No. 6 with my good friends who gave me a dinner at which there was much good will, cheerfulness & plenty of laughter. . . .

[Dr. Metcalfe and Augusta were married August 14, 1845.]

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

December 30, 1843

I HAVE always great pleasure in reading your letters, but none have been more agreeable than your last dated 14 November in speaking of your strong desire for, and the value of a classical education—I may add that it is essential for a well bred man (now especially in the present

* John Taylor Johnston, who some years later was married to Frances. [E. J. DE F.]

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

state of society) that he should be well educated—it is better than riches, which often takes wings and flies away. I applaud your resolution persevering to the end, do not permit minor studies to distract your attention from the main point of preparing for college. . . . I admire your intention of rising very early for study, one hour then is worth double other times during the day the mind is then calm and in a state for study. Stick to your intention a few weeks practice will make it pleasant and profitable—as the days begin to lengthen—rise soon after six—and before 6 after March. Do promise me to do it regularly. . . . God bless you my Dear Son.

MRS. SOPHIA M. LOVELL, *Morristown*
TO MRS. COLLES, *Paris*

January 22, 1844

. . . Mother's health is quite good this winter. I think it much better than it has been for several years past. She has none of that dizziness in the head that she had before you left. One would think that she could now enjoy some happiness and peace of mind, but this is not yet the case. Her mind is ever ready to imagine the most unpleasant things that never happened, and to dwell on them until you would think she was the most wretched being in existence. Her memory has failed very much lately. When I last wrote she seemed impressed with the idea that she would not live long, and wished me to say to you that she should not want any more money from Mr. Colles; since that I have learned from her conversation that at that time, as well as at the present, she thinks that Mr. Lovell has in his possession \$900 belonging to her sent by Mr. Colles.

This idea is now present with her giving her no peace night nor day. To deny it, only makes her think that Mr. Lovell wishes to cheat her out of it. Mr. Lovell has not a cent of hers, on the contrary she owes him about \$12.

When I think of Mr. Lovell's kindness to her, that he has left nothing undone on his part to render her happy and make her comfortable for

JAMES COLLES

10 or 11 years, I feel truly discouraged, and could no longer bear with it did I not know that her memory was almost entirely gone, and that she has become in that respect as a child. . . .

C. TARRAL, *Rome*, TO MONSIEUR COLLES, *Rue Castiglione No. 6, Paris*

January 22, 1844

. . . I hope you will come here for the Holy Week as you promised to do. I think that you would do better by coming here about the 25th of March. You would thus be present at Cardinal Fesch's Sale of pictures. I think the Sale will not begin before that time; the head man M. George told me it would not. There are several dealers here, or coming here from London.

Well, make up your mind and start for Rome in time for the sale which we will attend together.

[Mr. Tarral was J. C.'s landlord. E. J. DE F.]

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Paris*

January 27, 1844

. . . I spent the evening at Mr. Buck's three days since. James showed me a number of his copies of Plato, which were really admirable. I should have taken some of them for originals.

I think James has a great turn for the use of tools; as well as for drawing, and should he show as much aptitude for mathematics, I think you ought to send him to West Point. The professions are so crowded, and I believe a West Point Education makes the most finished scholar and gentleman. . . .

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

MATTHEW MORGAN, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES

January 28, 1844

I WENT yesterday to attend to your commission about the house in Washington Square [No. 9],* and to my surprise was told it had been sold the day previous, and for a few days the price and the purchasers name were not to be divulged. But as they asked \$32,500 and had to abate only a trifle you can form an idea of what it brought. The ground rent is \$140 a year, and the lease will expire in about 8 years; then the lot is to be valued by two disinterested free holders of property in that vicinity, and 5% on the valuation paid for the next term of 21 years, when the same operation will have to be repeated. I did not see the inside but have been in the adjoining, Mr. Sufferns, which I understand is like it, and feel confident you can do quite as well for the same money and then be a free holder in place of a lessee. But I would not advise your purchasing any house till after your return except it be my own which is cheaper at \$40,000 than Morrisons at \$30,200.

Union Place [Square] is becoming quite in vogue, particularly with a set who, like ourselves made their own fortunes and mean to live in good style.

Brandegge has about 70 feet front in Lafayette Place between Fourth St. and the Colonnade Row, on same side. Mr. W. D. Astor and Thompson have all built very fine houses just in that neighborhood. Astor's is the largest private dwelling in the City and he lives very handsomely indeed.

There is another good site directly opposite me 50 feet at the corner of Broadway through to Mercer Street, Burnhams Estate.† They ask \$45,000 and if you wish to make any other investment in real estate in the city besides a dwelling I would recommend this. Build your house at the corner of Washington Place and Mercer Street, about 50 feet square, entrance on Washington Place; reserve as much of the ground toward Broadway as you like, and build stores on the Broadway front.

* No. 9 Washington Square was bought by Mr. George Griswold. [E. J. DE F.]

† Commodore Vanderbilt afterwards occupied this site. [E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

I think in less than ten years you would live rent free. The whole front on Washington Place is 200 feet and at \$40,000 it would be very cheap.

Lots are to be had on Fifth Avenue near Mr. Brevoort's at \$7500 to \$8000 and higher up for less, varying according to the distance from Washington Square.

The Avenue has been opened to the Bloomingdale Road [Broadway & 23d Street] and just beyond the junction another Square "Madison" has been laid out; so that in time I think there will be very little difference in the value of lots on the "5th" Avenue between the two squares.

Our hotel will be finished ready for occupation, next fall; and if you can't do better for a winter or so, you will find accommodations there to any extent by speaking in time.

If we succeed in getting a first rate man to keep it the success will exceed our highest anticipation at the time we commenced.

All the fashionable winter boarders of the downtown houses look forward to taking up quarters in it another season.

Society up town is increasing very rapidly and diminishing down town as rapidly; besides this those who come to the City for pleasure don't like the bustle of the hotels that from their situation must be thronged with business people who come one day and are off the next. . . .

MRS. COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*

February 21, 1844

. . . Yesterday was Mardi Gras; a great day here. An immense Beaf was paraded through the streets attended by a great many persons in fancy dresses. In the midst was a car beautifully ornamented with a canopy in which was placed a little child of about a year or a year and a half old, dressed to represent a cupid, this poor child was paraded about for hours in the cold. . . .

I had about ten days since a letter from John Henry. Mary writes me that both he and George speak English with a French accent.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

MRS. JAUDON, *New York*, TO MADAME COLLES, *6 rue Castiglione*

February 23 & 29, 1844

. . . Mr. Morgan thinks Mr. Colles will not soon return. I was sorry he did not buy the house in Washington Square for you. It was the only desirable house in the market, and the matter of a few thousand dollars for a "fancy thing," what was it?

Mr. Colles ought to have had that honor. It would not have been quite prudent in Mr. J. just now, to have bought it but Mr. C. could have done so quite as well as Griswold. I suppose you know it was sold for \$30,000 subject to a lease.

It was very dear but the situation was what commanded the price, and a very few thousand only were paid for that. *Now* I do not know of a house that Mr. C. ought to buy. He wants a large handsome stylish house in the upper part of the city, in the most fashionable part.

Morgan spoke of his at \$40,000, but whether or not he was serious I cannot say. He laughed and said, I will sell my house for \$40,000, my furniture for \$20,000, and pictures and statuary for \$10,000.

I wonder Mr. John Johnston did not *rent* his house ready furnished. Their furniture is old and out of fashion, and had they rented the house as it stood they could have brought out entire new furniture.

I am glad the Johnstons have met with you and you with them; I admire and love Mrs. Johnston. She is a sweet lovely person and Margaret is a nice little girl. Poor Mr. Johnston has been a great sufferer! Give my kindest, best love to Mrs. Johnston. I hear that Margaret does not like Paris. I presume because her father has been ill and confined her mother and she has not been out much. I also hear she has an admirer but I do not meddle much in such matters. I liked her very much when I met her at Schooley's Mountain and think her intelligent and quite pretty. She must enjoy being with Augusta and Fanny.

Speaking of houses, Mr. Jaudon says Mr. Colles must buy a lot and build. He has just purchased a lot nearly opposite Morgans with the intention, I believe, of building. It is 100 feet on Washington Place, by 50 feet, I think, on Mercer. There is one more lot, which I wish Mr.

JAMES COLLES

Colles had. The situation is very pleasant and will be high enough up town for the next 10 or 15 years. I would not advise Mr. Colles to have a lot in Union Square. The situation will be pretty good 5 years hence, but it will never be A No. 1 in respect to society, and is too far now for visiting and shopping — unless you kept a carriage and even then there are great inconveniences in living so high up in the city and where everything is in its infancy. Mr. Rhinelanders would sell his splendid house in Washington Square [No. 14] for \$50,000. It is indeed a most desirable house as well as situation; but the price is enormous. There has been a great rise in real estate within a few days. . . .

You must be in the midst of such society as you wish for your future circle and you will find those already established on and about Washington Square, Lafayette Place and Waverly Place.

I am anxious to know if you are coming out this spring and think if Mr. Colles was here he could do better for himself in getting a house or lot. . . .

MRS. COLLES, *Paris*

TO JAMES COLLES, JR., 240 E. 12th Street, New York

May 10, 1844

MY DEAR JAMES:

YOUR papa returned the 20th May in good health and spirits and enjoyed his visit to Italy very much. He was absent a little over 6 weeks having spent about two weeks in Rome, one in Naples, a few days in Florence, a day in Genoa, and the rest in travelling. He did not go to Geneva as he thought it too early to bring them to Paris as we wish them to be only here for 3 or 4 weeks. He will go for them soon. He is extremely desirous to have John Henry a year longer at Geneva but will not require him to stay without his consent. At any rate he shall come here first. It will be very hard I know to leave him alone so long both for himself and for all of us, but we must think of the future good of our children rather than of our present gratification. We fear that we cannot find so good a school in N. York. What do you think of Mr. Thayer's for him? Are there any boys of his age there? Is the same

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

attention paid to the small as to the older boys? Does he ever take boarders? In your next letter answer these questions, but it is not necessary to speak to Mr. Thayer about it. I only wish your opinion. Does Mr. Thayer teach *all himself* or does he have any assistance?

We have not yet fixed the time for our return. We have been much disappointed by learning recently that the "Great Western" has been sold and will go no longer to the United States for I had always wished to return in her, as she is larger than the Boston Steamers, and goes directly to N. York. Her price for passage was also much lower than the others; as we require so many berths, it makes a difference of about \$500 whether we go in the Cunard steamers or in a sailing vessel. At Midsummer however the latter have very long passages 35 or 40 days. This we do not like at all. . . . We are making our arrangements to return, that we may be ready when an opportunity offers. I feel exceedingly anxious to be with you during your vacation and I shall strive to do so. . . .

I am sorry to hear that you had been sick, I was in hopes that you had got over those attacks which I think you may call *Buckwheat Cake attacks*. We are none of us troubled with such attacks since we came to Europe.

[James Colles evidently went to Rome to attend the auction sale of Cardinal Fesch's pictures. He bought two pictures at this sale. E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES, JR., 240 E. 12th Street, New York
TO MRS. COLLES, Paris

May 13-15, 1844

. . . As to your leaving John Henry in Geneva. I do not like the idea much and my happiness in seeing you shall not be complete without him. I do entreat you not to leave him. Mr. Thayer's school is one that I am sure you will be satisfied with as to his education in Greek, Latin and English; though not in French, but M. Giraud can admirably supply this.

'T is true that he will not have such an advantage for conversation

JAMES COLLES

in French during his hours of recreation in general, but he would with M. Giraud. . . .

I forgot to tell you that we are now pretty well settled at our new house No. 240 E. 12th Street. The house is a very pleasant one in a rather pleasant situation. I have a fine room (quite large) on the third story. Everything is so convenient; a closet, fireplace, &c. looking out on the rear of the Washington Institute [a school for boys]. Going up to 12th Street seems to be almost out of the world.

Rebecca and I have combined our ingenuity in making our yard pleasant and arranging the many plants and seeds that we have bought, for it was in a pitiable state when we came here.

I hope that you are thinking of departing for this land of Liberty and Buckwheat cakes.

MRS. COLLES, *Paris*, TO MARY McBRIDE, *Geneva*

May 27, 1844

. . . We have not yet decided upon the time of our return home, for as yet we do not hear of any ship that we wish to return in, neither do we yet know whether we shall sail from England or from Havre. . . .

The exposition is now open, and it is wonderful the number of strangers there are in Paris. They say that there are more than two hundred thousand. Every Hotel and lodging house is filled. It is to continue open three months, and is every day increasing in the collection of articles, so that by the time you come it will be finer than it is at present. You may be assured that I will perform my promise of giving you three or four weeks in Paris.

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO MRS. COLLES, c/o GREEN & Co.

June 14, 1844

. . . I will now undertake to answer minutely the questions that you ask. Do not think that I flatter Mr. Thayer's school, for on the contrary, I speak of it just as it is, and just as I see it every day.

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

Every little while some old pupil of Mr. Thayer's comes to see him. They thank him over and over again for the pains he has taken with them in their early days; the excellent training of their minds, by writing, debates, compositions and many other things. . . .

Mr. Thayer keeps an eye as much on one scholar as another, whether the boy is seven or sixteen.

He teaches all himself, and I will venture to say even from the authority of his own mouth before the school many a time, that he prefers small boys to come into his school than large ones; for when they are young they have few bad habits and they are prepared to go on in a steady course; but the large ones have, of necessity, more bad habits which are difficult to overcome. If you could look into our little number you would see an unusual desire to improve, to excel, to get the higher mark which is 5.

I cannot tell you whether Mr. Thayer would take boarders or not. I think he has no objection to two or three.

It will be a hard case to leave John Henry for I know his disposition well, unless it has changed since I saw him. He will not be at all contented and I think he will find it trying, but you know best. . . .

I am so glad to hear of Father's safe arrival in Paris. It seems as if you were collecting yourselves together (like emigrants) to return home or to move into another place. . . .

AUGUSTA COLLES, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.
& MISS REBECCA BUCK

June 29, 1844

. . . Pa was to have gone a week ago for the children but has put it off on account of Frances' sickness, and will now go tomorrow. I suspect that they, poor things, are very impatient for his arrival, for they have expected him more or less for two months.

Well, it is finally decided about the time for coming home. We leave Havre on the 16th of August, in the packet ship "Oneida," Captain Funke!

JAMES COLLES

I know you will both feel disappointed as we do ourselves at its being so late, but we cannot do better. There were no other good packets going before that time except in June and that was too early for us possibly to get ready. This one is a very fine ship and a very safe Captain and we have finally taken passage in her.

Ah! when I think that we are now really going, (for it has not seemed as if we were until the passages were taken) my heart beats so intensely with the anticipation! I go over all the scenes of meeting and picture to myself how each dear face will look,—and then the thousand of welcome kisses that are to be given and the tears of joy that will be shed in the fullness of our grateful hearts. Think how many changes have taken place since we left and how many vacancies we shall feel in the circle of our friends — and then how many marriages! how many births — how many misfortunes and good fortunes!

I tell you the truth and it would be ungrateful in me not to acknowledge it, I shall be very sorry to leave Paris, we have made many delightful acquaintances and formed several friendships that it will be hard to sever.

MRS. JAUDON, *Hell Gate*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Paris*

July 14, 1844

I BELIEVE that, like many others, you may yet linger on the other side for months and perhaps years, without being able to make up your mind to the starting point. It seems to me that almost all American travellers in Europe require a sudden impulse, an imperative cause to turn their faces homeward. . . .

Mr. Colles will not be able to settle himself down to the limits of Morristown, or the sameness of New York. He will no longer have the interest, the necessity of attending to business, and after the novelty of being at home, of meeting friends, of getting settled down is over, he will want something to amuse and occupy his time; and like Mr. Morgan, he will wander like a ghost among the shades of his past enjoyment.

I think you are a person to conform to the necessity of the case; and,

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

if you made up your mind to be quite satisfied, you would be so; and you may laugh at me when we meet for not taking more pleasure in what this country affords. . . .

If you have not bought your carpets let me suggest to you to get for your drawing rooms, at least, so as to get something elegant, and to *match* your furniture. Should you go to England you would find in London some very splendid ones, but I should engage French carpets. Those made in the Gobelin Style; there are few or none here.

. . . I wrote you a note by Mr. M. and sent some lace to be washed. If you do not come out towards autumn please send it by some safe private hands with a memorandum of what you pay for having it done.

I wrote to "Ringuet" for a clock and other ornaments for the drawing room mantels, but as the letter was hastily written and despatched, I have since thought of some alterations I could make and some directions which might be plainer and better understood.

Mr. Jaudon thinks I had better write to you, and get you and Mr. Colles to see Ringuet and tell him our ideas. I know you will have much to do, and this may add to your many cares and business but I hope you will not find it adds *very much*, or will give you much trouble. It seems unfair to load anyone abroad with so many commissions, and so much to attend to; but we on this side feel as if everything was so much handsomer, and better, and desirable that comes from Paris; we are selfish enough to forget the trouble we may cause our friends and add orders to orders without mercy. I can only say I shall be always most happy to reciprocate any favor should it be in my power, and, in the meantime feel deeply indebted. I will therefore plainly state what my ideas are in regard to the aforesaid ornaments and get you or Mr. Colles to see Ringuet and explain to him, and *see* the ornaments he proposes to send; or, if he has nothing you like, to look elsewhere and send me whatever you approve.

I want for one room a Clock and Candelabras, *or anything else for lights* in Bronze doré, Louis XIV style, rich and handsome, and costing 1300—1500 fcs.

JAMES COLLES

For the other a Clock and Carcel Lamps or Candelabras costing about 1100 fcs. I have seen in Paris a Carcel Lamp in China and Bronze doré, which I thought very handsome, and if you and Ringuet decide upon them I should like it. I like figures about a clock but do not wish to give that as an order.

Ringuet will send the *Buhl* tables like those he made for Mr. Morgan and not to cost more. Some time ago he wrote to Mrs. Morgan and said he was making furniture very handsome, either in China, or ornaments with China, and wished her to order some, which, however, she did not.

I should like to know as early as possible, what, exactly, it is, and what pieces he has made and whether it is considered expensive. And if he has anything made in the way of shelves for little China articles, or any small tables to stand about the room.

If he has any pretty little table or fancy article that you would not consider very expensive, you may order it sent with the two *Buhl* tables like Mr. M.'s, who, by the way, says Ringuet ought to let us have the tables cheaper now.

If you see any pretty piece of furniture, some little fancy thing, I wish you would send it with the *Buhl* tables or China ornaments. Indeed, anything from Paris that is pretty would be acceptable and tell Ringuet to send them at once, or you can get them elsewhere.

There is no pretty little things here as there is in Paris. You must order everything you want.

Believe me my dear Mrs. Colles

Your very sincere and attached friend

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Paris*

July 14, 1844

. . . Our new Hotel is now fairly under way. Sophia and myself with about 18 others dined there yesterday to see the style and give them a substantial indication of our good wishes. . . .

So you must expect *Morristown* to be no longer the *dull* place you once deemed it, but to find it grown into a regular full fashioned *airing*

THE "GRAND TOUR": LETTERS

place, if not a *Watering* place. All we want is to open some little spring slightly tintured with sulphur and iron to have the last great recommendation. . . .

Your place is in good order to receive you.

JAMES COLLES, *Paris*, TO DR. WILLIAM COLLES,* *Dublin*

August 4, 1844

MY DEAR SIR:

PERMIT me the pleasure of introducing my friend and countryman Dr. John T. Metcalfe, a gentleman of much worth and highly respectable connections. The acquaintance I feel assured will prove mutually as agreeable as it has been to us.

Dr. Metcalfe is from the state of Mississippi, has been for some time pursuing his medical studies in Europe and purposes visiting your celebrated City for the same object.

I beg leave to commend him to the kind attentions of yourself and family, which will confer another favor to the many for which we are already indebted.

MRS. COLLES, *Havre*, TO JAMES COLLES, JR.

August 16, 1844

WE have at last left Paris and arrived in this place last evening quite fatigued with our day's journey, the new railroad extends from Paris to Rouen which is about half the distance and is accomplished in about $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 hours.

We took the diligence the remainder of the way and travelled very rapidly. You have seen I dare say pictures of the diligence when under way. You may have observed that the horses are represented always on the gallop with their legs stretched to their utmost extent. This is not a very exaggerated picture for they really gallop up the highest hills

* William Colles, of St. Stephen's Green, surgeon (son of Abraham Colles, the famous surgeon), was a cousin of J. C. [E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

and it is quite wonderful to see them—sometimes, yesterday we had eleven horses attached. They change every 6 or 7 miles and put on additional force at any hill. The horses to change are always standing ready harnessed in the road. They change in about a minute and set off instantly at full gallop. I regret to say that we had to bring George from Paris sick with something like chills and fever. He was better, but the fatigue of the ride brought on a chill again and he is now in bed—we are glad on his account that we are delayed here two or three days and I hope he may be relieved before our departure. They say the ship will sail on the 18th but the wind is now ahead. We cannot form any idea of the length of the passage for many tell us that at this season the ships have sometimes from 30 to 40 days. However we hope for the best—you must not look for us until the end of September at any rate before the 20th. We have concluded to bring J. Henry with us under the promise of sending him back in a short time if we are not satisfied as to the school he may enter. We regret much to remove him.

We have just been on board the “Oneida” to see our state rooms—we find them very comfortable and the ship neat and well arranged; there are about 20 passengers and I think we shall have a pleasant voyage. . . .

[This letter was to go by steamer and would arrive before the family did. E. J. DE F.]

CHAPTER V

FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE

1844-1850

THE united Colles family were now at home once more. Mr. Colles without delay rented a furnished dwelling-house on the southeast corner of Broadway and Ninth Street, but after a very short time he found exactly the house he wanted to purchase. Mr. William H. Aspinwall was then building two handsome brown stone houses on the northeast corner of Tenth Street and University Place—the corner one for himself and the more northerly one for his brother John, who then lived at Barrytown on the Hudson. But when (in 1844) his house was nearing completion, Brother John decided to continue to reside in his country home, so Mr. Colles promptly bought the unfinished building.

As the Colleses were all together once again we have few family letters, and because the furnishing of the new home was now the most important object in life, almost all the letters refer to that. There are letters innumerable from or to Ringuet Le Prince, the famous Parisian upholsterer and cabinet maker. He was the father-in-law of Leon Marcotte, who held the same position in New York from about 1850 onward and was perhaps equally celebrated.

Many letters also passed between Mr. Colles and Signor Ombrosi in Florence, who took charge of forwarding his purchases; and Schwicker, who copied Old Masters for

him; and George L. Brown, who painted Florence and Rome for him; and Crawford, who made the marble shepherdess; and Schallenberg, Paris, who sent him clocks; and De Hart, Amsterdam, from whom he had bought many antiques; and Atkinson, a friend in London, who purchased all the beautiful carpets that covered his floors. Speaking of carpets, their drawing-room carpet was made at Aubusson to fit the room exactly, and it took four months to weave it!

Just think of the excitement when the marble table arrived, and "Pa's bust," after escaping from many dangers, and Ringuet's furniture, and the buhl consols, and the antique Dutch cabinets and inlaid chairs, and the big "Salvator Rosa" to hang over the long sideboard in the dining-room, and the copies of Old Masters for the drawing-room, not to speak of the clocks and ornaments of all kinds for the entire house. I should mention here that when, in 1848, Louis Philippe was deposed, all his furnishings in the Tuileries were sold at auction and Mr. Colles secured a very large and beautiful Sèvres dinner service. All the ordinary plates had Louis Philippe's crowned monogram on them and the dessert plates had really beautiful views of the historic chateaux in France. Both of these sets were used on state occasions. At the same sale my grandfather bought for his drawing-room a beautiful buhl clock with an exquisitely modelled gilt bronze figure of the Chevalier Bayard on top.

Altogether, the house was elegantly furnished with rare



“OLD SPANISH CHAIR”



DUTCH CABINET



FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE

and beautiful things which my grandfather had purchased abroad. The front parlor furniture was covered with handsome brocade and the back parlor with maroon mohair plush.* As most of the good New Yorkers used black horse-hair covering, these new materials were considered rather extravagant and not nearly so durable as "haircloth."

There certainly was no other house in New York at that time which was so beautifully furnished unless it were Mr. Morgan's. My other grandmother, Mrs. John Johnston, lived at 7 Washington Square, and her house was itself very beautiful, but most of the furniture was stiff and uninteresting. An uncomfortable Empire sofa stood against the wall on each side of the drawing-room mantelpiece, another opposite, and no less than twelve chairs were tucked in wherever they could stand against the wall or in front of a window. There were also two large round footstools, and all this furniture had been made to match exactly. The only other thing worth mentioning was a round table in the middle of the room, with a mosaic top showing a view of Rome from the Pincian Hill, and on this table lay a crocheted worsted mat, a photograph album and a small fire screen. There were beautiful prism mantel lamps and a fine French bronze chandelier, but the effect of the room was stiff and uninviting. The only homelike room in the house was the second story library, and even there I used as a child to slip off the chairs because they were covered with the in-

*The entire set of parlor furniture, which I own, still has its original covering. There are window cornices to match the furniture. [E. J. ED F.]

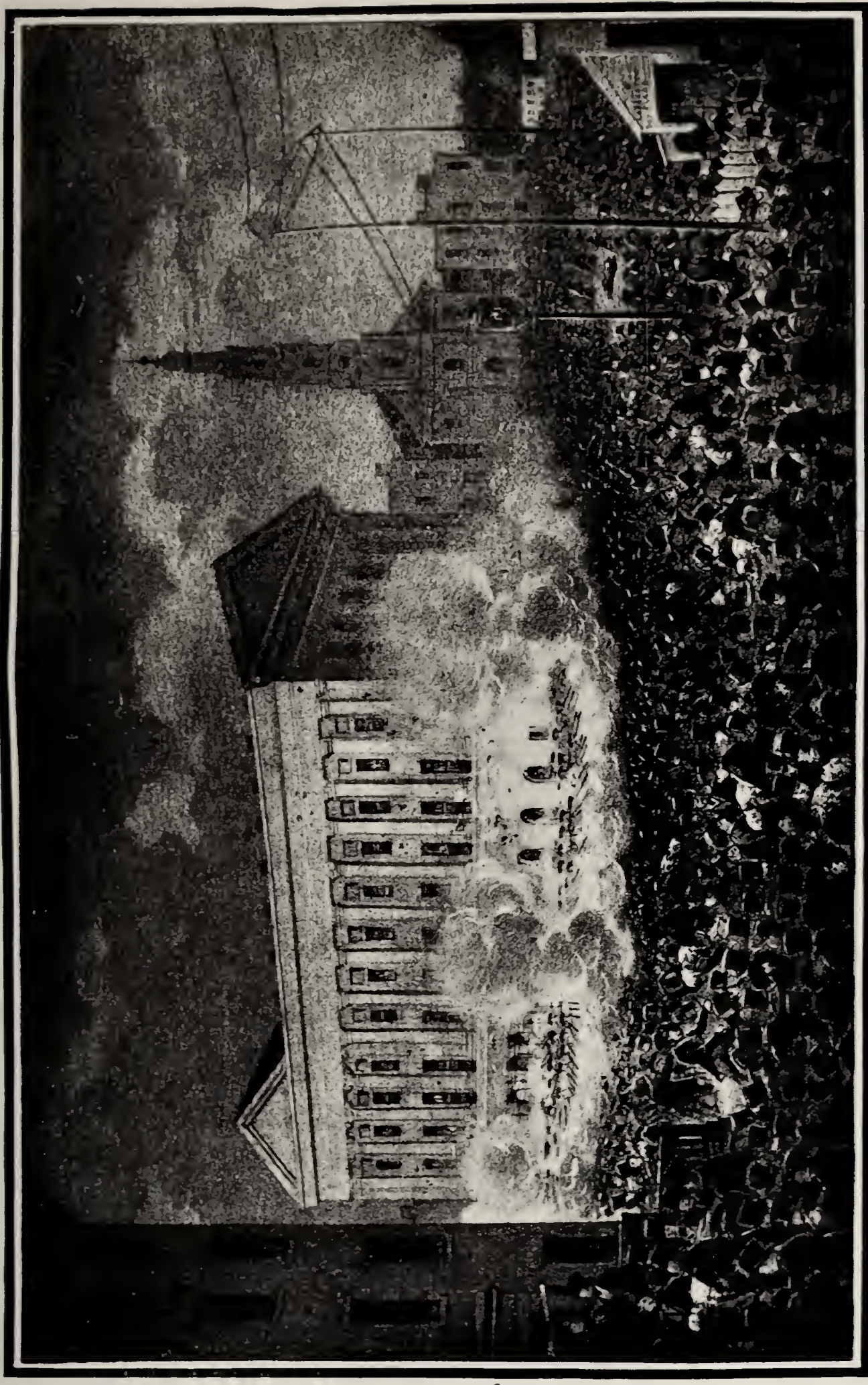
JAMES COLLES

evitable horsehair,—and black at that! What a contrast was the University Place house, so comfortable, so rich, and so harmonious. Filled, too, with so many interesting treasures!

In the fall of 1845 the Colleses moved into their new home and Mrs. Colles proceeded in true French fashion to bring her family and friends around her every Saturday evening, a veritable French “Salon” such as she had always held in Paris.

James Colles had hardly more than finished his own house before he, with Matthew and George P. Morgan and James Foster, Jr., began to build an Opera House for the growing city of New York.* It was situated on the triangle where Astor Place, Lafayette Place and 8th Street meet. The Mercantile Library afterwards occupied the somewhat modified old Opera House, until it was torn down in 1891, although the Library still occupies the site. Of course Ringuet Le Prince had to be asked for suggestions and to furnish many of the needed supplies. This Opera House was opened with quite a flourish of trumpets in November, 1847, but had been in use barely eighteen months when on May 10, 1849, a “Terrific and Fatal Riot” took place before its doors. A certain American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, had been acting rather unsuccessfully in England in 1845. He laid his failure to profes-

* It is interesting to note the rapid rise of James Colles in matters of artistic taste. On his first visit to the galleries of Florence he picked the best pictures and had some of them copied. In furnishing his town house he bought nothing but the best of its kind, and in furnishing the Astor Place Opera House his judgment was conclusive to his associates. [H. M.]



Pub. at Elton 80 Nassau St

Lib. of H. B. Warner Co. N.Y.C.

GREAT RIOT AT THE ASTOR PLACE OPERA HOUSE NEW YORK

Showing the dense Multitude of spectators when the Military fired. Killing and wounding about -- 70 Persons.

FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE

sional jealousy on the part of the well-known English actor, Macready. The year 1849 found them both acting in New York, Edwin Forrest in the Broadway Theatre and Macready advertised to play Macbeth in the Astor Place Opera House, "the kid glove Opera House," as the populace called it. The immediate occasion for the riot was the attempt of Forrest's admirers to prevent Macready from appearing in the Opera House. On the outside a mob was gathering, trying to force an entrance into the house and throwing volleys of stones at the barricaded windows. In the house Macready was interrupted by hissings and hootings and encouraged by the cheers of the large and fashionable audience which had crowded the house to sustain him. Within the police were arresting those who made the disturbance—outside they were driven back by volleys of paving-stones. A troop of horsemen arrived and was routed by the mob. Then came the infantry and in a panic the mob dispersed, but there were 22 killed and over 30 wounded.

As to the Colles family, they were of course present. My mother told me that they waited some time for things to quiet down a little. Then, protected by the soldiers, and with their opera cloaks over their heads, they ran—and escaped unhurt.

But to return to more personal affairs. I have not yet told of Augusta's marriage, which took place at Morristown, in St. Peter's Church, on August 14, 1845, immediately after Dr. John T. Metcalfe's arrival from abroad.

JAMES COLLES

Tradition says that during the wedding reception the bride and groom sat in two beautiful high back chairs, part of Mr. Colles' gleanings in Europe.*

After all this excitement was over we can imagine James Colles settling down to the leisurely habits which were his in his later life, sitting, not in one of the high back chairs, but in the comfortable leather covered Spanish chair which he so loved and which had probably been brought from Mexico and bought by him in New Orleans. Here he smoked his everlasting cigars, of which he never removed the ash but let it besprinkle his coat and vest as it would. Here he read the "London Times, Weekly Edition," to which he had subscribed after his return home so that he might be kept in touch with things foreign. Here he received the many begging letters from his relatives as well as from others. A letter also from his New Orleans friend Toutant, who wanted him to place his (Toutant's) daughter at a boarding school and be a father to her. He was so kind, so courteous, that people never hesitated to ask favors from him, and even if he refused he did it so graciously that they almost felt as if he had acceded to their request. For instance, one of his brothers-in-law asked for a large loan. J. C. could not accede, but with characteristic generosity offered to lend \$2000, adding, with his never failing courtesy: "I trust that whatever business you judge it prudent to undertake will be successful and have no doubt you will give it all your industry, skill and economy. I must add

* Now owned by my sister, Mrs. Henry E. Coe. [E. J. DE F.]

FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE: LETTERS

that the assistance I give you, although limited, if it renders you service will give me much pleasure."

He was now about sixty years old. He had closed up his affairs in New Orleans, though he went there frequently because, as Captain Metcalfe says, "he had the habit." He had made the "Grand Tour"; that was over. He continued to go down to his office in Wall Street, where he had an office boy, but he really did little there but read his London paper or the "New Orleans Picayune" and smoke more cigars.

LETTERS

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JOHN T. METCALFE, *Dublin*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

December 1, 1844

I SUPPOSE that according to the strict rules of Epistolary etiquette I ought to apologize for having waited so long without having kept my promise to write; but in this case, I ought rather to beg your pardon in my most humble style, for bothering any one of the family besides Augusta with the dull monotony of my accounts of every day life.

My affection for you as a "very particular friend" must plead my excuse for rushing so directly in the face of common sense and reason, as to write anything more after my sixteen pages to "our eldest."

I hope Augusta wont tell anyone of my extravagance as a waster of letter paper, and you must be sure not to disclose my weakness.

I hope that she properly appreciates my endeavors to make quantity compensate for quality, and will bring to bear all your united stock of old adages to justify me.

As A. will have told you I am very comfortably settled in Marlborough Street, as quiet as a church mouse (perhaps because I lodge with the parish clerk and sexton) in a small 3 story building which I have

JAMES COLLES

called "Blenheim House" in order to add as much as possible to the dignity of my situation. It is convenient to the Hospital, however, and this is more to my purpose than very great comfort or anything like grandeur.

My apartments are kept in extreme neatness (for Ireland) by a most wonderful little servant girl who is frequently sweeping, cooking, making up beds, washing and out marketing *at the same time*.

Like most of her class she has no very definite notions of geography or Natural History. She is anxious to go to America and said she hoped she would have as good a master as I would make if she should ever cross the ocean. "Why Bessie," said I, "we have nothing but negroes in my part of the world—how would you like to live among them?"

"Sure, Sir," replied the small servant, with all possible naïveté, "I'd be very happy to be there, if all the rest of them is like yourself."

This was too much for the stoicism of Dr. Walsh and myself, and we only waited for Bessy's disappearance to indulge in a long burst of laughter, which gave all the more pleasure from having been well smothered before she left the room.

I find Dublin more than realizes the expectation I had formed of its advantages to a medical student like myself. In some respects this City is inferior to Paris; but for learning the application of principles of an elementary nature and for good, sound practice, both in medicine and surgery, there is no comparison between them, so far is Dublin to be preferred.

I have met with a great deal of kindness from your relations in Stephen's Green,* all of whom I like exceedingly. They often speak of you, and regret that your stay was so short in this country.

They have several times asked me if I thought you would ever return to Ireland, but, to this, I could only give a conjectural answer. . . .

How do you like the fatigue of New York housekeeping after your easy quiet rue Castiglione life with the active honest Baptiste, the lady like, hard working, sweet tempered Julia, and that sylph like syren Sabine. . . .

* Surgeon Abraham Colles' family.



JAMES COLLES AT HIS OFFICE

1878

FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE: LETTERS

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO RINGUET LE PRINCE, *Paris*

December 28, 1844

YOU have no doubt by this heard of our arrival here. Our passage was short and pleasant. . . .

We had some difficulty in finding the ready furnished house which I have engaged until I could build or buy one more suitable. I have just made arrangements to buy a Dwelling House now building and which is to be finished by 15th April next.

On the principal story we have 2 drawing rooms or parlours, each 18 feet wide by 27.6 deep; and also a dining room 18 feet wide by 28 ft. deep.

Ceilings 14 feet high. All English measure.

We think of using the furniture we got from you for the two drawing rooms with some few additions, and getting from you other furniture for our Dining Room.

We think that we should like it of Oak but as we had engaged from you a side board of *Rosewood* this would prevent it; unless however this should reach you in sufficient time not to make or send it.

If things permitted our having a side board of Oak, I wish you to send me by the first opportunity *what would be the cost* of one in Oak, with a moderate portion of carving to look well; an extension Dining Table of Oak for 15 or 20 persons of the newest pattern, such as you showed us, with sufficient carving around the feet; and 12 chairs with addition of 2 arm chairs, all in Oak.

Whether we should have chairs with morocco seats or backs or of some other stuff, we must consult with you.

We would observe that our Dining Room, being very pleasantly situated, we will use it for the double purpose of *Dining and Sitting Room*.

If it is more suitable, or if it is too late to countermand the *Rosewood* sideboard, please let it come on to reach here by *April next*, and also send me a Dining Table in *Rosewood* of the size and kind described such as we saw at your Magazine, which forms a circle when closed up.

With regard to chairs we wish to defer ordering them until we can hear from you what they will cost *finished complete*.

JAMES COLLES

. . . Please have made for us 2 pair of window curtains for the Dining Room, of "Damas de laine" of the best quality, with the cornices and fixtures complete and so made as to draw entirely aside. The window sashes are in the French style, opening in the middle and descending to the floor.

Mrs. Colles would like the curtains "avec rayure" if it is fashionable, with a mixture of green color of the best dye to correspond with the chairs.

As we shall move into our new house sometime in April it is desirable to receive what we can by that time.

We shall probably take an Aubusson carpet for one of our Salons. We need another Rosewood sofa to match the one in dark plush you made for us. Please have it made and sent me as soon as you can.

The articles for Madame Jaudon arrived in safety and I believe she is well pleased.

[The new "Dwelling House" was No. 35 University Place, east side, half way between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. H. M.]

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO LUTHER TERRY

January 31, 1845

. . . The 2 pictures from Fesch's gallery arrived in fine order.

I feel myself under additional obligations for the care and trouble you so kindly volunteered for sending them on. . . .

I am in great fear about my statuary from Crawford. It was put on board the Brig "Curtis" 2d September last at Leghorn. The Vessel is at Tenneriffe, condemned as unseaworthy; her cargo may reach here in 2 or 3 months. What I fear is the great risk of breakage from frequent handling. The expense will be large and I am uninsured.

[One of these pictures was probably the large (so called) "Salvator Rosa." E. J. DE F.]

FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE: LETTERS

JOHN T. METCALFE, *Dublin*, TO MRS. COLLES

February, 1845

I HARDLY think it would be right to let Augusta's note go over without a word for you to accompany it "en Chaperon."

I have told her everything in the world that I know, and how to tell anyone else more, is a difficult problem for me to solve. I must thank you for your nice long letter received some two or three packets ago; and, as you and Mr. Colles are the same person, I hope you'll not think it out of order if I add my grateful acknowledgment for his last letter which brought Augusta's over.

With regard to the point on which you are so anxious I can scarcely add anything to what I have already said to yourself and Augusta.* It will be necessary for me to see my father before I can come to a positive determination and I hope to do this when I go to New York next summer. When I last heard from him he thought that he would meet me about the time I expected to reach home.

You know my dear Mrs. Colles that nothing but a sense of duty to myself, to those who have been kindest to me in the world, and to her who will be dependent on me, could induce me to think of not acceding to her desires at once.

I shall assuredly do nothing without due reflection. . . .

The Phoenix itself is not more lonely than I now am, or if it be, I don't at all wonder at that fancy it has for occasionally burning itself to death. If I could be sure of "coming out of the ashes" as that wonderful creature is currently reported to do I think I'd commit conflagration this very evening. You would n't call that suicide, would you?

*This was probably the question of where the "Doctor" was to establish himself, in New Orleans or New York. His prospects in New Orleans would have been even more promising than in New York. [H. M.]

JAMES COLLES

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO GEORGE ATKINSON, *London (a friend)*

September 15, 1845

. . . I must leave for others the account of Augusta's wedding. They were married August 14.

All went off well, and I think the married pair have a fair chance and prospect of happiness. Dr. Metcalfe is a well educated and worthy young man of excellent family. We are pleased with the match. We are very desirous he should follow his profession in this city but this is not yet fully decided.

The pair are now visiting Niagara. We expect them home today.

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO RINGUET LE PRINCE, *Paris*

November 29, 1845

. . . We are pleased and satisfied with various articles you have furnished us; they are in excellent taste and we thank you for your care and attention. . . .

I think we shall require for our second parlor an étagère to be placed opposite the fire-place, against the side of the room. The usual size I presume is about that of the console you sent us. We would wish it in good, *but not expensive style* to comport with the other furniture. With glass doors in the under part; of rosewood with suitable amount of carving etc.

I should like to know at about what price you could furnish me with a mantelpiece clock, or pendule for our Dining Room. We desire one that measures in length at the base about 18 inches, English, about 14 or 15 inches high, and about 8 or 9 inches deep of dark bronze, only small portion bright to give proper relief to the figures.

[The étagère was used to hold the bisque Statuette of Napoleon, the copy in marble of Augusta's hand and other treasures.

Probably the beginning of the quest for a clock that resulted in the beautiful warrior group in bronze that was bought by Gertrude (Metcalfe) Farragut from the J. C. Estate, and now belongs to me. It is about 30 inches long and was for many years on the mantel of the University Place dining-room under the painting of Admiral Tromp, given to

FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE: LETTERS

J. C. circa 1861 by J. T. M., and now, 1919, hangs above the same clock it used to overlook. This owing to Gertrude Colles' kindness, who has given me a loan of the picture. H. M.]

MARY ANN HAYWARD, *St. Louis*
TO JAMES COLLES, *University Place, New York*

March 17, 1847

ABOUT ten days since I heard from George, through a gentleman from here who has just returned from Santa Fe. George has not been stationed at Santa Fe since Nov. last. He was about 100 miles away, where he had charge of the horses. He had been elected sergeant, and it was thought a very desirable situation.

He said he spent three days with G. at this place and that no money in Santa Fe could procure what G. had daily. One day a saddle of venison, and another, turkey. Also the greatest abundance of milk, coffee &c.

That he appeared to enjoy himself; he went hunting daily. He had four Mexicans to assist his men in the care of the horses, and spoke Spanish fluently.

He says G. is a great favorite with all. The Artillery left Santa Fe for Chihuahua on the 7th of January. He expected to find but little resistance from the Mexicans.

I hope and trust that they will not be disappointed, though G. seemed to regret that the Cavalry could not go South where there was *some activity*.

Poor dear boy, I hope no misfortune will befall him, and I even feel so little patriotism that I trust the Artillery may not arrive until *too late* for action.

This you will say is cowardly, but I cannot help it; and another thing; I think it anything but a just war, and I do not willingly risk my only child in it, I assure you. . . .

[“Aunt Hayward” (Mrs. Albigenes) was Mrs. Colles’ youngest sister and the doting mother of an only son. She was sometimes in rather straitened circumstances, and Mr. Colles, who was very fond of his nephew George, often came to her aid in the matter of his education. E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO RINGUET LE PRINCE, *Paris*

June 30, 1847

WE are building in this City a new Opera House for the Italian Opera, which it is expected will be completed this autumn.

The House will contain about 1000 persons. We shall require a grand Lustre or Chandelier for the center of the House. The height from the parterre to the ceiling is about 45 feet [?] french, and there are three galleries.

I enclose you a plan for the Lustre or Chandelier which we are desirous you should examine. We are very desirous to hear from you by the earliest opportunity by Steamer to ascertain the lowest price at which it could be made complete. We will return you an immediate answer if the terms are satisfactory.

The seats and cushions of the Opera House will be of crimson plush, the colour of those of the Italian Opera at Paris. We shall require something to line the inside of the boxes (I think of the same colour as the plush, but of velvet or flock paper). . . .

The Opera House is owned by Mr. Matthew Morgan, Mr. James Foster, Mr. George P. Morgan and myself, we are under engagements to have the house finished in October, and therefore we are much pushed for time. . . .

MARY ANN HAYWARD, *St. Louis*
TO JAMES COLLES, *University Place, New York*

July 12, 1847

. . . You will all, I know, rejoice with me in the return of my dear George. He arrived here on the 1st of the month, improved in health and strength; has grown much taller and broader, though not so fleshy as when he went away. He has been in the most perilous situations, owing to his being Assistant Commissary. This obliged him to be always 8 or 10 miles ahead of the Army, and sometimes with a very small escort. He has also acted as interpreter to his battalion as he was the only one who spoke Spanish.

FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE: LETTERS

I find he has been a great favorite among the officers: they have shown him much attention since his return. All applaud his good judgment and bravery and above all, his steadiness.

Col. Mitchell wrote saying everything in his praise, and said that in his selection of 100 men to go with him from Chihuahua to General Taylor's camp — George was his first selection.

He was in the fight against those 65 Indians. He was ahead of his party (Col. M.'s) and fell in with Capt. Reed with 15 men; in all 24 men.

The Indians drove them off their ground three times, but the fourth time they succeeded in killing 17 and wounding many men. The rest fled carrying many of their wounded with them.

He had the situation of Commissary offered him at Saltillo, but I think he has had enough of the Army for the present. He has also had an offer from a Mexican of wealth at Chihuahua. On talking to him I find that he is not disposed to settle down to a salary of \$200 to \$300 per annum. He says he is willing and able to work and he must earn more than his clothing, but he may change his mind. . . .

Forgive me my dear brother for filling my letters always about George, but I know you can pardon a *mother's* fondness for an only son. . . .

RINGUET LE PRINCE, *Paris*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

July 31, 1847

. . . Of course I had plenty of time to study the question that you have had the kindness to submit to me. And more, I have had the opportunity during that time to go to London and to visit the Italian Opera, as I visited here our principal theatres.

I send you 4 designs, Nos. 3 and 4 are those that I advise, particularly No. 4 which is that used at Covent Garden Theatre. It is graceful and quite light and distingué.

No. 3 is used at the Opéra Comique Salle Javart. It is a beautiful design, part bronze and part crystal, and is very effective, being more like a chandelier for a Drawing Room. . . .

JAMES COLLES

I beg that you will return me that sketch which you may be pleased to accept.

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO RINGUET LE PRINCE, *Paris*

August 31, 1847

I DULY received your esteemed favor with its enclosed designs for a grand chandelier for the Opera House now building, but we find our time is so short for the completion of the House before Oct. 20 that we will not have sufficient time to have it made abroad, and therefore (for the present at least) will defer giving orders for the Chandelier.

JAMES COLLES, *New York* (*draft in his own handwriting*)
TO JOHN W. TAYLOR, JR., *Van Buren, Arkansas*

August 6, 1849

I CERTAINLY did expect you would have come out to Morristown to see us, but when Harriet informed me of your bad health and short stay I could have no fault to find.

I hear that your affairs although *moderately*, yet are *steadily improving*. This is the only *sure* way to independence. I have hardly ever known fortunes, made by some turn of mere luck in a few years, worth having for their short lived duration. I have often thought the art of taking care of money when it has been made requires quite as much art or skill as the making of it.

One special reason among others in wishing to see you, as I explained to Harriet was to advise you by all means as long as it might be necessary for you to do business to continue your residence and establishment at the South. The business, I understood, was promising and you had by experience gained knowledge that time alone could confer. And in the end this would be alone the means of giving your Brothers an excellent chance for themselves.

I speak thus because it had been intimated to me that as you had

FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE: LETTERS

already accumulated some capital you might be induced to reside in New York or to go into business there.

This City my dear John is truly a great place for trade and still greater for competition in every species of business. There have been, and no doubt will continue to be, very large fortunes made here.

But at the same time you must remember the calculation that one merchant in 100 succeeds to a competency, and over one half end their days in poverty.

You see therefore that if there is a chance to make money there is a still greater chance to lose it.

It may do for a Northern person to go into business at the South but it will not do to reverse it. . . .

I have been out of business for 7 years and as every one should have some employment, mine has been trying to improve my property here and in New Orleans; keeping my engagements as well as I could within my forthcoming receipts, not depending at all on borrowing; having since I left off business kept from every kind of responsibility except what is indispensable in my private affairs. Yet I am sorry to say from the great decrease in rents in New Orleans, outfit for your cousin Augusta (now wife of Dr. J. T. Metcalfe) and other unexpected events my means have not more than met my current expenses and calls to pay off previous mortgages on some of my property. . . .

I expect to visit New Orleans next winter, my successors in business, Messrs. Dudley & Nelson, yet continue on their own account. I will with much pleasure speak to them on this subject and ascertain if they will be willing to open an account with you on your terms:—or what terms they would require.

Although I cannot put out my signature to any note or acceptance, yet I am sure my recommendation will induce them to offer you as liberal terms as their rules of business will permit to any one. . . .

[John W. Taylor, Jr., and his sister Harriet were the children of J. C.'s sister Sarah. H. M.]

CHAPTER VI
*HIS CHILDREN AND HIS CHILDREN'S
CHILDREN*

1850-1883

WE are nearing the end of our story. The little that can be gathered from the remaining letters tells of the love of James and Harriet Colles for their children and their children's children. Not many letters were written or preserved during this final period, but we can supplement the record by telling briefly the essential facts in the family history. Few of the children outlived their father, and it seems best to say a few words here about each of them before we close the story of James Colles' long life.

AUGUSTA's husband, DR. METCALFE, having decided to practice medicine in New York (which was very fortunate, as he became one of the foremost physicians in that big city), his father-in-law bought for the young couple a comfortable dwelling-house on the southwest corner of Broadway and Tenth Street. There the doctor started on his successful career and there a number of little ones came to bless them. They afterwards moved to a delightful house in Fourteenth Street, near University Place. Augusta and her children always spent the summers at Morristown with her mother. She died very suddenly in 1863 after the birth of her seventh child.

FRANCES and JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON spent the first year of their married life with John's parents at 7 Washing-



JOHN T. METCALFE



AUGUSTA (COLLES) METCALFE

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN

ton Square. It was during this year (March, 1851) that John's father died in the Washington Square home, just after the birth of the young couple's first child. As other little children were born they rented one house or another till 1855, when Mr. Johnston began to build the white marble house on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. They moved in about November, 1856.

Three years passed and they were longing for a trip abroad, not a "Grand Tour" but just a "trip." So, undaunted by the presence of four children (aged two, four, six and eight years) and accompanied by two faithful nurses, Annie and Caroline, off they went in the spring of 1859 and stayed away for the whole summer. They settled the children with the two nurses at Malvern, where the parents visited them frequently. Then John and Fanny travelled in England, Scotland and Ireland, a succession of trips, while a more extended one took them as far as Paris; where, bye the bye, they saw one of the first Paris Expositions. "Fanny" and "J. T. J." (as they always called each other) and their five children lived very happily at 8 Fifth Avenue for many years. She died in 1888 after a lingering illness.

JAMES COLLES, JR., entered Columbia in the spring of 1846.

After he left college he worked for a time in his Uncle Lovell's grocery business, and it was then that he wrote the very graphic letter about the packing of the butter. Mr. Lovell offered to take him into partnership if he brought with him \$10,000, but that never eventuated. Afterwards

JAMES COLLES

he became a tea merchant and conducted his business in a large loft building on Front Street.

He saw service in July and August, 1863, during the "Draft Riots" in New York. It was feared that the rioters would attack Webb's Shipyards, where the "Dunderberg" was building for the navy. A call was then made for volunteers for the protection of the yards and James was one of the young men to respond.

In 1855 he married Mary Josephine Blachly, and they made their home in New York. He always kept his unusual facility with pencil or crayon, also the clever use of his fingers. He was much in demand at Christmas time. Sometimes he made a huge picture on the wall of Santa Claus with his reindeer galloping along, sometimes a pasteboard cottage with lighted windows and Santa Claus disappearing down the chimney. He was adored by all his nephews and nieces, who always called him "Uncle Wee-Jamie." James, Jr., died in 1898.

JOHN HENRY, as we know, had never been eager for the attainment of knowledge, so he was not sent to college. He had always been somewhat of a problem, a little difficult to manage and impatient of restraint, but kind and affectionate, as may be seen by his letters, especially the remarkable one written to his father on December 30, 1852. Just what he did in New York after he returned from abroad we do not know, but his mother, uncomplaining, writes to her husband: "John Henry does pretty well. Stays out sometimes rather later than I wish, but I always wait up for him."



JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON



FRANCES (COLLES) JOHNSTON



CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN

When his father made his usual visit to New Orleans in the winter of 1852 his son accompanied him, and he was then inducted into the business of Dudley & Nelson. After that he was at work there every winter and did not usually return north before July 4. In fact, he lived more and more in New Orleans.

When the Civil War broke out John Henry, not unnaturally, joined the Southern Army, the "Washington Artillery Battalion" of New Orleans. But even before that both he and Mr. Dudley had become so bitter in their attitude toward the North that all communication with their northern families had ceased. Owing to the hardships John Henry endured his health broke down, he developed "a consumption" and was retired from the army. In May, 1863, he was in Cuba trying to regain his health, but positively refusing to come home. Later, however, he passed through New York on his way to Canada. That summer Mrs. Colles, with some member of her family, probably George, went to St. Catherines to visit her son. They had a pleasant reunion, but he parted from them at the Suspension Bridge. All this time he was steadily losing ground. In July, 1866, the poor fellow was back in New Orleans but a very ill man. He had a devoted friend, Mr. Denman, and in the summer of that year they went abroad together but they did not get far. A violent hemorrhage occurred in London and that was the beginning of the end. He finally was persuaded to return to University Place and died there on November 20, 1871, aged forty years. He never married.

JAMES COLLES

GEORGE WETMORE was the baby of the family and as such was rather spoiled. He was sent to the Churchill School not long after the family returned from Europe. He was not happy there, and we do not wonder when we read of the evil doings of his companions. It is rather illuminating to learn through his letters what were the vices of young schoolboys in 1850! In the spring of 1854 he entered Yale College, and in 1859 he emulated his father in making a "Grand Tour" of his own, a privilege not granted to either of his elder brothers. His letters are admirable, very graphic and entertaining. He finally joined his sister Frances and her family and they came home together in the fall of 1859. In the early days of the Civil War George enlisted. He was in Baltimore in 1861 and was still with his regiment (22d N. Y. Militia) when Vicksburg fell in 1863.

He became a lawyer, and in 1867 married Julia Keese Nelson, daughter of his father's former partner, Peter Nelson. After his mother's death he and his wife and children made their home with his father both in the city and at Morristown. They all continued to live at Morristown after James Colles' death (1883). George died in 1911.

As for the house at 35 University Place, where we all loved to gather, family and friends, on Saturday evenings and especially at the large Christmas dinners, that continued to be the family meeting-place until Mr. Colles moved to Morristown. The house was then rented for a number of



JAMES COLLES, JR.



JOHN HENRY COLLES

From photographs taken about 1866



GEORGE WETMORE COLLES



CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN

years, until finally, in 1904, it was torn down to make way for an addition to the Hotel Albert.

The Morristown home, after Mr. Colles' death, was moved to another site on the Colles property facing the old Basking Ridge Road and was then sold. There it may be seen to this day.

The final series of letters opens with Frances' engagement to John Taylor Johnston and her marriage on May 15, 1850. The wedding had been planned on a handsome scale, but on March 23, less than two months before the date set for the grand occasion, Mrs. Colles' mother, old Mrs. George Wetmore, died in her ninetieth year at her daughter Mrs. Lovell's house at Morristown. The young people were therefore married quietly and a very small reception followed at the University Place house.

A rather amusing incident followed the wedding. The ever devoted Mary McBride, having eaten an orange as part of the wedding breakfast, immediately planted one of the seeds in a flower pot. Strange as it may seem, the seedling grew at Morristown to be a real orange tree and furnished many delicious oranges.

It is very pleasant to notice the intimacy that developed between Mr. and Mrs. Colles and their sons-in-law. The letters which the young men wrote were full of nonsense and perhaps teasing, but the noticeable thing is that they *wrote*, which even affectionate sons-in-law do not often do nowadays.

The year 1861 brought the Civil War, a time of anxiety

JAMES COLLES

and anguish for both parents, for their sons George and John Henry were in the opposing armies.

Soon after this Mrs. Colles' health began to give way; she who had always cared for others was now seriously ill herself, and she left her devoted family on June 14, 1868, aged seventy-three.

After his wife's death James Colles continued to live as he had theretofore, in New York during the winter and in Morristown in summer, but about 1877, when his infirmities were gaining upon him, it seemed wiser that he should make his permanent home in the country. It was about this time, when the University Place house was to be rented, that George sent all the most valuable furniture and the most beautiful ornaments for safe keeping to the Morrell Storage Warehouse, where they were destroyed by fire. Some interesting things still remained in the house, and these are now owned by the various members of the family.*

Mr. Colles' final letters (how we all wish that more of them had been preserved) show his fondness for his grandchildren and his thoughtfulness for them. The last three letters

* One of his treasures all his children longed, after his death, to possess (many of the grandchildren, too). This was the "Old Spanish Chair"! My mother said she would give up all claim to anything else if she could have this beloved object. One of her brothers cabled from abroad that he *must* have it. At last all the children agreed to draw lots for it. A second group was represented by the family portraits, a third was the Family Bible; the others I do not remember. My mother got the chair! But she was generous about it: she had seven exact replicas of it made; her children each had one and others were given to one member in each of her sister's or brother's families. You see, Grandpa's children wished it because he had passed most of his latter years sitting and smoking in that chair; but the grandchildren, I fear, loved it because it was such fun while kneeling at prayers to pick out bits of the inlaying,—I know I did! [E. J. DE F.]



GRANDMA COLLES
AS WE ALL KNEW HER



CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN

are wonderfully spirited and playful, especially as coming from so old a man. A very marked difference from those which he wrote to his sons during the "Grand Tour." In one of the last letters it is amusing to note that in January he was arranging all the details for his fourth of July party at Morristown.

James Colles outlived his wife Harriet by fifteen years and attained a quite remarkable old age. Of course he no longer went to his office, but just sat on the piazza or took a little walk on the front lawn or in the lovely garden at the back of the house, and on these walks he was always accompanied by a number of canine friends—"Julie" or "Carlo" or "Trip" or "Foxy" or "General," or all of them—for they one and all adored him. His was a very happy and peaceful old age. The little pencil drawing which his office boy made of him expresses this, it seems to me; also the photograph taken on his ninety-second birthday, which shows his perfectly lovely smile.

In the so-long-ago New Orleans days his friend Robert Jaffray had written to him: "I hope you will be carried to the grave by your great-grandchildren, but this is most unlikely if you do not become more cautious of yourself." That was in 1824. He never was very cautious of himself and yet he was still with us in 1883, and when he left us he had no less than nine great-grandchildren.

He died at Morristown on November 6, 1883, aged ninety-five years, and he was laid away in Greenwood Cemetery near his dear Hal, his sweet Augusta and his pathetic

JAMES COLLES

son John Henry. In the grass plot just outside lies Mary McBride, keeping loving watch over the family as she had always done.

LETTERS

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JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON TO FRANCES COLLES

18th day, first month, 1850

DEAR FANNY:

ALL right at home. Mother rather prefers you to any young lady in New York. Father will be equally pleased when he knows of it.

I asked Margit if she would be very much surprised, some day, to find that you were her sister-in-law.

She replied "Not the least bit." I replied that "I would not be, nor Fanny either, for that matter."

J. T. J.

[A scribbled pencil note. Margaret Johnston was J. T. J.'s sister. Fanny Colles and J. T. J. were married at "St. Mark's in the Bouwerie" on May 15, 1850. Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

JOSEPH LOVELL, *Morristown*, TO JAMES COLLES (*Present*)

January 24, 1850

JAMES has spoken to me occasionally about going into business but I have said little to him, preferring that you and he should confer together first on the subject.

James' engagement with me will expire on the first day of September next, and on the 1st January following I think it likely I could make arrangements to give him an interest provided he could be furnished with \$10,000 Capital and you were satisfied to have him connected with my establishment. . . .

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, to JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

February 17, 1850

I HAVE delayed writing to you for some days in order that I might be able to announce to you the important fact that our butter is packed and that we are nearly ready to ship. . . .

I have been very busy getting our adventure ready, and have nearly worked my arms off. Packing butter, to one who is a novice at it, is an operation replete with difficulties.

The men were so careless in handling it that the first few kegs were very dirty. So, in order to make them be more careful I had to superintend the packing of every keg, and, in fact, handle the ladle myself, and smooth over the tops. . . .

That the butter might not be exposed to the air, the cooper had often to be present to head up the kegs.

The kegs had all to be kept in brine for twenty four hours; and, as they leaked more or less, it turned out to be a very dirty business. . . .

After the first ten were packed the work became much easier. It took us about four days to pack fifty four kegs. This used up all the butter, (12 tubs) and, as we could not get more than that number into the two hogsheads which I had selected, I concluded not to buy any more butter but to let the cooper take back the six surplus kegs.

I procured two very large water casks at one dollar each. They were loose and though the staves were not very thick yet they were of oak and appeared strong. The cooper has driven eight or ten very strong hoops upon each, besides two iron ones. They are also head lined.

In each of these I placed twenty seven kegs of butter weighing from 21 lbs. to 26 lbs. nett each. Finding then that there was still plenty of room which could not be occupied with kegs and would only be filled with salt the idea occurred to me that a few hams could be packed in with great advantage.

Mr. Pomeroy * was kind enough to go around to different dealers with me to look at some. So after a great deal of discussion I concluded

* Mr. Pomeroy was Mr. Lovell's partner.

JAMES COLLES

to purchase a cask of Cincinnati Sugar cured such as Mr. Cotheal recommended at 11 cents.

They were covered with paper, first, over which is a yellow washed cloth. This gives the ham a very pretty appearance. The cover is adorned with the curer's name (Thayer) and a very fanciful stamp; no guarantee, however, of its excellence.

They are round, plump, dry, solid, and though new hams are very sweet; the first of that kind that have come to market this season. Mr. David Cotheal says they are excellent and would have liked to take one for his private use, but as I could pack them all, 24 in number with the butter and wished to retain one myself I did not offer any of them. I covered them with paper and then with a cotton bag that they might retain their fair exterior.

There is 323 nett at 11 cents is \$35.53.

I was induced to do this because there was no expense whatever attending the packing and there would be no freight on them.

It took a vast quantity of salt, 23 bushels just sufficed to fill the hogshead when well shaken down.

Mr. Cotheal says there is no danger of the hams spoiling. The Hogsheads are immensely heavy, one weighs over 1500 weight, and the other nearly 1800. They are well coopered, however, and roll very solid.

The boxes for the lard are finished, I have left room for saw dust around the sides. Tomorrow morning I shall commence to pack them. . . .

When cartages and all are settled up, Insurance included, freight not included, the value of our Shipment will be very close to \$740. . . .

This has been a long and tedious job, and I have worked, myself, very hard.

One can have no idea of the delays and vexations and running after this one and that one, and getting little things for convenience in packing, and keeping everything in your head amidst so much confusion until experience has taught him how. But we feel proud to have accomplished it in a scientific way after all. . . .

Balls have entirely ceased since the commencement of Lent, Mrs.

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

Coolidge's was the last that we attended and a splendid affair it was. The very pleasantest that I have ever been at in New York. . . .

Tuesday evening next is to be devoted by Maretzek at the Opera. Don Giovanni has called forth much applause. It is really well done. . . .

We all send much love; the children too and also the Johnstons at whose house we had a small sociable party on Friday evening.

[It must have gratified James when his father received a letter from John Henry, then in New Orleans, saying: "Tell James his goods all came out safe and gave good satisfaction." E. J. DE F.]

[This letter shows a very creditable combination of delicacy, diction and determination. What boy of twenty-two would now pack butter and lard in the morning and go to a ball in the evening! H. M.]

MRS. COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

February 24, 1850

THEY tell me that Mother is falling off gradually. . . .

I had a letter from George a day or two since complaining bitterly of his situation at school. . . . He complains very much of the wicked practices of the boys. That they swear, and lie and steal and cheat, and even, he says, get drunk at night and go out to private *cock fights*. Can these things be so? I do not know what to think. That they tease and torment him I have long thought. I think they make a butt of him. Perhaps he will not join them in their wicked ways and that causes them to despise him.

I would willingly go up to see him but what good would it do! I could not venture to tell Mr. Churchill what I have heard, for then the blame would fall upon George. Perhaps James can go on Saturday next, and he can find out something about it.

I feel very sorry for the poor child. He says that he is so unhappy that he can learn nothing. To use his own expression, that his "burthen is greater than he can bear."

There is only about a month before the 1st of April vacation, and then, if things are as bad as he represents them I think that he had better come away.

JAMES COLLES

FRANCES COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

February 24, 1850

WE were all very much delighted last Monday on hearing of you at New Orleans.

We had a good opportunity of appreciating the merits of the telegraph although I think that if you sent the message on Thursday the 14th inst. we ought to have received it before the 18th which was the case. However, it was so much better than waiting 10 days that we did not grumble. . . .

Mrs. Johnston had a little party last week "on my account" and there I was introduced to all her relatives.

[Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

GRANDMA JOHNSTON'S DINNER PARTY BOOK

A SMALL Party for Miss Colles, February 16, 1850, [7 Washington Square].

Both rooms open—drawing room well lighted but few lights in front room.

Peter Williams waited.

Oysters cooked very badly.

Table [Duncan Phyfe table] two ends and two leaves—too small for fried oysters and terrapin.

Oysters to stew, 50 large to fry, three fine large terrapins, ice-cream (some left), jelly (enough), charlotte russe, French mottoes (flowers and roses), sponge and pound cakes, macaroons, brandied peaches, chicken salad, etc.

Mrs. and Miss Colles, Dr. and Mrs. Metcalfe, Mr. and Mrs. Radford,* Mr. and Mrs. Griswold, Mrs. John Taylor, and many others—thirty-four in all.

[This Party was to celebrate Frances Colles' engagement to "J. T. J." The "dinner party book" is now owned by E. J. de F.]

* Mary Lovell, Joseph Lovell's only child. Mr. Radford, her husband, afterwards became Admiral Radford. [H. M.]

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

JAMES COLLES, JR., *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

March 10, 1850

. . . I went up to see George yesterday morning. He appears to be well, although not contented. I could not get anything out of him further than that the boys teased him a little now and then and that some of them have got into bad habits lately on account of which Mr. Churchill had sent away several of those principally concerned.

George has become tired of the school, and seeing several of his friends going away, some to College and some to stores, probably he wants to go too.

He says that Mr. Churchill is kind to him, and most of the other boys since the two or three were sent away some weeks ago.

[From my knowledge of the character of the two brothers, I would say that this is a very sagacious and comprehensive sizing up of the situation at Churchill's School. H. M.]

DR. JOHN T. METCALFE, 785 *Broadway*, *New York*

TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

March 10, 1850

. . . Our delightful temperature continues. How it will affect the health of the city, as regards the Cholera, no one can yet say. Up to this time we have had no reported case of the disease within the city limits.

Influenza has shown signs of threatening to come upon us in an epidemic shape. This, you know, has occasionally been the forerunner of the other desolating scourge. . . .

Everybody here, is delighted with the great speech of Mr. Webster on the Slavery question. As usual with him he has taken the tangled web and, by the wonderful clearness of his logic, unravelled every fibre so that no fair and honest man can fail to understand and be satisfied. It will be the signal for certain rabid fanatics at Faneuil Hall and elsewhere to set up their cries of denunciation and anathemas; but I don't think the Marshfield man will be much the worse for their howling.

JAMES COLLES

I think Webster's speech much more powerful than that of Mr. Clay on the same subject. What do they say of it in the South? Mr. Calhoun has injured his fame, I think, by his last oration.

I have not seen a man, Northerner or Southerner, who seems pleased with his conclusions. . . .

JOHN T. JOHNSTON, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES
c/o DUDLEY & NELSON, *New Orleans*

March 15, 1850

ALL the rest of the "family" having written you, it will not do for me to be the sole delinquent. . . .

I dined at your house yesterday in company with Dr. Metcalfe and Augusta and can report them all well, from personal observation. Not perceiving any particular sadness in appearance about the Broadway folks, it is not too much to say that Harry and Goo-goo [Gertrude] are also well. . . .

You have probably heard through Mrs. Colles of the declining health of her Mother. She went up to Morristown on Tuesday afternoon, to see her; remained over night, and returned on Wednesday morning. There appears to be no ailment in particular, but such a complete loss of appetite that she cannot be induced to eat or drink what is absolutely necessary to support life.

She now hardly leaves her bed, and Mrs. Colles thinks that a short time must terminate the matter either by a return of her appetite which would lead to her immediate recovery, or by an extinction of vitality from pure exhaustion.

In the meantime you can well imagine the embarrassing position in which this places us all, as she may linger along till near the time appointed and then drop off.

[Mrs. Rachel (Ogden) Wetmore died at Morristown March 23, 1850, in her ninetieth year. The women of the Ogden-Wetmore family were of sturdy stock. Old Mrs. Ogden had died in 1824, aged ninety-four, and her daughter lived almost as long.

The "time appointed" referred to Frances' wedding day, which was set for May 15.
E. J. DE F.]

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

JAMES COLLES (*draft in J. C.'s handwriting*), *New York*
TO MARY ANN HAYWARD, *St. Louis*

April 25, 1850

. . . I am happy to see that you expect George next month. I sincerely hope that he is convinced by hard earned experience of the great disadvantages of a roaming life, and will be entirely willing to patiently fit himself for permanent business. This requires some little apprenticeship, as it were, and I think he had better do it at once. . . .

Frances and her Mother are very much engaged just now and will be so until the middle of May when a certain event is expected to come off.

I hardly know how we can get along without Fanny in our home.

[George Hayward was an interesting and lovable man, but was always of a roving disposition. E. J. DE F.]

JOHN HENRY COLLES, *New Orleans*
TO JAMES COLLES, *35 University Place, New York*

May 29, 1852

. . . Business has been very brisk for the last two weeks. We have sold some two or three thousand dollars worth nearly every day, besides putting up and shipping 500 bbls. of sugar.

My board bill at Mrs. Pease's came to \$50. . . . besides the board being so high, the waiters are impudent and extortionate. One will wait on you at table; another will black your boots; and a third will come and wake you up in the morning; for which they not only expect to be paid well but punctually, or they will talk about it to everybody and be excessively impudent.

I got into a difficulty with one of them who one morning sent me up the impudent message that he would not black my boots because I did not pay him.

However, Mrs. Pease heard of it and sent an apology to me and had him well whipped. Since then I have not had such trouble. . . .

JAMES COLLES

JOHN HENRY COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

December 30, 1852

I RECEIVED your kind letter yesterday, and, although I had just written you a letter a few days ago I think it my duty to reply to this one as I wish to convince you that I have broken *no promises* with you with regard to my boarding, as you intimate in your letter.

I made the promise (when I wanted you to let me take rooms and eat separately at the hotel or restaurant and you did not wish me to do it) that I would board at a respectable boarding house, sleep and eat my meals under the same roof. Mrs. Pease was mentioned and also Mrs. St. Johns, but you did not really mean to confine me to either one or the other of these two places without appeal. . . .

With regard to my changing rooms so suddenly after only one month's trial, I must say that I was so heartily disgusted with the place that I scarcely had the patience to stay my month out.

When I first arrived here I was worn out and sick, and so anxious to get settled down that I went to no other place to look for rooms except Mrs. Pease's.

She offered me at first my old room. I would not take that, so she gave me the room below it of the same size.

I took it, resolving in my own mind that as soon as I got well I would look round and try and find better accommodations.

You speak also about my asking other people's advice with regard to what I did.

I hope my dear father you will not believe this. Nobody has led me away or given me any advice on the subject as you appear to suppose. Most of my friends were staying at this house before I came here, or are now, with the exception of Mr. Barbot. He wanted to get rooms and we went all over the city, hunting for suitable ones, and finally came across these which are in a good neighbourhood and private, besides being comfortable and clean.

Our Landlady's name is Mrs. Griffin, 148 Custom House Street. We pay \$55. a piece for board, rooms and washing, which is about the same

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

as at Mrs. Pease's only each of our rooms is about three times as large and better furnished.

We are well fed and well attended on.

You seem to think that in a boarding house there are more restrictions on one than in such a place as I am now staying at: there are no more restrictions in the one place than there is at another.

At Mrs. Pease's there was no restrictions to any persons going out and coming in when he wanted to, everyone had a night key and no one knew whether a person was in bed at 8 o'clock or 5 o'clock. I think restraint in such a thing does more harm than good. I know it is so with me. As it is now, I could, if I wished, stay out every night till 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, but I do not do it. . . .

With only one or two exceptions (when I have been to the opera or theatre) I have been in my bed before 10 o'clock every night. There is no more drinking or card playing or anything else that is improper going on, than there would be if I was living home.

I feel satisfied that if you were out here you would be perfectly satisfied with what I have done.

Trust me, I did it for no such motives as you may be led to suppose from my past life. I did not do it to get rid of all restraint as you say in your letter.

I did it (and you may rely on what I say) for my own good.

If you came to a place to stay 7 or 8 months you would try to find a place where you could be the most comfortable, it is what I have done. . . .

I could easily pass most of my evenings in lady's society, but there would be no comfort in it for me. I take no pleasure in it whatever. As it is now, when I get through at the store I go home and have a nice place to rest of an evening. In cold weather I have a fire and can sit down and read, write or talk and pass the evening till bed time in a quiet and comfortable way.

You had better let me try it for a few months, and when you come out in the spring if you are not perfectly satisfied I promise you to do just as you say. It is no such place as that I was in last winter.

JAMES COLLES

I think you might allow me \$100 a month for there are really so many things I have to pay for which I would not be at expense for at home that I have little or no money in my pocket.

The amount seems large, I know. If anybody had asked me before I left home (and knew the expenses of boarding) if I could live on \$80 a month, I should have thought I could and have \$30 or \$40 a month [left?] but there is, as I found out, a great difference between the thought and the deed.

I shall write you again on these two subjects as soon as I get your answer. I have written about them *without reserve* and, agreeable to your request, have given you my thoughts on them. . . . Now my dear Father I must close this long letter with a happy New Year to you all, without forgetting the children, little Frank and Emily and Mary McBride and believe me

Your affectionate son

[Endorsement by J. C.]

Agreed that the amount to be allowed him by Dudley and Nelson on my account from *15th January 1853* [be] say \$60 per month which with his salary of \$40 per month from D. & N. makes \$100 per month. . . .

[This letter reveals my shy but affectionate uncle in an entirely new and most interesting light. It is so cool and mature for a boy of twenty-one. The letter is utterly different from what one might have expected from the stolid, stubborn and almost defective child. It illustrates how hard it is to steer the middle course between such severity as was shown James and John Henry and such laxity as fell to the lot of George, the baby. It also expresses so well feelings long pent up by misunderstanding, that I have avoided editing it. H. M.]

JOHN HENRY COLLES, *New Orleans*
TO JAMES COLLES, *35 University Place, New York*

February 13, 1854

YOU must excuse me for having been so negligent in writing. We have all had so much to do at the store for the last two weeks that one could hardly find time to turn around for himself. Business

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

has been so late this year, owing to the want of water, that what is done will have to be done in a very short time, and I suppose we shall be pressed with orders for the next six weeks. . . .

We have had, as you have no doubt seen by the papers, several large fires. The steamboat fire was the most terrific I ever saw. You can imagine what a scene seven of those large boats, all burning at once, would make. They were all freighted with cotton and produce. The light made by the burning pork and lard was so vivid that I have no doubt one could have read half a mile away. There were no doubt a good many lives lost, I suppose it never will be known how many. The upper works of those boats are made so slight that they burn just like paper.

The fire in Chartres Street was only about four stores off from your store. The whole block was in danger of burning at one time; if there had been any wind nothing could have saved it. As it was four stores burned, and there must have been a great deal of valuable stock destroyed.

GEORGE W. COLLES, *Yale College*, TO MRS. COLLES

April 2, 1854

I HAVE been matriculated and you may consider me no longer as a student on probation, but a bona fide member of Yale College—a Yalensian. . . .

A dozen students have been dismissed and about that number suspended. Not more than about 90 of us have been permitted to sign the bond of matriculation. . . . I have to go to church now. . . .

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO JOHN HENRY COLLES *at New Orleans*

January 29, 1855

. . . The business acts of a boy or very young man may be overlooked or forgotten if of only temporary duration. With increased years, good sound common sense is expected to step in and exert its wholesome control; I think it has. If not, the position of the person would be most pitiable.

JAMES COLLES

My dear Son, I am quite sure you are quite willing with me to adopt the old saying "Let bygones be bygones." We are the best of friends; I am persuaded we shall continue so.

AUGUSTA COLLES METCALFE, *New York*
TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

Easter Sunday, April 8, 1855

. . . Frances and her children are well. They have not yet decided on a name for the baby [John Herbert], though I think they intend to have him Christened before they go out of town.

Frances is busy with her preparations and is now looking round at furniture for her new house. They have begun laying the first blocks of marble.

[The reference is to No. 8 Fifth Avenue. H. M.]

JOHN HENRY COLLES, *New Orleans*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New York*

January 23, 1856

. . . I was very sorry to hear of your accident, but I trust it will have no serious results. You had a very lucky escape from being run over.*

We have done a very good business so far, our sales amounted to some \$85,000 last month. I should like you to have seen the levee for the last few weeks; the whole surface covered with cotton, corn, pork and every description of produce; the cotton in some places piled up nine or ten feet high. The whole extent of the levee was crowded with boats unloading and taking in freight, making a very exciting scene. . . .

The City is very gay; there are a great many balls and parties given every night. . . .

Give my love to all, not forgetting sister "Mary."

[James Colles, Jr., had been married to Mary Blachly. E. J. DE F.]

* J. C. was struck by a sleigh while going about on foot to pay his New Year's calls. In some way he caught hold of the pole and curled his feet up around it, which for a man in his 68th year was remarkable. He was very active on his feet. I believe he made it a practice always to walk to his office at 69 Wall Street. [H. M.]

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

MRS. COLLES, *New York*, TO JAMES COLLES, *New Orleans*

March 6, 1856

. . . I trust that ere this arrives you may have been several days in New Orleans. I hope that you have not suffered from your arm in travelling, although I fear that it could scarcely be otherwise. The fatigue I think must have caused an increase of the swelling.

I find that mine is still as much swollen as ever and sometimes more so; but yet it gains some strength and is not quite so painful as it was some days ago. I now practice sometimes carrying a smoothing iron up and down the room and swinging it to try and stretch out the muscles and I find that I can hold it better than I could at first. . . .

[I think this reference to her arm is to an injury received while out driving during the previous summer. I well remember when she was carried up the staircase at Morristown, insensible, in an armchair. H. M.]

GEORGE W. COLLES, *Naples*, TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

May 8, 1859

WHEN I last wrote it was from Paris. I have been very busy since then; have travelled much and seen many things. I hope you will not have been uneasy at my long silence. Since George has written home, you cannot fail to deduce the fact of my safety and health from his parents. I left Paris on Wednesday, April 20 and reached Marseilles Friday evening. We enjoyed the ride through Provence very much; you know you descend the whole length of the Rhone.

It is a beautiful river in some parts, having castles, vineyards, olive groves, mulberry plantations and many singular little villages scattered along its banks.

In Marseilles we found very little of interest to see. The principal [objects] are: the quays, wharves and docks with ships of almost every nation floating in them and crowded with throngs of people in many strange and picturesque costumes. There are Turks, Moors, Maltese, Italians, Greeks, Russians, &c.

JAMES COLLES

Here you first gaze upon the magnificent blue of the Mediterranean. . . .

As soon as we reached Marseilles, on finding that the steamer would not sail for Naples before Monday evening, we projected an excursion to Nîmes, and that evening visited the Pont du Gard, an almost perfect Roman Aqueduct bridge, a magnificent work, and one upon which one cannot look without astonishment and a realizing sense of the old Roman times, and their glory passed away. Sunday we visited the Amphitheatre, in a far more perfect preservation, they say, than that of the Coliseum. Even the marked divisions in the seats are there, showing the amount of space allotted to each spectator.

Several ancient temples, baths and an old tower, called the Tourmagne, built long before the Romans invaded the country were next the objects of our attention.

We found Nîmes a delightful old town quite different from most European towns we have been in, in its having many wide and well built streets and some beautiful public gardens.

The roses strongly reminded me of Morristown, and I thought of you and of everyone at home and I sat a long time under a fine spreading horse chestnut, and called to mind how you would have delighted in such a pretty quiet little place with the old Roman ruins and the clear water splashing in the fountains all around you.

Monday evening we were heading eastward in as fine a steamer as I ever was in, for comfort, though she was not very fast.

No sooner were we out of port when there came up a fog which for denseness I have never seen equalled. Of course we made very little headway and did not reach Naples till about eleven on Thursday the 28th.

Long before we could see the coast we saw the peaks of Capri, Ischia, Sorrento and Vesuvius almost over our heads. The morning was bright above, and underneath rolled the beautiful azure waters of the bay of Naples. Vesuvius is leisurely smoking, every now and then an avalanche of white smoke seems to run over the brim, roll gently down the mountain slope and gradually break and float away.

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

We were detained opposite the custom house for about two hours, about a dozen of the passengers being called off at a time, who got their trunks piled into the boat; piled themselves in after them and after heat, dust, suffocation, confusion, dirt and lazzaroni landed near the passport office. Here we each took a receipt for our passport and were then permitted to go to the "Douane" where our trunks were overhauled, and finally, I, preceded by a man bearing my "little all," after having traversed about fifteen kinds of openings between the houses, (you could not call them streets) reached the Hotel de G n ve where we are now staying.

Now be it known that I am economical and although Mr. Murray has thought fit to introduce the Hotel de G n ve into his book as a second class hotel, though the best of its kind, yet the difference in the prices between it and the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne induced me to, at least, take a look at it. We found a large room in it with everything comfortable and clean, with a balcony overlooking not only the whole city, but also as far as Vesuvius on the one side and the Toledo on the other, and a street or "place" in front about a hundred feet wide with a fountain, all for 4.30 a day, that is 2 francs and 3 sous a day for each of us, which is equal to about 40 cents — so we settled down.

Our room is as near as we can judge 26 ft. long, 18 ft. wide, with a ceiling of about 15 or 15½ feet high, frescoed prettily with scroll work, flowers and a circular piece representing children and a swan, from which depends a chandelier with glass pendants.

The furniture consists of two bedsteads of bronze, two large marble topped things like sideboards; two sofas cushioned in old red damask; two commodious bureaux; three immense mirrors; a dressing table of stately proportions; a large marble topped center table, five feet in diameter; bookshelves, handsome clock; vases; bronze lamp; two perfectly luxurious easy chairs, with enough other chairs for a large dinner party; a fine sea view, paintings and window hangings and "lambkins" * of red damask.

It is not shabby either, all this finery, nor coarse, nor make believe.

* An old family joke for "lambrequins" (tapestry hangings). [H. M.]

JAMES COLLES

Don't you go think that! but real palatial style, everything "en grand seigneur."

Well, what do you think we dine for? and that sumptuously with macaroni and Parmesan Cheese, that would tempt a Stoic? with Lachryma Christi and strawberries to boot? (which bye the bye I have had so much for the last month that I am quite tired of them) — two francs and a half a day, not half a dollar! Oranges! why I wanted to buy some the other day and handed the man a five franc piece; he immediately upset his basket into our carriage. I don't know how many there were; I did not count them, but the man must have made on them; for every wall, every terrace is golden with lemons and oranges.

To make a long story short, we have ascended Vesuvius, spoiling our tempers and having our wind and trousers both give out.

Unfortunately, you cannot ride now as far as the Hermitage: for the last two weeks red hot and liquid lava has blocked up the road in many places. At night the whole of one plateau of the mountain is blazing with glowing lava; and as we came down, (about ten o'clock at night) it was awful in the silence to listen to the cracking and the frequent grinding and falling of great masses of it.

In one place we walked (not at night, of course) for quite half a mile on lava so hot that the thick soles of my shoes had actually become brown in some places, and I thought my feet would burn off. Hopping from block to block; across cracks from which poured much suffocating vapor, white in hue; and finally climbing the cone on a steep ascent covered with round pieces of lava about the size of a man's head, we at last reached the top.

Then we crossed a crater, skirting among stones, and around pools of boiling sulphur where we had to breathe through handkerchiefs; admiring the beautiful orange and golden lines of the rocks surrounding the crater, and finally coming to a great hole, perfectly round, with sides as steep as those of a well, from which vast bodies of vapor, white as snow and stifling as a box of blazing locofoco matches, rose slowly and majestically.

We rolled in large stones, and listened; one, two three, four, five, six,

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

seven, eight long seconds and we heard a low and far distant splash, echoed, as it seemed, down in the bowels of the earth. We boiled eggs, or rather roasted them, right between our knees, where there were little hollows in a rock of no great size; we sang and drank *Lachryma Christi* (which I do not greatly admire, though I know it is genuine) and finally prepared to descend.

Unfortunately we had to go to leeward of the old Kettle, and the consequence was we got almost strangled. But on looking down, far down, we saw a deep red glare; it seemed to dance; now and then, almost to go out and then glow very bright; and then you could hear a low muffled reverberation and feel the ground shake like a street with a heavy wagon going over it.

Such is the present state of this mysterious old chimney. We had been very long getting up but we went down the sandy side and so ran all the way. We got home about twelve; very tired. Pompeii we took a whole day to see. This delighted me.

Here you are, almost brought in contact with the social life itself of these old Heathens. Now they seem really to have lived; before, they appeared only as dim creations of the imagination, myths in a stream of time, and you feel as if you were yourself, an antique and one of those old fogies who have been dust, now eighteen hundred years.

We ought to have gone to Capri but the weather, which has been very bad all along, prevented. It would have been too rough. We could not have seen the Blue Grotto at all. We shall try to see it, if possible, before we leave. This we must do soon, for if we put it off the weather will get so hot that we shall not be able to stop long enough in Rome to see what is to be seen. . . .

Of one thing I must make mention. I do it to reassure you. There is a war, I believe, going on up in Lombardy or Piedmont, and as it is probably rumored in America that Europe is in a state of anarchy and that murder and bloodshed reign everywhere, I was a little afraid you might be frightened. But don't alarm yourself, remember that it is all nonsense. Everything is peaceable and quiet here and you scarcely ever hear it mentioned.

JAMES COLLES

[In less than a month (June 4, 1859) was fought the battle of Magenta and June 24 that of Solferino.

To see what College will do, compare this remarkably fine letter with that of April 2, 1854, after matriculation. H. M.]

FRANCES C. JOHNSTON TO MRS. COLLES

Sunday Morning, May 15, 1859

HERE we are near the New Foundland Banks making very good headway indeed. As you know we left in a heavy northeast storm. Our starting was very tedious, as Pa will tell you.

We lost sight of four of my packages in coming aboard which has been a terrible loss to us. Mr. Johnston saw the packages all marked with the number of the staterooms and placed at the end of the gangway. A friend, Mr. Birney, came to him and said he would see them all on board, so John came on to see if we had got into our rooms and when he went back Mr. Birney said "I have seen them all aboard" so, although we could not find them we felt easy.

The confusion in getting under way prevented anyone looking thoroughly for them. I was always put off with the assurance that they would be found soon. The parcels were the large basket of clothes, the small basket of wines and tea and books, my carpet bag and a roll of chair cushions. In the basket were all of Colles' and Fanny's clothes, all the nightgowns of the four; the flannels; the knit scarfs &c. The next most important package, my carpet bag, contained my flannel petticoats, my warm dressing gowns and warm shoes, my dressing case and all of John's little articles of toilette.

So you see, when I finally became convinced they were not aboard I felt pretty badly; not a comb or brush, not a nightgown for the young ones. However, we soon became so sick we had no time to think about it, we got off their clothes and wrapped them up in shawls and we were all, except John, sick as possible all night.

Thursday was so storming that we all remained in bed all day. Towards the middle of the day beef tea was handed round in the staterooms and was the first thing we any of us relished. Herbert was the

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

most sick and kept calling out that he was choking. He said he was not sick but only *choked*. Annie and Caroline managed to be up by Thursday evening and have been very helpful indeed. Almost everyone on board was sick; it was very very rough. On Friday I got up about eight and struggled on deck and we had a fine sunny day. Was able to sit there till 7 p.m. and enjoyed my meals very much on the deck.

Since then have had a delightful time. We have a very large number of passengers, even the second cabin is filled with first class passengers. There are about 175. Not many ladies, about 20 I should think and about as many children.

We have met some very agreeable people. The Gans are pleasant and very kind. They have lent us a comb and brush and send me nice cups of tea, salad &c. The Tillotsons, of whom the Atkinsons spoke, are amusing. They sit opposite us at table. We have seats on the Captain's right hand and they on his left. It is very gay indeed at our end. Mr. Tillotson and John and the Captain all have their champagnes and wines, and I don't think I ever ate nicer things or laughed more in my life.

Mr. Tillotson is a very quick, intelligent man, but very dogmatic and conceited. . . .

One of our neighbours who has two little girls has lent me two night gowns for the children and with shawls and a dressing gown we make out. I have had the children's trunks from below brought up and they have clean clothes, at any rate, but none of the comforts we had prepared for them. They seem to enjoy themselves very much. Have enormous appetites and do not bother me the least.

Our rooms are quite comfortable and I sleep on my sofa almost as well as at home. There is certainly less motion on a steamer than in a sailing vessel. I have seen nothing flying about from side to side, and even the tall claret bottles stand on the table as firmly as on shore.

Sunday, May 22

. . . We are now sailing along in sight of the Irish Coast, which we made about an hour ago. We are likely to be in Liverpool by Midday tomorrow.

JAMES COLLES

We have enjoyed our passage very much indeed. The saloon is crowded in the evenings with the gayest parties playing whist, chess, vingt-et-un, muggins, consequences &c. &c. and you may be sure that we are among the noisiest. All seem to have one idea, that is to torment the Englishman Mr. Tillotson.

Oh, here I am writing about indifferent subjects and forgetting to tell you that 2 days ago Annie and Caroline were walking forward on the deck and the door of a stateroom was open (it belonged to the boatswain but was occupied by two passengers) and there they saw our missing luggage. We were glad enough to see it, you may be sure.

[This was the beginning of the "trip abroad" of the "J. T. J." family — May to November, 1859. Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *Malvern, Worcester Shire, England*
TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

May 31, 1859

. . . We arrived at Worcester at about 3 o'clock and took two cars (as carriages are called here) and drove to Malvern. . . . We went to several places, and selected the Pomona House* as our future abode. Mrs. Lucy is our hostess; she seems a very kind, attentive lady. . . .

There is a fine large sitting room where the children can take their lessons, a large pantry where they can eat and two large bedrooms opening into each other. The house is very pretty, running roses are trained up the sides; the grounds (about 2 acres) in exquisite order, fine standing roses in full bloom, every variety of flowers and shrubs; and just outside the gate a famous open common. In short we are charmed with our choice. . . .

I only wish you could be here. I know you would enjoy it, the mountains in full view and close to us — in 5 minutes you could be clambering up. The air is so bracing. You feel tempted all the time to mount them. You see parties like specks in the distance moving along in every direction. Most ladies go up on donkeys and walk down. We took a walk up

* Here the children and nurses stayed for six months. Mrs. Lucy turned out to be a perfect terror when no parents were around! [E. J. DE F.]

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

about one third the way to a place called St. Anne's Well. The mountains are bare of trees, so that as you get clear of the houses you have a fine view in every direction. Among the attractions here is a very fine Public Garden to which you may subscribe by the month. We have done so for the children. There is a band of music that plays twice a week and at the foot of the garden a pretty pond where there are ducks and a fine swan which we expect the children will enjoy feeding. Just in sight from the garden is a very picturesque old church and a fine old gateway which formerly opened into the Monastery. The church has chimes, and every quarter of an hour you hear musical sounds.

You see everywhere people on donkeys and sometimes children in paniers on each side; donkey carriages shaped like perambulators and invalid chairs pushed by servant men; all odd to us.

We leave here on Saturday for London.

In the evenings we write and read and do not get to bed till between 11 and 12 o'clock, which is very late considering we are tramping about all day. Sometimes this old *machine* * gives out and has to sit down and rest to take breath; but, owing to having such a vigorous helpmate is soon ready to start off again till some new place in the machinery gives out and then another rest. I always please myself by thinking that it will wear down some of my superabundant flesh.

[Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *London, Fenton's Hotel*
TO MRS. COLLES, *New York*

June 17 (Friday), 1859

. . . I find it very hard work to write, but it is so pleasant to receive letters that I make a great effort to do so. We start off as soon as breakfast is over and do not generally get home again to remain any time till 7 or 7:30 p.m. This is our dinner hour: you know it is not at all dark here till near ten. At 9 o'clock you can see to read with perfect ease. As soon as dinner is over we go to some opera, theatre or some

* She was only thirty-three.

JAMES COLLES

other amusement. What has kept us so very busy lately has been that we have taken advantage of the fine weather and gone out of town almost every day. We have been to Richmond, Hampton Court, Kew, Greenwich, and twice to the Ascot races. They say there has never been a gayer season. Last Saturday the Queen had a drawing room and all the carriages passed by our balcony and we saw the magnificent toilettes to advantage. We went on Tuesday to the Ascot Race, hoping the Queen would be there, but she was not. We enjoyed it very much, the sight is very beautiful. The ladies go dressed in their light dresses, just such as we saw at the Chiswick flower show. The grand stand must accommodate several thousand persons and the Promenade in front was thronged. These are all the élite except the thousands who go in their carriages and have the horses taken out and the carriages drawn up in line 3 or 4 deep all along the course for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. Then beyond all that is the populace crammed as close as they can be for near a mile. We got excellent places. We took little portable benches with us and got seats in the front of the piazza of the grand stand where we looked over the whole scene. The Queen's Cavalcade passed in front of us and we saw all the celebrities. The horses were very fine. I suppose we saw 50 or 60 run each day: the excitement intense. You could hear the ladies all around you making bets for and against the different horses. Some ladies not too scrupulous to ask which horse was the sire of so and so, and what breeds they were and what relationship to other horses, etc. We saw a number of Americans there. . . .

I hear from Emily every other day.* They are all well and seem to be very happy. When we go back to them we are going to let Annie and Caroline each take a week and go to Ireland. We shall go there

* Sample of little Emily's letters. Always written by the governess and copied by the eight year old child:

Sept. 30, 1859

MY DEAR MAMMA:

I am sure you will be vexed to hear that we did not go to the Circus yesterday, on account of my very ill behavior on the evening previous to my brothers and nurses. I am sorry now, but I was in a violent passion and am quite aware that my behavior was very ill. Miss Poole wishes me to say that Colles is a very good boy.

Letter owned by E. J. de F.

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

about the 25th June and soon after that begin our tour. We have not made any plan as yet. I have written George what we are going to do and to know if he wishes to join us.

GEORGE W. COLLES, *Turin*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*

June 24, 1859

. . . From Leghorn I took passage in a Sardinian steamer to Genoa. There is nothing more wretched than their little steamers. It is *dear* in the first place. Then the berth they give you, a shelf with a mohair [?] mattress and no pillows, in the middle of the principal cabin, which is a little airless hole about twelve feet long by six feet wide. And you can't even have *that* unless you hurry and take possession of it before they are all filled; and then you, though a first class passenger, must sleep on the floor on your shawl, or on deck. Heaven knows where the second class sleep! Indeed it is my opinion that they don't sleep at all.

Their economy of room is so wretched that the weak little 20 cat-power engine takes up one third the whole boat and it goes about 4 miles an hour. This is what travelling is on the Mediterranean.

I reached Genoa on the following morning. The architecture I think is very fine. . . . And Broadway or the Fifth Avenue is small compared with this.

Not that I at all give up the opinion that I have always held that the streets of New York are, many of them, fine streets; but they are not ornamented with imposing rows of tall palaces. They are broad, sunny, gay, cheerful; the shops are finer than any I have seen even in Paris or London; beautiful teams promenade them; they are more convenient and safe. But the Italian streets though narrow and dark have a picturesqueness about them which it is useless to attempt to describe. The palaces have a proud though dingy air; there is a solidity about them, and though they are dirty and weather stained you know they are no mere claptrap gingerbread work.

In short, I would not like to live in an Italian town but every one of them is interesting and worth seeing. . . .

JAMES COLLES

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO FRANCES C. JOHNSTON

July 5, 1859

YOUR Ma was to have written you by the steamer "Persia," but the intervention of 4th July with its inevitable requirements, has made her postpone doing so until next week. The Doctor, James and Mary and children came up on Saturday and will remain for a few days. They are all well. James has been absent in the West for two weeks. The weather yesterday was quite cool enough for woolen clothing. Our dinner party yesterday numbered eighteen. Your Ma says there were four generations represented, Mr. Albert Ogden being present aged 96. Everything went off agreeably.

[This was the famous "Fourth of July Dinner." All the available members of the family were present. The hour was 2 p.m. and usually the heat was fierce. Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

JOHN T. JOHNSTON, *Leamington*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*

August 4, 1859

MY DEAR HARRIET: (Sweet parient of my bride)

WHEN the beloved of my heart wrote you we were at the Lakes of Killarney and preparing to be in that same the next day.

The next morning was bright and beautiful and we had every reason to think our good fortune would accompany us; and so it did round the North Shore of the Lakes and partially down the West, but when the grand-daughter of Kate Kearney had presented us (for a con-sid-er-a-ti-on) with a mixture of goat's milk and potheen which was not bad to take, the clerk of the weather seemed offended and favored us shortly afterward with more mist and rain than was agreeable.

The pass of Dunlee which we now ascended and descended, your daughter on a pony; your son on a mare (shanks) was exceedingly wild and picturesque and the effect was much improved by the numerous parties, riding and walking, who straggled through the open, some before and some behind us. The whole fringed with beggars, buglers, men firing cannon to awaken the echoes, without request and without

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

notice, and women with bottles of goat's milk and potheen. Of course this fringe was a great nuisance.

The car drivers, boatmen, waiters and in fact all the men want to go to "America." If they only could get to America, they seem to think they would be set up in the world entirely. Everyone has friends there; everyone is expecting to go there; America is a household word in their mouths and I never before realized how completely America is the Irishman's Paradise.

This desire to emigrate is one of the peculiarities of the South of Ireland as distinguished from the North, and Middle. There you hear them talking of America and of their friends there but there is no such pressing desire to get over; but here it is the same talk with everyone you are brought in contact with. Notwithstanding this, they are astonishingly well off and we found but little difference in the appearance of the two sections. Everyone agrees that the progress made in agriculture for the past six years has been astonishing, and that the country is hardly to be recognized. The cabins look very comfortable though every now and then we saw one where the "master of the house" (pig) was walking in and out as if he belonged there. . . .

. . . In Cornwall on Monday we made a 31 mile tour in a carriage, to the "Merry Maidens" a druidical circle supposed to be "faymales" that danced on Sunday and were turned into stones.

Land's End with its splendid look out over the ocean; the long tongue of rock which forms the end of England; then, a pleasant sight, bread and cheese and Cornish cream at "The First and Last Inn in England."

The tin mines under the most romantic cliff just on the water edge and running out directly and without any equivocation under Father Neptune's Dominions. How I wished for you!

I would have had you in a bucket and have sent you down to explore the mine in no time at all.

How I wanted to descend; but it was too late in the day. . . .

The carriage is waiting and I must stop. Love to all.

Your beautiful boy

[Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

JAMES COLLES

GEORGE W. COLLES, *Dublin*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*

August 25, 1859

WITH regard to Ireland there is much to be said. The North differs essentially from the South in the character of its people.

Protestant and Catholic divisions exist, and severe rows sometimes occur, especially in Connaught. The Catholics are always bringing up the question of separation from England. They want to get full swing for Ireland and consequently they are all the time abusing the English. The Protestant portion are content to have the country as it is.

With regard to the country itself, it seems to be much the same all over the Island. You get the impression that very little else except turf for burning is produced. They burn it in the engines, on the railway and steamboats. The people are usually polite and familiar, they have a great deal of wit and talk a great deal. . . .

FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *Edinburgh*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*

September 9, 1859

WHEN I last wrote you we were at Oban. We left there the day following, and went on North in the boat. The scenery is exceedingly grand, all along this Western coast, and as you see very few inhabitations there is a loneliness and barrenness which gives you the idea that you are sailing on to the ends of the earth.

We leave here tomorrow, and I leave John and proceed to Malvern alone. We are so hurried now as to time that we can stay only two days at Malvern. If the children are quite well we will leave them and cross the Channel on Saturday the 17th. We shall scarcely have three weeks in Paris and I expect to be very busy.

John sends his love and a kiss to his "sister Harriet." He has taken so entirely to speaking Scotch that he says "luve" for love and he is talking of adopting the "Kilt" as his permanent dress.

Adieu

[Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

GEORGE W. COLLES, *Paris*, TO MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*

September 22, 1859

I ARRIVED here yesterday from Strassburg and am now in Paris where I joined Frances and John. They are both in first rate health and so am I. . . .

I must close this in time to have it go off by the 5 o'clock mail, which is the last to catch the steamer. I wish I was with you all at home. Goodbye my dear Father and Mother.

[This is the last of the series of letters received from Gertrude Colles. The rest are owned by E. J. de F. or by H. M.]

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*, TO FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *Somerville, N. J.*

July 13, 1860

. . . I received a letter from George the evening of the day you left, which I will forward to you by this opportunity. From New Orleans there is no pleasurable news. J. Henry has not written although Charley Morgan has recently returned from there and reports having seen and conversed with him. He was quite well. Neither did Mr. Dudley write. I shall be greatly disappointed if I do not get a letter from J. Henry soon. Everything there is in a most dreadful state as you may see by the papers. . . .

[John Henry was still with Mr. Dudley, who was conducting his father's old business in New Orleans. Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*, TO FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *Somerville*

About June 4, 1861

. . . The house seems very lonely and quiet. I shall miss George very much for he was always coming and going and keeping up a sort of bustle which was after all not disagreeable. I enclose you his letter. . . . We have nothing further from J. Henry and I feel very anxious about it, but hope for the best. . . . Julie has been well during my absence, as

JAMES COLLES

also Carlo and Trippe, but I regret to say that Foxy had a convulsion, which we presume was brought about by excitement on the occasion of Mr. Colles' return *unexpectedly*. However I left him convalescent.

[George was off with his regiment, the 22d Regiment New York State Militia. Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*, TO FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *Somerville*

June, 1861

. . . We have had no news from the south, which causes me much anxiety, although I cannot hear of anybody that has received any, still it seems very strange that we hear so little. . . . We have had another letter from George who is still in Baltimore and writes in good spirits. He says he is well and sends much love to all. I feel his absence very much and long for his return. When that may be no one can tell. . . . If you can drop a line to George, I dare say he would be thankful for it, and if John could forward him any light reading, newspapers or anything in that way it would serve to amuse him.

[Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*, TO FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *Somerville*

October 5, 1862

I SENT back your basket on Saturday last filled with all sorts of nice fruit such as peaches, pears, grapes and figs, with sundry other little things, by Brees' Express, leaving on the parchment tag which you had written. To my surprise, on going into the cellar in the evening, there stood the identical basket empty. On inquiring I found that it had been taken to our house in U. P., Polly emptying out the contents as usual, taking a part to the doctor's, and as usual returning the basket. I was the more sorry as the things were all very nice and I do not think Jamieson can furnish another as well. Tell the children there was a watermelon on purpose for them, so I send the basket tomorrow once more to try again.



MORRISTOWN HOME

About 1874



CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

[Jamieson was the gardener who lived with Mrs. Colles for thirty or forty years. He came to her in 1847. He too thought of enlisting but decided not to, his explanation being: "They are so careless about the way they point their guns in shooting." He lived to be eighty-eight years old (dying on May 23, 1905), and was much respected in Morristown. Polly was a colored woman, an old slave from New Orleans. She cared for their New York house in summer. Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

JOHN HENRY COLLES, *Havana*, TO FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *New York*

May 18, 1863

I HAVE just received your kind letter of the 6th inst. giving me additional particulars of the death of our dear sister. I first received the sad news through George. It came on me like a thunderbolt. Indeed for days I could not realize it. Poor Augusta! Always so happy and cheerful to all around.

. . . I should like you to send me if possible one of her photographs.

. . . What happiness it would give me to see you all once more, but circumstances make it impossible at this time. It is possible I may pass the summer in Canada, if I can get there.

[John Henry had been retired from the Southern Army because of ill health.

Augusta Colles, wife of "Uncle Doc" Metcalfe, died in New York on April 20, 1863. Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*

TO FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *Plainfield, New Jersey*

June 4, 1863

WE were very agreeably surprised this evening by J. Henry's unexpected arrival. We had recently been informed that he thought of going, if he could get an opportunity, to Canada, but did not dare to hope that he would come here. I wish that you could have been in the city or here to see him. He is to go to the city in the morning to report himself, and promises to come up again in the evening. He proposes to go to Canada for the summer. . . .

JAMES COLLES

July 8, 1863

We have no news yet from George except an old letter of the 30th of June, Harrisburg. I do not think he is there now. He is no doubt among those who have gone in pursuit of Lee. I had a letter from J. Henry this evening which I will mail you. . . . What stunning news we hear! I shall feel very anxious until I hear of George's safety. . . . Your aunt [Mrs. Hayward] was very much excited when she heard of the surrender of Vicksburg [July 4, 1863] but when we represented to her that she might in consequence see George* the sooner, that he might be taken as a prisoner of war to Chicago or some Northern town she seemed quite reconciled to it. . . .

July 20

Yesterday George cheered us with his presence. He arrived in the city on Saturday evening, but was immediately put on guard and remained so until Monday morning when he was ordered to report himself at 10½ o'clock, nearly all of the others having gone home on Saturday. So he says as his time of service has expired he walked off. He looks well but is much thinner than before he went. He suffered several times through want of food, the provision trains not being able to keep pace with the troops. He will stay at home for a day or two, until he is rested. James did not get off until Monday. He had a pretty uncomfortable time of it at the ship yard. . . .

July 23

Your father had a letter from John Henry today. He was well and still at St. Catharines. He had letters also from Mr. Dudley, written in the most desponding strain, just having received news of the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. His idea was that all these Federal successes only serve to lengthen the war and to make a reunion impossible. His opinion is that if the North should withdraw *all their forces from the Confederacy* that then *peace might be thought of*.

We hear of no more rioting in New York. Poor Stewart! † after all it

* George Hayward was in the Southern Army.

† Mrs. Mary Stewart, a former slave of Mr. Colles', to whom he had given her liberty, and who for many years took care of Mrs. Johnston's house in the summer. E. J. DE F.



FAMILY GROUP, MORRISTOWN

Detail of picture



CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

appears that she lost all her furniture except what she had in your house. George will try to get compensation for her loss.

September 17, 1863

. . . We had fine weather during our journey. The day we left Troy we went all the way to St. Catharines and got there about 10 o'clock. We found J. Henry very well. He looked better than when here. I tried to persuade him to return with us but he would not consent. We staid at St. Catharines two days and then returned to Niagara (J. H. returning with us) and staid at the Clifton House from Saturday until Monday. J. Henry parted from us at the Suspension Bridge. . . .

[Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

MRS. COLLES, *Morristown*
TO FRANK J. METCALFE [*her grandson*]

September 27, 1866

WE hear so seldom from you or John Henry that when a letter comes, it is handed from one of the family to the others as if it had come from Noah's Ark or some other remote place. Now is it right that the only two young gentlemen of the family that have nothing else to do, but to *entertain their friends* should be so remiss, and we cannot help coming to the disagreeable (and perhaps impolite) conclusion, that the two young gentlemen are getting *intolerably lazy*. In candor is it not so? If *not*, I am ready to make an apology.

Perhaps you have not heard that your Aunt Frances has had another daughter added to her family. The children are all very much delighted. They intend calling the little stranger Eva. They are still at Plainfield. . . .

I don't know whether any one has written to you about a very serious accident that befell your Grandfather about two weeks since. He fell from the gallery at your Uncle John's down into the area below on the stone steps and sprained his left ankle and his left wrist. It was at night and he thought he was going down the steps into the Garden but

JAMES COLLES

instead he stepped off alongside of the steps and fell about 8 feet. He was laid up for about a month, but now, thank God, he is able to move about again and goes to the city two or three times each week. Still he suffers pain at night in both limbs. He is however cheerful and well and enjoys going to the city very much after so long a privation.

I hope my dear boy that we shall hear from you soon. J. Henry, we have been expecting for a long time but I suppose must give him up. With much love.

[Mrs. James Colles died at 35 University Place on June 14, 1868, aged seventy-three years. This is the last letter of hers which we have. E. J. DE F.]

JOHN HENRY COLLES, *London*, TO JAMES COLLES, *Morristown*

July 17, 1867

YOU will no doubt be surprised at receiving a letter dated as above and coming from London, as according to my arrangements I did not expect to have to remain more than two or three days in England. We had perfected all our arrangements for leaving for Paris on the 8th and expected to start by the early train next morning, but about six o'clock I was taken with a violent hemorrhage and for two or three days was in great danger. You may imagine how perfectly prostrate it left me, and it is only since yesterday that I am allowed to sit up in my room. Mr. Denman has acted like a perfect brother to me, without him I think I should have died. I have had the best attendant, a good Doctor and every comfort I could have desired.

Give my best love to Ma and all the family, and hoping that this may find you all in good health is the earnest wish of

Your affectionate son

[John Henry finally yielded to the entreaties of his family and came home to 35 University Place. But it was not for long. He died there on November 20, 1871, aged forty years. Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO LIEUTENANT LOYALL FARRAGUT
5th U. S. Artillery, Fort Preble, Portland, Maine

December 2, 1869

HERE I am sitting at No. 69 Wall Street cogitating over the many many negligences that rise in judgment against me in the matter of correspondence, especially with my good young friend Loyall and his well beloved spouse.

I rejoice to say the "Admiral" [Farragut] is improving in health. He is not yet able (much to his annoyance) to take walking exercise, but rides out when the weather permits. He rode down to the Doctor's in 14th Street the other day and had a pleasant tête-à-tête in his carriage with the Doctor [Metcalf]. The Doctor's family, or furniture, being just now in a transition state to 30th Street, they will probably transfer themselves there in 3 or 4 days for good. We were very happy in having them and Frank to take pot luck with us for the past 3 or 4 days. . . .

I am much pleased to hear that you and Dill are getting along so nicely and contentedly, long may you flourish. I do not think that I shall be able to make you each a flying visit this winter, but if all things are compatible can we hope to see you here on Christmas. Nothing could be more welcome or gratifying to one and all. George and Julia and all our friends desire their love as also does Frances and family in her last letter from Paris dated a few weeks ago. Mr. Johnston and children are all well; they expect to go East perhaps to Egypt this month, they leave the children except Emily at school at Lausanne and expect to return in April. Please say to Dill that I send her a kiss and let Dill say to *you* that I send the same with my best wishes for your happiness from your Grandfather,

["Dill" or "Dilly" was Gertrude (Metcalf) Farragut, daughter of Dr. Metcalf and wife of Lieutenant Loyall Farragut, the son of the Admiral. H. M.]

JAMES COLLES

JAMES COLLES, *New York*
TO LIEUTENANT LOYALL FARRAGUT, *Portland, Maine*

May 26, 1870

YOUR twice welcomed letter of 24th inst. duly came to hand, and I thank you most heartily for your and Gertrude's kind remembrance of me, notifying your continued good health, and the fair progress in the variegated accomplishments of Home keeping, with Dilly you have all the elements of success in which doubtless you are by this time a full believer.

I was at the Admiral's on Sunday evening; he insisted on my sitting with him half an hour. I did so most willingly, he was very cheerful and had much to say about his projected plan of visiting Portland this summer which I trust he will be able to accomplish and so does the Doctor. Today I have heard that he passed a comfortable night. Your mother also thinks that there is some improvement. She continues quite well although a good deal worn down by constant attendance on the Admiral.

I am glad that Gertrude has a garden which she takes so much interest in. I wish she could see our garden at Morristown just now in full spring costume. I was there last Saturday (May 21). Everything is thriving finely, will have strawberries and peas in a few weeks. My grape vines are very promising; will have some ripe in 2 or 3 weeks for you if you can come to partake of them, and shall move to Morristown in about 10 days. I hardly think I shall be able to accept your kind invitation this summer to visit Portland, although it would afford me great pleasure. If you and Gertrude should be able to come, if only for a few days, it will be a jubilee. Keep it in mind.

Harry [Metcalf] is regularly installed as private secretary to Mr. Johnston at the Central R.R.'s office. He has leave of absence from Military duties for 6 months, which yet leaves a door open in case he is not entirely satisfied with his railroad prospects. I am glad that he has this reserve for I am not entirely satisfied that his contemplated change of profession was desirable. It was unlooked for by me. I hope

CHILDREN & GRANDCHILDREN: LETTERS

it will all prove for the best. Mr. Johnston takes much interest in having the trial. . . .

Yes, poor Julie is no more at large; for the sake of "Lang Syne" and cost of four pounds of sugar I had her carefully interred (not in sugar) but in the grass plat. She was about 10 years old, the average age of her race. I confess I had from habit much interest in the poor animal, and she so much for me that I could hardly keep her from mounting on my lap in season and out of season, and almost demanding sugar, which was not always denied her. In truth [she] was frequently *dogmatical* up to the last moment. Her eldest progeny, called Trip, I intended to take her place, but he has become missing at Morristown for some days; so there will be no successor. "General" my Newfoundland at Morristown weighs over 100 pounds, rather large for a lap dog, even if desirable.

Give Gertrude a kiss for me.

May God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

["Julie" was a black and tan terrier, bursting with love and sugar. H. M.]

[Captain Metcalfe's secretarial experiment was not entirely satisfactory to him. He was a born soldier and at the end of the six months he gladly returned to his former life. E. J. DE F.]

JAMES COLLES, *New York*, TO FRANCES C. JOHNSTON, *New York*

January 25, 1872

MR. JOHNSTON called on me yesterday and handed me your kind letter. I am happy to hear that you and all the family are well. I stated to Mr. J. that we certainly anticipated having you all with us on the "fourth." Had you not better come up a day or two previous to that time? . . . George and Julia have arranged all spare places and (including Dilly and Loyall) believe you can be made comfortable and truly welcome. Please communicate to Dilly and Loyall my wishes. I purpose occupying the small room adjoining my present location.

We have a fine rain this morning,—it is much needed. I shall not fail

JAMES COLLES

in making you a visit in course of the coming month. The children and all at home are well, and will be rejoiced to see you. I have not recently seen Dr. Metcalfe. Henry Metcalfe and wife leave, I believe, for N. Orleans on Saturday next. My best regards to Mr. J., and much love to the children.

Your affectionate father,
J. COLLES

[Letter owned by E. J. de F.]

Nearly eleven years elapsed between the date of the last letter that we have of my grandfather and the close of his long life. Captain Metcalfe has put the seal very simply and touchingly upon the record, and I quote his words: "So he pursued a quiet life until, with his fine teeth as sound as in youth, his beautiful white hair unthinned by time, he sat smoking his perpetual cigar in the twilight of the third day of the ninety-sixth year of his age, when he said 'Oh' and was gone."



GRANDPA COLLES

On his Ninety-second Birthday, 1880



APPENDIX

I

OLD MORRISTOWN DAYS

II

GRANDPA COLLES

These two sketches — “Old Morristown Days” and “Grandpa Colles” — were written many years ago, but it has seemed to me that they might add to the interest of the letters. They are records of my childhood and in a way of the childhood of all the grandchildren of James and Harriet Colles. So I leave them practically as they were written, except for the addition of some pleasant memories of Harry Metcalfe’s which I have marked with his initials.

EMILY JOHNSTON DE FOREST

I

OLD MORRISTOWN DAYS

I HAVE been reading some old Colles letters—that is, some which passed between my grandmother, Mrs. James Colles, and my mother, Frances Colles Johnston. As I think about what I have read, I feel inspired to write down some of my memories of the dear old days at Morristown, the family home which we all loved so much. My grandparents lived there in the summers when my mother was a little girl and when their winter home was in New Orleans.

The old homestead was built by my grandfather and in 1838 the family moved in. At that time, and also when I knew it, it faced on Maculloch Avenue (formerly known as Doughty Street), but it has since been moved to another site and sold.

“The place was called ‘The Evergreens’ from a number of large arborvitae that formed a hedge about the woodhouse in the rear. The estate comprised about forty-five acres, most of it in meadow land. In front a stately wooden fence with high posts capped with urns separated the lawn from the high road. The fence was backed by an arborvitae hedge. The lawn came to have fine trees, one larch that I particularly recall.

“In the early days I believe the railroad started from Elizabethport and ended on what was called Railroad Avenue, right in front of my grandfather’s house. I remember that Grandpa would never leave his breakfast until the locomotive bell began to ring. Then he would dash across the lawn, waving his napkin. In the early days this signal was generally heeded by the trainmen. Later, when there was probably more than one train a day each way, and Grandpa’s relative prominence had subsided, he was occasionally left, and sometimes had then to drive the

APPENDIX

thirty miles to town. His procrastination led him to daring feats in catching trains; but he was quite impetuous in getting off—possibly by way of compensation. The brakemen were usually warned to look after him.” [H. M.]

My grandmother was a remarkable woman—very intelligent, even brilliant, and extremely executive in every way—a born leader. She managed the whole place, including the garden and stable, and certainly managed my grandfather.

“We always had morning prayers read by Grandma from an old prayer book with the long *S*’s which was my delight. I remember how Grandma used to pray that we might ‘be temperate in our meats and drinks and in the enjoyment of our several pleasures’—also the peroration: ‘with God our guide and the Spirit our friend and the holy Angels our protectors.’ My grandmother was strong, good and true. The mainstay of the family—a judge whose opinion all respected, a friend to all. My father said that he never knew a mother-in-law with so much tact. I can see her now delivering a soul-stirring address to some trespassing boys whom Jamieson brought before her. She was at the moment using a big butcher’s knife with which to trim the coverings on her jelly glasses. She emphasized her remarks with waves of the big knife that frightened the boys into repentance.” [H. M.]

Grandma was devoted to her family, and we were all fond of her, but a little afraid of her, too. Above all she was hospitable, and loved to fill the house with her children and grandchildren to its utmost capacity. This was especially the case for the Fourth of July, which was one of the great family festivals, only slightly less important than Thanksgiving and Christmas.

At these festival times Dr. and Mrs. Metcalfe with their four or five children, my father and mother with their four, and often Mr. and Mrs. James Colles, Jr., with their two eldest, would be

OLD MORRISTOWN DAYS

packed into the house somehow and somewhere. I know Aunt Augusta slept in the big four post bed with netting curtains and ball fringe, and that under this was a "trundle bed," which was pulled out at night for the use of one of the babies. We children slept on "shakedown" on the floor, in the linen closet, the open attic, or even in the big second story hall. I well remember that I, as a small child, was often given the privilege of sharing Mary McBride's bed. This was only "three-quarters" wide. It had no springs and no mattress, but was just a large sacking filled with corn shucks, and folded on top of that a comforter. There was a long slit in the sacking, through which Mary and I could slip our hands to toss up and stir about the corn shucks. The attic was like an oven in July. Mary had only one small window and she was in the habit of sleeping in the middle of the bed! Poor little Emily!

Mary McBride was a real personage. She was a tiny little woman not over five feet tall and very slender, but she ruled her three young charges, James, John Henry and George, as thoroughly as if she had done it with a cat-o'-nine-tails. We all loved her, however, because she had so many soft spots and we all knew where to find them. It was a great honor to be asked to take a cup of tea with her in her own room. She had a lovely little tea-set and such nice sweet crackers were stowed away in corners of her closets. Then on Sundays she would bring out "Fox's Book of Martyrs" (illustrated), and in what other way could one get as many thrills in so short a time?

All day long we children raced and ran, climbed trees and stuffed ourselves with cherries, or sneaked into the garden and robbed the currant bushes while Jamieson the gardener had his back turned, or poured gravel into the holes along the edges of the path where the wasps had made their nests. (This was some-

APPENDIX

times disastrous!) Or we went in wading in the little stream at the foot of the hill, where the mint grew. Bye the bye, our favorite time for wading there was when we were on our way down to the meadow to take a middle-of-the-day dinner with Aunt Lovell, and I daresay that we sometimes arrived with the hems of our dresses wet! I shall never forget the way Uncle Lovell asked a blessing. He was a tall, rather lanky man, as good as gold, and always looked to me like a typical elder in a country church. He would stand at the foot of the table till we were all there, then arrange the carving knife and fork, blow his nose, hitch up his coat sleeves a bit and begin the long "Grace" in a rather loud voice, which, however, gradually diminished in volume and finally trailed off into silence, and we only knew that he had really finished when he began to carve the turkey.

The only time when we children were required to come in and be quiet was at about 10 A. M., at which hour we were expected to shell the peas and string the beans. We always assembled in the "upstairs hall," the youngsters on the floor in a big circle with newspapers on their laps and a large pan of pea-pods in the centre. The elders sewed and read aloud by turns, usually from Dickens, and Grandma often made or altered caps on a paste-board head fashioned for the purpose which always had a great fascination for the children. At about 11 o'clock we were released on the appearance of a large tray with cookies and a big pitcher of buttermilk, or of a drink made with raspberry vinegar and currant jelly, for which my grandmother was famous.

"In the evenings my mother used to play and sing in the back parlor while Grandpa sat in the library reading his perpetual paper and smoking the unquenchable cigar. He read by one candle, which also served as a magnet for a swarm of June bugs that would crawl over his paper and his face without in the least dis-

OLD MORRISTOWN DAYS

turbing him. If he had swallowed fire he could not have been more interesting." [H. M.]

The Fourth of July was the most glorious day of the whole year to the children. Grandpa, "Uncle Doc" and Father always furnished a plentiful supply of firecrackers, etc., and George Colles and Harry Metcalfe began the day by a grand salute of bombs at sunrise. After that we worked hard all day long and the noise must have been intolerable to our elders.

"On the Fourth of July Uncle John (J. T. Johnston) used to bring up a lot of toys and hide them all over the grounds. Then he, followed by the children in single file, would take a divining-rod with which he managed to find an appropriate gift for everyone. I always admired my Uncle John very much. He used to dress in snow white duck with a bright blue cravat. His whole figure was so neat and trim that it served as an inspiration as much as a reproach to me on one of whose knees was always a grass stain." [H. M.]

At two o'clock came the family dinner, and all my grandmother's sisters and their families made their appearance. The older ladies brought their best caps in band-boxes, and always went upstairs and changed their white stockings to other white stockings and put on their slippers before coming down to dinner. Then the elders sat down at the largest possible table in the dining-room, while the younger children had their table in the smaller room across the hall. I can well remember the dignity I felt when I was promoted to the grown-up table. On the centre of the long table were three pyramids of flowers, each about two feet tall, made of successive rings growing smaller toward the top and each ring filled with wet sand. The flowers (of all kinds) were snipped down to about three inches in length and stuck in the wet sand in such a way as to give the greatest possi-

APPENDIX

ble variety of color and to present a nice, even surface. This took hours to accomplish! As to the vegetables and fruits served at this dinner, my grandmother did not say much about them (for very pride), but she would have been much mortified had she had less than eight or ten kinds of each to offer, and all of them the produce of "The Garden."

Her garden was a wonder and so was Daniel Jamieson, the Scotch-Irish gardener, who was responsible for all the delicious things that came out of it. He was another "personage." In fact, he and Mary McBride were almost like members of the family. Jamieson was a regular autocrat in his own domain and the grandchildren really plagued him by their invasions. Long years afterward when he was, I think, nearly ninety years old, I went to see him in his son's house, and he laughed as he told me that the only threat which really held much terror for his tormentors was when he shouted: "If you don't get out of here I will pull off my head and throw the bloody mass at you." Then the youngsters would scamper away, shrieking.

To the saga of Morristown (and of Jamieson) Captain Metcalfe again contributes:

"The woodshed was full of mystery—and dust. Up overhead were piled all sorts of forgotten things too good to throw away, too bad to use. When the new stable was built there was a little room where Jamieson kept his tools—I mean his putty covered chisels, his worn out paint brushes and empty paint pots. Also *the* hammer, and various boxes in which old nails were saved. As he once said to me: 'You'll find a little of everything here but whiskey and money.' Here he used to hang his seeds so that there was always in the room a delightful dusty smell full of the promise of flowers and vegetables. He was a great lover of Grandpa and stayed with us as long as the family held together." [H. M.]

OLD MORRISTOWN DAYS

Jamieson and Grandma always consulted together about garden problems. The upper part of the garden had square plots for vegetables, but around each plot was a border of flowers, and I have always felt that this was the only proper way to lay out a garden. Beyond were the greenhouses full of hot-house grapes, and beyond that again, on the southerly side, were great big fig trees full of luscious figs; indeed, they gave us two full crops each year. It makes one's mouth water to think of them. There was always great rivalry concerning gardens between Morristown and Plainfield, where the Johnstons had their summer home; but in one detail Plainfield never successfully competed with Morristown, and that was in the matter of green figs.

We always had to visit Morristown during strawberry season and peach season (even pie-plant sometimes furnished an excuse), and Grandma made return visits to Plainfield, either driving all the way or making part of the trip by train while we drove to meet her. When she came she always brought with her hot-house grapes or figs, or something equally delicious—if that were possible.

Another delight for us children at Morristown was the friendship of the dogs. There was "Julie," a black and tan who lived in the house and whom none of us cared much for; but out of doors, never daring to come further than the piazza, lived old "Carlo," a setter, a prince among dogs, and his retainer and slave "Trip," a wire-haired Irish terrier. Carlo always marched first or swung along with a fine easy stride, while Trip as a matter of course trotted after. I have never seen such a dog-friendship as existed between them, Trip always offering homage and Carlo graciously accepting it.

As time went on Carlo became very old and feeble, and finally found it difficult to go down the steep stone steps into the

APPENDIX

kitchen area for his meals, so Trip began to wait on him and brought up all his dinner bit by bit to the top of the steps. Later, when Carlo was blind and no longer able to leave the woodshed, Trip would transport it all thither and after spreading it before him would sit down and wait till Carlo had chosen all the pieces which he wanted and had eaten them, and then Trip would satisfy his hunger. Finally Carlo died and Trip just whined and whined and mourned till he died also.

But with all these fascinating diversions the life of the home centred about my grandfather. He certainly had a lovely disposition and never seemed to worry about anything. Everyone loved him and by his grandchildren he was simply adored. He fed us little tidbits at table, each of which he called a "wee-gee" (I do not know why), and he took us with him when he went strolling about the place with the dogs. Is it any wonder that we loved him?

There is an excellent photograph of him which was taken on his ninety-second birthday, and which shows his most endearing qualities. He lived until November, 1883, and died in the dear old Morristown home, aged ninety-five years. To the last he still had his lovely smile and the quizzical twinkle in the corner of his eye.

II

GRANDPA COLLES

1788-1883

MR. COLLES," the name which Mrs. Colles always used in speaking to or of my grandfather (thinking, I suppose, that it would be disrespectful to call him by any less dignified name), was one of the most easy-going men I have ever known; I do not think that it was possible for him to hurry. He invariably came into church fifteen minutes late—one could almost set one's watch by noting the moment when he took his seat. He always arrived at the railway station just as the train was about to move off; the conductors knew him and waited if they saw the Colles carriage being driven furiously down the street. Grandpa, arrayed in a long linen duster which he wore all summer, would alight deliberately and board the train, smiling so sweetly that he disarmed all criticism. Then he would remove his tall silk hat, of which he never changed the style winter or summer, and gently mop his forehead as if he were quite exhausted by his great haste and exertion. In this hat, by the way, he carried all his legal papers and personal correspondence, a number of loose cigars, his gloves and various other belongings; he dropped his voluminous silk handkerchief over them all, and, bending his head forward, with a dexterous movement placed the hat upon his head. The reverse operation was necessary for its removal, and there were many funny stories told of his being unexpectedly obliged to bow to some one, the raising of the hat being followed by a shower of papers, cigars, etc., the handkerchief usually remaining on the top of his head. He did everything in a very leisurely and absolutely methodical manner: Grandma

APPENDIX

refers in one of her letters to the fact that the dog had had a fit, the cause of which was unknown unless it was that "Mr. Colles" had "returned unexpectedly from the city."

For years it was his custom to subscribe to the London "Times," and he never skipped anything or laid the paper aside till he had read every word. In this way he naturally fell behind-hand, and I remember my father's telling of his finding Grandpa at one time in a state of great excitement and indignation over the bread riots in England. "What!" said my father, "Again! Are they anything like those awful riots they had over there two years ago?" "Well," answered Grandpa, "I am a little behind-hand with my London paper; perhaps it was two years ago." The New Orleans "Picayune" was another newspaper which he read conscientiously.

It was always hard for Grandpa to wake from his sleep; on one occasion Grandma, who had been alarmed by a noise, shook him and whispered that there were burglars in the house; Grandpa promptly fell asleep again. "Mr. Colles," said Grandma again. "Eh! What!" exclaimed he. "Burglars!" she answered—with no effect. At last she got him out of bed and armed him with a curtain rod, taking another herself, and they started in the dark to try and find the door. Grandpa found it first by coming against it face foremost, whereupon he cried, "What is the matter? Where am I? How do I come to be here?" He was still sound asleep! The "burglar" turned out to be Polly, the laundress, who had gone down very early to begin the Monday morning wash.

Grandma used to tell of her informing him that "Mr. Johnston" wished to marry Frances; she said that he was greatly surprised (although they had been very intimate for years, having been friends ever since their first meeting in Paris) and

GRANDPA COLLES

exclaimed, "Marry Frances! Why, what does he want to do that for?"

My grandparents had, at 35 University Place, a very handsome house; the lot was an unusually wide one, and the three first-floor rooms were spacious, especially the dining-room. This was a beautiful room, where the dining-table could be drawn out so as to seat at least twenty-four guests. Over the sideboard hung a very large picture, supposed to be by Salvator Rosa, and on the long sideboard were the three big gilt epergnes which were used for the "dinner parties." On the mantel were a handsome clock and a pair of candelabra in bronze and gilt, representing knights in armor, and above them was a fine copy of a portrait by Mytens of Admiral von Tromp.

This was the room where the table was set on New Year's Day, the day when all proper New York ladies stayed at home, in true Dutch fashion, to receive calls from their men friends. On the table there was always at such times a huge tureen of "Gumbo"—a Southern dish; it was a thick soup made with "gumbo filé" powder, with chicken, oysters, ham, etc., in it, and was served with rice. All Mrs. Colles' Southern friends knew that they would find "Gumbo" on her table at the lunch hour and timed their visits accordingly.

Beyond the dining-room was the pantry, where were many delightful tin boxes filled with doughnuts and crullers, cookies and other good things, which were given to the grandchildren by Mrs. Colles when they were "good children," and I am sorry to say were sometimes taken by them when they were *not* good!

The "front basement room" was the one where all the family meals were served except when there was a "company dinner party"; this was also the room where Mr. Colles read his papers and smoked his interminable cigars; the room had a smell of

APPENDIX

tobacco smoke which no airing ever seemed to dispel. I suppose it was because of its proximity to this room that Mr. Colles always came in and went out through the basement area door. Very rarely did he use the grander front door, and it was probably on account of his being so unaccustomed to the front steps that he fell when descending them one slippery New Year's Day and broke his arm. The splints were left on for a long time and, no especial attention having been paid to the fingers, it was found afterwards that several of them were bent inward—a contraction from which they never recovered; these fingers were, however, features of very great interest to the grandchildren.

Grandpa had a most beautiful head of thick white hair which we children considered was a kind of crop grown especially for our use. While he lay on the horsehair sofa in the library, we would comb his hair vigorously with a little folding comb which was always kept in his vest pocket. We combed and braided and curled, and poor Grandpa would just squeeze up his eyes if we pulled too much and say: "There, there, leave me a little hair, you scamps." His teeth were as remarkable as his hair. He had never been to a dentist and he had his full complement of teeth when he died.

I think that it was he who started the custom of putting up a case of one dozen bottles of wine on the birth of each of his children; this wine was to be used at the wedding of the child and was plainly marked with its name and the date of its birth. This custom was followed in the family for several generations.

Grandpa was a born antiquarian. All the time that he was abroad, he haunted the antiquity shops and was always on the lookout for old and beautiful things. Hereally had a very remarkable collection of pictures, furniture, bric-à-brac, jewelry, etc. Many of the smaller treasures he kept under lock and key in an

GRANDPA COLLES

old trunk and produced them from time to time on family anniversaries. For instance, he came home once in Paris with a quaint ring—an “M” in tiny red stones on a background of hair, the whole covered by what was apparently a piece of glass. He handed it to his wife and daughters and told them that the one who guessed what it was made of should have the ring! One guessed glass, one, crystal, and one, something else, but as no one had guessed correctly, the ring disappeared once more. When Augusta married Dr. Metcalfe, her father gave it to her and told her that it was a diamond ring,—the hair supposedly that of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who had had rings of such description made for her favorites, the “M” done in rubies and the covering a “table diamond.” The ring belonged later to Gertrude Farragut, daughter of Augusta Metcalfe, who in turn left it to her niece, Julia Metcalfe (Mrs. C. N. B. Camac).

As very little collecting of such things was done in my grandfather's day, it was possible to buy historical objects of great beauty and interest and of absolute authenticity. For example, Grandpa had a beautiful Sèvres clock and pair of lamps which had been in Marie Antoinette's room in the Petit Trianon; also a *bisque* statuette of Napoleon Bonaparte on horseback, most beautifully modelled. This statuette of Napoleon had been the property of his brother, Joseph, King of Naples; after some research it was ascertained that Napoleon had had similar ones made for each of his brothers, and that when the required number had been cast, the mould had been destroyed. It was evidently one of these which my grandfather had found—with one of the horse's legs broken off, to be sure, but that was easily repaired by an Italian sculptor.

Then there were beautiful cabinets of ebony and ivory or silver, and some of *buhl*, all with secret drawers, hidden springs,

APPENDIX

etc. Some of them had little recesses lined with mirrors, and tiny ivory statuettes standing on tiny pedestals. These palace rooms we peopled in imagination with miniature lords and ladies, and who can describe their fascination for the children of the family! When we had shut and locked the little door which closed this recess we were sure that all the tiny people had come out of their hiding-places and were living their own stately lives.

There was a recess on the landing of the stairs, in a very dark corner, where stood a huge vase or jar, fully four feet high, and, I think, covered with rich black and gold lacquer. In the jar a "bear" was supposed to live, and we children used to dare each other to "take off the cover."

To this beautiful home my grandfather invited his friends, a number of whom were very distinguished men — among others, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster; he was also acquainted with Hamilton and Jefferson. Both he and my grandmother much enjoyed having their friends with them, and gave very handsome dinners. They also had a custom which was most delightful—that of assembling all the family at their house on Saturday evenings. Their friends knew of this weekly reunion and were expected to "drop in" as often as they cared to do so. This resulted in a gathering of from twenty to forty of the family and friends each week. The elders took their work with them, and the young people were apt to congregate in the front parlor and play games. My mother and father very rarely allowed anything to interfere with their custom of spending Saturday evenings with "Ma and Pa."

Christmas was a great festival in the Colles family. They always assembled, big and little, young and old, at Grandpa's house just after the morning church service, where they formed in a procession, two and two, headed by Grandpa and Grandma,

GRANDPA COLLES

closely followed by all the small children. In this way they marched to the door of the front parlor, which was always tightly closed. Grandpa, knocking at the door, now held a conversation with Santa Claus, who growled out questions from within, asking how good the children were, whether they had learned their lessons, etc. The door being opened, it was discovered that Santa Claus had already gone up the chimney. But what a sight! All the Christmas presents for the entire family were there displayed. It was at this time that Mr. Colles used to produce numerous tiny envelopes all neatly sealed and addressed to the respective grandchildren, each one containing a five-dollar gold piece.

In the evening there was also a family dinner, and after that, very frequently, some rather elaborate frolic. Sometimes a play was acted, and sometimes it was a huge, gray, canton-flannel elephant that was led around. Again, it was a tournament, with Uncle James and Uncle George as knights on petticoated horses, and with Harry Metcalfe as a herald. There was always something bright and clever.

Mr. Colles was fond of reading, and was an interesting conversationalist. He was never tired of talking of Napoleon and his career. He loved, also, to speak of interesting people whom he had met. Once, when a boy of twelve, he had taken the long stage-coach journey between New York and Albany, and had alighted with the men passengers to walk up the hills. While walking with a man much older than himself the conversation turned on Aaron Burr, and the stranger proceeded to defend Burr and to justify his conduct, the boy not knowing till later that it was Aaron Burr himself. He always considered it an interesting trait that Burr should have thought it worth while to seek to justify himself to a young lad. He also said that Burr

APPENDIX

was lacking in dignity in his intercourse with the women at the inns where they stopped.

In New Orleans he had formed the acquaintance of Andrew Jackson, and between them the greatest friendship existed until the death of the latter. It was Jackson's habit, while he was there, to rise early and walk on the Levee. Mr. Colles was also an early riser and a frequenter of the Levee. "Old Hickory" and the merchant had many long talks as they strolled together.

My grandfather certainly was what is technically called a "dear." We all adored him and felt as if he belonged to us. He was gentle and kindly, very slow and easy-going. He had the loveliest, sunniest smile I think I have ever seen, and *such* a twinkle in his eye! He never *quite* winked at us when Grandma scolded him, but I am sure he wanted to. Grandma was so active and energetic herself that it must have been quite exasperating to see Grandpa peacefully smoking and reading his paper in the old "Spanish chair" when it was high time to start for church. "Now, Mr. Colles," she would say in positive tones, but Grandpa would smile sweetly and sit quite still and say : " You go right on and I will catch up with you," and then just as we were declaring ourselves "miserable sinners" Grandpa would invariably stroll into his seat quite as a matter of course. He used to sit in the "Spanish chair" until very nearly the end of his life. He would be there by the hour holding up his newspaper (usually the New Orleans "Picayune") and smoking his cigar out of the left hand corner of his mouth. The corresponding eye-glass was burned perfectly brown by the incessant smoke, but he did not seem to notice that, though I do not believe that he had had much use of his left eye for years.

He was always ready to enter into any fun, and I well remember a Christmas dinner at Dr. Metcalfe's house in Thirtieth

GRANDPA COLLES

Street, where, after a Virginia Reel in which young and old had joined (including Grandpa), he was asked jokingly if he could "cut a pigeon wing" as he had done in his younger days. Before any of us realized that he was really going to try, he leaped into the air and made a very creditable attempt at performing this remarkable feat. Of course he lost his balance when he came down again, but there were plenty of loving hands to help him to regain it. This was after my marriage in 1872, at which time Grandpa was eighty-four years old.

On Grandpa's ninetieth birthday he had a large cake with ninety candles, and over thirty members of the family sat down at the table with him.

GENEALOGICAL TABLES



GENEALOGICAL TABLES

SELOOVER

SELOOVER, ISAAC

bap. 1734

m. Geertruid Barheidt, June 28, 1755, New York Dutch Church. (Geertruid Barheidt *bap.* April 11, 1731, New York Dutch Church)

SELOOVER, GERTRUDE ("Gitty"), their daughter

b. New York, Jan. 7, 1767. Records of First Presbyterian Church, New York

m. (1) John Colles, New York, May 13, 1781, by the Rev. Mr. Lydeck. (*New York Marriage Licenses.*) (John Colles *d.* 1807)

m. (2) Stephen Bates, New York, July 24, 1809. (No issue by this marriage.) (Stephen Bates *d.* New York, 1816)

d. Elizabeth Town, New Jersey, Feb. 9, 1822, aged 55 years. Buried in Trinity Churchyard, New York, where her first husband lay

GENEALOGICAL TABLES

COLLES

COLLES, JOHN, SR., of Kilkenny, Ireland. (*Bible*)

b. 1751. Landed in New York on Oct. 16, 1778

m. New York by Rev. Mr. Lydeck, May 13, 1781, to Gertrude Seloover. (Gertrude *b.* New York, Jan. 7, 1767; *d.* Elizabeth Town, New Jersey, Feb. 9, 1822, aged 55; buried in Trinity Churchyard, New York, beside her first husband)

d. New York, Oct. 7, 1807, aged 57 years

Children of John & Gertrude (Seloover) Colles

COLLES, JAMES

b. New York, Nov. 2, 1788

m. Baltimore, Maryland, Aug. 4, 1821, to Harriet Augusta Wetmore. (Harriet Augusta *d.* New York, June 14, 1868)

d. Morristown, New Jersey, Nov. 6, 1883, aged 95

COLLES, WILLIAM JOHN & GITTY (*twins*)

b. 1790

d. Both in January, 1804

COLLES, RACHEL

b. Oct. 17, 1791

d. Sept., 1796

COLLES, SARAH

b. July 17, 1796

m. April 10, 1815, to John W. Taylor

d. New York, Feb. 16, 1834

COLLES, ADDISON MILTON

b. April 23, 1803

m. — Hersey

d. New Orleans, Louisiana, June 8, 1833

GENEALOGICAL TABLES

Children of James & Harriet Augusta (Wetmore) Colles

COLLES, HARRIET AUGUSTA

- b.* Morristown, New Jersey, Aug. 28, 1822
- m.* Morristown, New Jersey, Aug. 14, 1845, to Dr. John T. Metcalfe
- d.* New York, April 20, 1863, in her 42d year

COLLES, MARY GERTRUDE

- b.* Morristown, New Jersey, Sept. 1, 1824
- d.* New Orleans, Louisiana; June 29, 1828

COLLES, FRANCES

- b.* New Orleans, Louisiana, April 29, 1826
- m.* New York, May 15, 1850, to John Taylor Johnston
- d.* July 20, 1888

COLLES, JAMES

- b.* New Orleans, Louisiana, July 10, 1828
- m.* New York, Oct. 18, 1855, to Mary Josephine Blachly
- d.* Sept. 13, 1898

COLLES, JOHN HENRY

- b.* Morristown, New Jersey, Oct. 13, 1831
- d.* New York (35 University Place), Nov. 20, 1871, aged 40

COLLES, GEORGE WETMORE

- b.* April 10, 1834
- d.* July 24, 1836

COLLES, GEORGE WETMORE, 2d

- b.* New Orleans, Louisiana, March 13, 1836
- m.* Oct. 16, 1867, to Julia Keese Nelson
- d.* New York, Jan. 26, 1911

GENEALOGICAL TABLES

WETMORE

WETMORE, LIEUT. GEORGE (*son of JEREMIAH*)

- b.* Middletown, Connecticut, July 31, 1751
- m.* New York, Sept. 11, 1777, Rachel, daughter Benjamin Ogden. (Rachel *b.* New York, Jan. 20, 1761; *d.* March 23, 1850, aged 89; buried beside her husband in Morristown Churchyard)
- d.* Nov. 2, 1800

Children of George & Rachel (Ogden) Wetmore

WETMORE, RACHEL OGDEN

- b.* Nov. 1, 1778, New York
- m.* Morristown, New Jersey, Israel Canfield, 1802
- d.* Nov. 3, 1850

WETMORE, GEORGE CURGENVEN

- b.* Halifax, Nova Scotia, May 11, 1783
- m.* Pecan Point, Red River, Arkansas
- d.* Pecan Point, Arkansas, Jan., 1828

WETMORE, ALEXANDER OGDEN

- b.* Middletown, Connecticut, April 14, 1785
- m.* Pecan Point, Red River, Arkansas
- d.* Pecan Point, Arkansas, Aug. 13, 1826

WETMORE, WILLIAM HENRY

- b.* Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Dec. 16, 1786
- m.* Jane Ross, Morristown, New Jersey
- d.* 1873

WETMORE, SOPHIA MARIA

- b.* Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Feb. 12, 1789
- m.* New Orleans, Louisiana, May, 1825, Joseph Lovell
- d.* 1879

WETMORE, CHARLES JEREMIAH

- b.* Antigonish, Nova Scotia, April 21, 1791
- m.* July 14, 1824, his cousin Augusta (daughter Judge William Wetmore)
- d.* Morristown, New Jersey, June 2, 1837

(Continued on next page)

GENEALOGICAL TABLES

WETMORE, THOMAS GEORGE

b. Dorchester, Massachusetts, June 12, 1793

d. Morristown, New Jersey, Feb. 15, 1830

WETMORE, HARRIET AUGUSTA

b. Penobscot, Maine, Feb. 7, 1795

m. Baltimore, Maryland, Aug. 4, 1821, James Colles

d. New York (35 University Place), June 14, 1868, aged 73

WETMORE, CORNELIA CHARLOTTE

b. July 23, 1797

m. (1) Richard Ebbets

m. (2) Dayton J. Canfield, July 16, 1833, Morristown, New Jersey

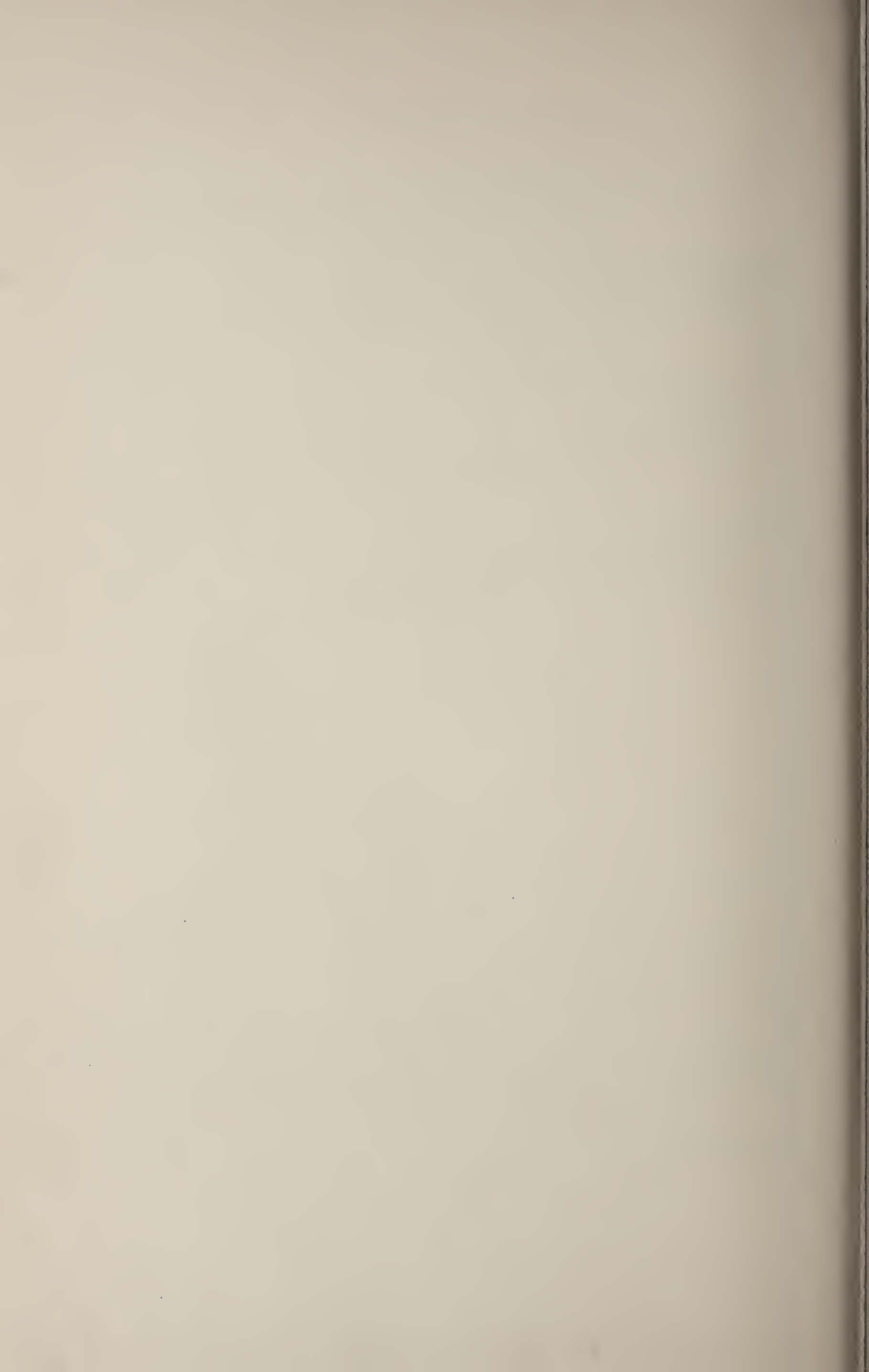
d. 1873

WETMORE, MARY ANN

b. Troy, New Jersey, April 27, 1799

m. (about 1827 ?) Albigen W. Hayward

d. St. Louis, 1874



ADDENDUM

PARTICULARS REGARDING JOHN COLLES

Just as the printing of this volume was completed the following information was received by me from an Irish cousin, RICHARD COLLES.

E. J. DE F.

JOHN COLLES was born February 11, 1750/51. The happy father, William, of Abbeyvale, County Kilkenny, announced the birth in a letter as follows: "Last Monday morning, being ye 11th, my wife after about an hour's illness made me a present of a fine boy, and no more—not two as usual." (His wife, Rachel, had already favored him with two sets of twins.)

Of John's childhood we know nothing except that he was named for his uncle John, of Dublin, and that he had a severe attack of "meazells."

When the lad was fourteen years old his father (who owned large marble quarries in the vicinity) was anxious to have him taught the trade of "Stonecutting." His mother, on the other hand, wanted him sent to school—even his cousin, Christopher Colles, was brought into the discussion. As they could not agree, they finally compromised by apprenticing him to "Cousin William Colles," a prominent book publisher in Dublin. After his seven years were up, John started in as a printer and publisher on his own account, but his venture did not prosper although his brothers tried in every way to help him.

Perhaps one of these brothers was right when he said, "I lament that our good father's wisdom (which was in other respects most extensive) took so narrow a view of our education."

John continued for five years in this business, then gave it up, and on the 31st of July, 1778, when he was twenty-seven years old, sailed from Cork to try his luck in the New World.

ADDENDUM

A letter written by him shortly after he landed in New York is the first one printed in this book.

March 1, 1926

OF THIS VOLUME
FOUR HUNDRED COPIES WERE PRINTED
BY D. B. UPDIKE, THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS, BOSTON
IN MARCH, 1926

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